

Privateering

Mark Knopfler

Yon's my privateer
See how trim she lies
To every man a lucky hand
And every man a prize
I live to ride the ocean
The mighty world around
To take a little plunder
And to hear the cannon sound
To lay with pretty women
To drink Madeira wine
To hear the rollers thunder
On a shore that isn't mine

Privateering we will go
Privateering, yo ho ho ho
Privateering we will go
Yo ho ho, yo ho ho

The people on your man o' war
Are treated worse than scum
I'm no flogging captain
And by God I've sailed with some
Come with me to Barbary
We'll ply there up and down
Not quite exactly
In the service of the Crown
To lay with pretty women
To drink Madeira wine
To hear the rollers thunder
On a shore that isn't mine

Privateering we will go
Privateering, yo ho ho ho
Privateering we will go
Yo ho ho, yo ho ho

Look'ee there's my privateer
She's small but she can sting
Licensed to take prizes
With a letter from the King
I love the streets and taverns
Of a pretty foreign town
Tip my hat to the dark-eyed ladies
As we sally up and down
To lay with pretty women
To drink Madeira wine
To hear the rollers thunder
On a shore that isn't mine

Privateering we will go
Privateering, yo ho ho ho
Privateering we will go
Yo ho ho, yo ho ho

Britannia needs her privateers
Each time she goes to war
Death to all her enemies

Though prizes matter more
Come with me to Barbary
We'll ply there up and down
Not quite exactly
In the service of the Crown
To lay with pretty women
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