

Buckfast Powersmash

Alestorm

From Scotland's bonnie shores we set sail
In search of alcohol, the drunkard's holy grail
'Cause a pirate's life is empty without booze
The situation's dire, we've got nothing to lose

To England we ride
With vengeance on our minds
We'll kill the monks, and get dead drunk
Come on lads it's cloister burning time

Buckfast Powersmash!
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I'm not sure what's in it except for caffeine
Despite having drunk it since I was thirteen
It sells by the barrel in China and Spain
I'll get drunk once more on that Lurgan Champagne

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