

Fucked with an Anchor

Alestorm

Fuck! You! You're a fucking wanker
We're gonna punch you right in the balls
Fuck! You! With a fucking anchor
You're all cunts so fuck you all

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Go!

For 30 odd years I have lived with this curse
My vocabulary was stunted at birth
By a witchdoctor from over the seas
Casting his strange voodoo magic on me
Now when I speak, it's rather absurd
An endless tirade of four letter words
I lash out in anger at all in my way
Shocking unspeakable things that I say

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Fuck you!

Long I have waited to have my revenge
To bring that witchdoctor to his bitter end
So I have gathered a ship and a crew
We're sailing to find him, we know what to do
On a dark moonless night, when he least suspects
We'll creep up behind him, so hard to detect
We'll bring out our anchor by the light of the stars
And shove it inside of his big fuckin' arse

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