

Nancy the Tavern Wench

Alestorm

I know of a tavern, not far from here,
where you can get some mighty fine beer.
The company's true, and the wenches are pretty.
It's the greatest damn place in the whole of the city.
If you're lookin' for crewmates, you'll sure find 'em there:
cutthroats and lowlives and worse I should dare.
Ol' Nancy don't care who comes to her inn.
It's a den of debauchery, violence and sin.

So come take a drink and drown your sorrows,
and all of our fears will be gone till tomorrow.
Have no regrets and live for the day,
in Nancy's harbour café.

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If you're looking to go on a glorious quest,
there's a man there who knows of an old treasure chest.
For some pieces of eight and a tankard of ale
he'll show ye the map and tell ye its tale.
And then there's Nancy, the lovely barmaiden.
She may be old, but her beauty ain't fadin'.
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