

Pirate Song

Alestorm

Though you see me now a mere ghost of a man
I once had the heart of a lion
Commanded my ship between many a shore
The ol' Jolly Roger a-flyin

Mine was a name that struck fear into men
And regret into plenty of lasses
Oh, how I wish I could take back those days
As I stare at these empty beer-glasses

I think of the times past when I had it all
I toyed with men's wives and their daughters
And in my pursuit of this ill-gotten wealth
I stabbed and I slashed and I slaughtered.

And for what?
The men that I've fought
Are matched by the number of women I've bought
And for what?
I've killed and I've shot
And reddened the cold tears of children with blood
And If I could go back and make my amends
I'd make all those mistakes again
I'd kill every last one of those bastards, my friend

My ship was the last sight that many would see
As we narrowed the gap with our quarry
The sound of the cannons and splintering wood
Would herald our paths into glory

We seized all the bounty and scuppered the ship
Our hearts hadn't time for the wounded
I took my share and the crew got the rest
And on into port we then bounded

Life has many pleasures, and we had our fill
Of food and of wenches and beer
When we'd tired of the port or had drunken it dry
The time to set sail would come near

And for what?
We heeded no law
Made other men suffer so we could have more
And for what?
We lived every day
With the noose of the hangman a hair's breadth away
And If I could go back and make my amends
I'd make all those mistakes again
I'd kill every last one of those bastards, my friend

Oh I have seen wonders you'd never have dreamed,
And taken my fair share, I must say
Holds full of booty I happily seized
From crews who would not see a new day

Spanish gold came and went, gem stones got sold,
But I knew more lay on the horizon,

Yet the beer was too good and the gals were too sweet
And now in my old age it's gone

These memories were bought with the lives of good men
A price that I paid without scruple
So many souls suffered so I could get drunk
And swagger from brothel to brothel

And for what?
It's been many years
Yet the screams of the vanquished still ring in my ears
And for what?
I've blood on my hands
I wait for my place in the halls of the damned
And If I could go back and make my amends
I'd make all those mistakes again
I'd kill every last one of those bastards, my friend