

The Last Saskatchewan Pirate

Captain Tractor

Well I used to be a farmer, and I made a living fine.
I had a little stretch of land along the sea behind.
But times went by and though I tried, the money wasn't there,
and the bankers came and took my land and told me fair is fair.
I looked for every kind of job the answer always no,
Hire you now they always laughed we just let 20 go
The government they promised me a measly a little sum
But I've got too much pride to end up just another bum,
Then I thought who gives a damn if all the jobs are gone,
I'm gonna be a pirate, on the river Saskatchewan

CHORUS

And it's a heave ho hi ho coming down the plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho hey hi hey farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Rodger on Regina's mighty shores

Well you think the local farmers would know that I'm at large
But just the other day I found an unprotected barge
I snuck up right behind them and they were none the wiser
I rammed the ship and sank it and stole the fertilizer.
Bridge outside of Moose Jaw spans the mighty river
Farmers cross with so much fear their stomach are a-quiver,
'Cause they know that Captain Tractor's hiding in the bay
I'll jump the bridge and knock 'em cold and sail off with their hayyyyy

Repeat CHORUS

Well mountie Bob he chased me, he was always at my throat.
He followed on the shore lines cause he didn't own a boat.
But the cutbacks were coming and the mountie lost his job,
So now he's sailing with me and we call him Salty Bob.
A swinging sword and skull and bones and pleasant company,
I never pay my income tax and screw the GST (Screw it!)
Sailing down to Saskatoon the terror of the sea,
If you want to reach the co-op boy you gotta get by me
HAHAR

Repeat Chorus

Well the pirate life's appealing but you don't just find it here,
I hear in North Alberta there's a band of buccaneers,
They roam the Athabasca from Smith to Fort McKay,
And you're gonna lose your sets if you have to pass their way,
Well winter is a-coming and a chill in the breeze,
But pirate days are over once the river starts to freeze,
But I'll be back in spring time and now I have to go
I hear there's lots of plundering down in New Mexico,

Repeat Chorus

Repeat Chorus

Repeat Chorus

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