

National Talk Like A Pirate Day

Lambchop

This is my song don't sing along
It's opinions disarrayed of might are drooped
Like good men I am disabled
From understanding what we are taught to condemn

In the kingdoms of the well and of the sick
And the hours that it took to think of this
And the road that got the best of you one day
Can you see it all

Some how I knew this wasn't it
Some how I knew that we will see this to fruition
They said I was a ditsy housewife
And I have a crude opinions of unpractised men

In my pajamas I still hold my record player
There's a hockey game on the table by the chair
And when it rains your hair begin to curl
Come the winds of dawn

Without your eye patch and your parrot
I've been informed it was national "talk like a pirate
day"
Perhaps this singing is a refuge
From other equally uncomfortable thoughts
And you disregard the clock upon the wall
It's a wonder you can disregard at all
You just try to find a softer way to fall
Back into my arms

Now he thought he was a citizen
But only in the vaguest sort of way
And we will tale it to the people
And the people will then take it all away

With our pencils we are righteous and we're rough
And you wonder when your education starts
And you wipe your nose upon your pretty sleeve
And then you leave

I think we had better call a cab
Our thirst for this has made these no use
And I remember our last kiss
And I'll remember all the others from now on

Until it's time to sing this song over my grave
Like a boy who just forgets the mourning shave
Or the girl gets that hound dog to behave
I will sing to you