

# Privateering

Mark Knopfler

Yon's my privateer  
See how trim she lies  
To every man a lucky hand  
And every man a prize  
I live to ride the ocean  
The mighty world around  
To take a little plunder  
And to hear the cannon sound  
To lay with pretty women  
To drink Madeira wine  
To hear the rollers thunder  
On a shore that isn't mine

Privateering we will go  
Privateering, yo ho ho ho  
Privateering we will go  
Yo ho ho, yo ho ho

The people on your man o' war  
Are treated worse than scum  
I'm no flogging captain  
And by God I've sailed with some  
Come with me to Barbary  
We'll ply there up and down  
Not quite exactly  
In the service of the Crown  
To lay with pretty women  
To drink Madeira wine  
To hear the rollers thunder  
On a shore that isn't mine

Privateering we will go  
Privateering, yo ho ho ho  
Privateering we will go  
Yo ho ho, yo ho ho

Look'ee there's my privateer  
She's small but she can sting  
Licensed to take prizes  
With a letter from the King  
I love the streets and taverns  
Of a pretty foreign town  
Tip my hat to the dark-eyed ladies  
As we sally up and down  
To lay with pretty women  
To drink Madeira wine  
To hear the rollers thunder  
On a shore that isn't mine

Privateering we will go  
Privateering, yo ho ho ho  
Privateering we will go  
Yo ho ho, yo ho ho

Britannia needs her privateers  
Each time she goes to war  
Death to all her enemies

Though prizes matter more  
Come with me to Barbary  
We'll ply there up and down  
Not quite exactly  
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