

Friggin' in the Riggin'

Sex Pistols

It was on the good ship Venus
By Christ, you should've seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast was a mammoth penis

The captain of this lugger
He was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one place to another

Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
Friggin' in the riggin'
There was fuck all else to do

The captain's name was Morgan
By Christ, he was a gorgon
Ten times a day sweet tunes he'd play
On his fucking organ

The first mate's name was Cooper
By Christ he was a trooper.
He jerked and jerked until he worked
Himself into a stupor

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There was fuck all else to do

The second mate was Andy
By Christ, he had a dandy
Till they crushed his cock with a jagged rock
For cumming in the brandy

The cabin boy was Flipper
He was a fucking nipper
He stuffed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper

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There was fuck all else to do

The Captain's wife was Mabel
To fuck she was not able
So the dirty shits, they nailed her tits
Across the barroom table

The Captain had a daughter
Who fell in deep sea water
Delighted squeals revealed that eels
Had found 'er sexual quarters

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