

Deposit Pirates

Tankard

Sailing the alley, black scarf round my head
My old shopping-trolley heels close to the wind
Limping the gutter on my wooden limb
Smelling of whisky, rum, beer and gin

I hunt for treasures
Wherever treasures may be found
Don't look for diamonds
There's a greater prize just lying around

Approaching the waste bin, my hook held up high
I'll board this vessel if I live or die
To get all those bottles treasured within
The waste dump sounds with my battle-cry:

Deposit Pirates at bay!
Deliver your empties and pray!
Fight for your flasks, fight for your cans -
Deposit Pirates at bay!
Fight for your flasks, fight for your cans -
Deliver your empties and pray!

Kissing my brides at the Kiosks around
I lift my eye-patch, twinkling steal their refunds
My jolly roger's crossed bottles and jar
Winds toss my black wig - I must go on

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The conquest is over, the sun's hanging low
I sail with the tide: now I've got to go
My chauffeur picks me up in my limousine
I'm master, commander, fund-saver and mean

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