

The Last Saskatchewan Pirate

The Arrogant Worms

I used to be a farmer and I made a living fine
I had a little stretch of land along the C.P. Line
But times were hard, and though I tried, the money wasn't there
And 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'd always laugh, "we just let twenty go!"
The government they promised me a measly 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.

'Cause it's a heave-ho, high-ho, coming down the Plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey, high-hey, farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores

You'd think the local farmers would know that I'm at large
But just the other day I saw an unsuspecting barge
I snuck up right behind them and they were none the wiser
I rammed their ship and sank it, and I stole their fertilizer.

A bridge outside of Moose Jaw spans a mighty river
Farmers cross in so much fear their stomachs are a-quiver
'Cause they know that Tractor Jack is waiting in the bay,
I'll jump the bridge and knock them cold and sail off with their hay.

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Well, Mountie Bob he chased me, he was always at my throat
He followed on the shoreline, 'cause he didn't own a boat,
But cutbacks were a-coming and the Mountie lost his job
So now he's sailing with me and we call him Salty Bob.

A swinging sword, a skull-and-bones, and pleasant company,
I never pay my income tax and screw the G.S.T. (Screw it!)
Prince Albert down to Saskatoon, the terror of the sea
If you want to reach the Co-op, boy, you gotta get by me!

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Well pirate life's appealing but you don't just find it here
I heard that in Alberta there's a band of buccaneers
They roam the Athabasca from Smith to Fort McKay
And you're bound to lose your Stetson if you have to pass their way

Well, winter is a-coming and a chill is in the breeze
My pirate days are over once the river starts to freeze
I'll be back in springtime, but now I've got to go
I hear there's lots of plundering down in New Mexico.

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