

Bite the Hook Hand That Feeds

Alestorm

I've sailed upon this cursed ship for nigh on 15 years
In service of the king's decree, a naval privateer
I've paid my dues in flesh and blood, and great was the reward
But this is not the life for me, a fact I can't ignore

The king commands I wear a hat with corners numbered three
He says it is befitting of the rank bestowed on me
And when I lost my arm at sea, he sent forth a demand
That I should get a hook of steel where once I had a hand

I told him he could stick that hook
Right where the sun don't shine
I stumbled to the nearest bar
And got real drunk on wine

Set sail! Land ho!
Drink rum! Lets go!
Over the oceans and over the seas
Bite through the iron 'til flesh starts to bleed
Set sail! Land ho!
Drink rum! Lets go!
Over the oceans and over the seas
We're biting the hook hand that feeds

We bite the hook that feeds

Last summer I was summoned for an audience with my liege
But when he saw I came by horse, his highness was displeased
"Where is your mighty pirate ship? Why aren't you drinking rum?"
Twas at this point I finally snapped, and shot him with my gun!

I've had it with this stupid hat
I hate the taste of rum
I'm never going back to sea
The pirate's life is dumb

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Set sail! Land ho!
Drink rum! Lets go!
Set sail! Land ho!
Drink rum! Lets go on a quest!