

## Buckfast Powersmash

Alestorm

From Scotland's bonnie shores we set sail  
In search of alcohol, the drunkard's holy grail  
'Cause a pirate's life is empty without booze  
The situation's dire, we've got nothing to lose

To England we ride  
With vengeance on our minds  
We'll kill the monks, and get dead drunk  
Come on lads it's cloister burning time

Buckfast Powersmash!  
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I'm not sure what's in it except for caffeine  
Despite having drunk it since I was thirteen  
It sells by the barrel in China and Spain  
I'll get drunk once more on that Lurgan Champagne

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