

## National Talk Like A Pirate Day

Lambchop

This is my song don't sing along  
It's opinions disarrayed of might are drooped  
Like good men I am disabled  
From understanding what we are taught to condemn

In the kingdoms of the well and of the sick  
And the hours that it took to think of this  
And the road that got the best of you one day  
Can you see it all

Some how I knew this wasn't it  
Some how I knew that we will see this to fruition  
They said I was a ditsy housewife  
And I have a crude opinions of unpractised men

In my pajamas I still hold my record player  
There's a hockey game on the table by the chair  
And when it rains your hair begin to curl  
Come the winds of dawn

Without your eye patch and your parrot  
I've been informed it was national "talk like a pirate  
day"  
Perhaps this singing is a refuge  
From other equally uncomfortable thoughts  
And you disregard the clock upon the wall  
It's a wonder you can disregard at all  
You just try to find a softer way to fall  
Back into my arms

Now he thought he was a citizen  
But only in the vaguest sort of way  
And we will tale it to the people  
And the people will then take it all away

With our pencils we are righteous and we're rough  
And you wonder when your education starts  
And you wipe your nose upon your pretty sleeve  
And then you leave

I think we had better call a cab  
Our thirst for this has made these no use  
And I remember our last kiss  
And I'll remember all the others from now on

Until it's time to sing this song over my grave  
Like a boy who just forgets the mourning shave  
Or the girl gets that hound dog to behave  
I will sing to you