

Netflix And Yarr

Rumahoy

A long time ago, I lived in a land
Filled up with treasure and yarr
Pirates would quest all over the seas
Sailing their pirate ships far

Now those same seas, are barren and blare
Nobody wants to set sail
The dream we once had, of questing for steel
A piraty heritage fail

Under the ocean, deep in the sand
Lost til the end of time, there is a memory
Waiting to find, histories of our kind

Gone are the days, when we sailed foreign lands
Chilling hard over the waves, Netflix and yarr

I went to a tavern to find me a crew
But nary a pirate was there
Ni pirating songs, no wenches ahoy
I left with a heart of despair

Now I'm sailing alone, questing for rum
But nothing is ever the same
Digging for treasure is no longer fun
With no crewmates to share in the fame

Where is the eyepatch ? Where is the book ?
Where is the pint of rum ? Where are the pirates
Questing for steel, firing their heritage guns ?

Now we are questing, for the last time
End of the pirate age, pack up the sails
It's time to go home, only ourselves to blame