

# 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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