

Away In The Gutter

Ye Banished Privateers

Away in the gutter
In a mangy ol shead
Poor master Black Pete
Lay down his vile head

The drums are still ringing
The poor pirate wakes
He's flailing and fighting
All down with the shakes

I beg ye lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And bring this poor retch
'Til morning is nigh

A bottle of whiskey
Or of rum if you may
And save me from black cats
While I wander astray

The leden old sky
Pissed down where he lay
The last wretched pirate
They Left in the bay

And save me from cutlass
From drowning and axe
But most from that bastard
With the dudeling sack