

Me Tale Song

By Pirate

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It is a sea song

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I be a ruthless pirate, I sings me a jolly good rhyme. In every port and bar I go, I haves me a bloody good time, On the sea I be bad, At least I pretends ta be. Yet, instead of this tankard of swill I drink, I'd rather have a spot of tea. I be known as Black Beard, The scourge of the briny deep. But the tales of me be exaggerated some, Like the treasures I did reap. In truth me ship be old, And, like me crew, it leaks. Of toilets we have nary a one, So below deck kind of reeks So here I be with wooden leg, A hook, and a rusty sword. Me crew having scurvy, lice and fleas, Of me ship, some rats aboard. Mayhaps I should retire, And live out me life ashore. I could get me a lass to snuggle with, Maybe a retired whore. I probably not be longs for this world; The sea, having taken her toll. I did what I did with nay a regret, Let Davy Jones take me soul. Me tale be one of adventure, Though that be no longer true. So join me mates and we'll sing of me tales, And have us a tankard or two.