Pirates

The Jolly Roger’s flying
And the wind is from the east
And we’ll sail right down the garden
And we’ll have a mighty feast.

We’ll eat our pirate picnic
And we’ll drink our lemonade
And we’ll pretend it’s pirate rum
Pinched in our latest raid.

We’ll chase the Spanish galleons
And we’ll shoot them full of lead
And we’ll bury chests of treasure
Underneath the flower bed.

And then we’ll hoist the mainsail
In a fresh south-wester breeze
And we should just get home again
In time to have our teats.

Ian Larmont