

Joy Electric, A New Pirate Traditional

Keep lying to appear complete
You're so not there
Reap more unjust rewards
Who really cares?
Sick to death of being denied
A rightful place along your side
But who will love us?
And will an ounce ever be mine?

You, feed the bloated, bleed the shorted
You, feed the bloated, bleed the shorted

Content to see me sink into obscurity
Ten years of pleading, you're not listening
Sick to death of being deprived
While all newcomers claim the prize
But who will love us?
And will the crown ever be mine?

You, feed the bloated, bleed the shorted
You, feed the bloated, bleed the shorted

Who will love us, the unloved
Who will love us, the unloved
Who will love us, the unloved
Who will love us, the unloved
And will an ounce ever be mine?