

Lemon Demon, Pirate In A Box

On nights like this, when the sea's a bit amiss,
And the lights go down across the seaside village. Yarr!
I get down. I feel had.
I feel on the verge of going mad,
And then it's time to loot and pillage.

I put on me eyepatch, and swab up the poop deck,
And pull the wig down on me head. Yarr!
Suddenly I'm Captain Midwest Midnight Checkout Wench,
Until I keelhaul and put meself to bed.

Ahoy, matey.

I look back on where I'm from;
Look at the scalawag I've become.
And the strangest things seem suddenly routine.
I look up from me grog on the rocks,
A gift-wrapped wig still in the box
Of scurvy velveteen.

I put on me eyepatch, and polish me pegleg,
And pull the wig down from the shelf. Yarr!
Suddenly I'm Miss Delahaye 1663,
Until I keelhaul and turn back to meself.

Ahoy. Avast, scurvy dog.

Some wenches, they have natural ease.
They wear it any way they please,
With their parrot curls and perfumed treasure chests, ha ha.
Wear it up, blow me down,
This is the best way that I've found
To be the scurviest you've ever seen.

I put on me eyepatch and lower the anchor.
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf. Yarr!
Suddenly I'm Miss Saucy Booty from the sea,
Until I keelhaul and I turn back to meself.
Yarr!

Chum, grog, jolly roger, barnacles and stew.
Cutlass curls, bilgerats, it's all because of you,
With your Davy Jones' locker, and your hook and eyepatch, too.
arr, yarr, darr, ahoy, it's all because of you.
It's all because of you, it's all because of you.

Ah-harr!
Fire the cannon!
[Coughing.]
Yarr, land ho me matey!

Okay, everyone:
I put on me eyepatch, and shiver me timbers.
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf. Yarr!
Suddenly I'm this buccaneer of land and sea,
And I ain't never I'm never sailing back!
Yarr! Yarr!