

# Marc Almond, Pirate Jenny

Ahh you people can watch while I'm scrubbing these floors  
And I'm scrubbing these floors while you're gawking  
Maybe once you tip me and it makes you feel swell  
In this crummy southern town  
In this pit of hotel  
But you'll never guess to who you're talking  
No  
You'll never guess to who you're talking

Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you wonder: &&quot;Who could that have been ?&&quot;  
And you see me kind of grinning while I'm scrubbing  
And you say &&quot;What she got to grin ?&&quot;  
I'll tell ya  
There's a ship  
The black freighter  
With a skull on it's mast-head  
Will be coming in

You gentlemen say: &&quot;Hey gal, finish them floors  
What's wrong with you ? Earn your keep here&&quot;  
You toss me your tips and look to the ships  
But I'm counting your heads as I'm making the beds  
'Cause there's nobody gonna sleep here tonight  
No  
Nobody  
No-one  
No-one

Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you say: &&quot;Who's that kicking up a row?&&quot;  
And you see me kinda staring out the window  
And you say: &&quot;What she got to stare at now ?&&quot;  
I'll tell ya  
There's a ship  
The black freighter  
Turns around in the harbour  
Shooting guns from her bow

Well you gentlemen can wipe those smiles off your face  
'Cause every building in town is a flat one  
This whole frigging place will be down to the ground  
Only this cheap hotel standing up, safe and sound  
And you yell: &&quot;Why do they spare that one ?  
&&quot;Why?  
&&quot;Why the hell do they spare that one ?&&quot;

All the night through with the noise and to do  
And you wonder: &&quot;Who is that person that lives up there ?&&quot;  
And you see me stepping out in the morning  
Looking fine with a ribbon in my hair  
Well just look at me now  
And a ship  
The black freighter  
Runs a flag up it's mast-head  
And a cheer rings the air. Hey!

My ??? on the dock is a swarming with men  
Coming out from the ghostly freighter  
They're moving in the shadows where no-one can see  
And they're chaining up people  
And delivering 'em to me  
Asking me: &&quot;Kill them now or later ?&&quot;  
Asking me: &&quot;Kill them now or later ?&&quot;

Noon by the clock and so still at the dock  
You can hear a fog horn miles away  
And in that quiet of death I'll say:  
&quot;Right now !&quot;  
&quot;Right now !&quot;  
And they pile up the bodies  
And I'll say: &quot;That'll learn you.  
That'll learn you.&quot;

And the ship  
The black freighter  
Disappears out to sea  
And  
On  
It  
Is  
Me !