

Mark Knopfler, Privateering

Yon's my Privateer
see how trim she lies
To every man a lucky hand
and to every man a prize
I live to ride the Ocean
the mighty world around
To take a little plunder
and to hear the cannon sound

To lay with pretty women
to drink Madeira wine
to hear the roller's thunder
on a shore that isn't mine
Privateering, we will go
Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho!
Privateering, we will go
Yeah! oh! oh! ho!

The people on your Man 'o war
are treated worse than scum
I'm no flogging Captain
my God I've sailed with some
Come with me to Barbary
We'll ply there up and down
Not quite exactly
in the service of the Crown

To lay with pretty women
to drink Madeira wine
to hear the roller's thunder
on a shore that isn't mine
Privateering, we will go
Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho!
Privateering, we will go
Yeah! oh! oh! ho!

Look here there's my Privateer
she's small but she can sting
Licensed to take prizes
with a letter from the King
I love the streets and taverns
of a pretty foreign town
tip my hat to the dark eyed ladies
as we sally up and down

To lay with pretty women
to drink Madeira wine
to hear the roller's thunder
on a shore that isn't mine
Privateering, we will go
Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho!
Privateering, we will go
Yeah! oh! oh! ho!

Britannia needs her Privateers
each time she goes to war
death to all her enemies
No prizes matter more
Come with me to Barbary
We'll ply there up and down
Not quite exactly
in the service of the Crown

I lay with pretty women

to drink Madeira wine
to hear the roller's thunder
on a shore that isn't mine
Privateering, we will go
Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho!
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Yeah! oh! oh! ho!