

# Sex Pistols, Friggin' In The Riggin'

It was on the good ship Venus  
By Christ, ya shoulda seen us  
The figurehead was a whore in bed  
And the mast, a mammoth penis  
The captain of this lugger  
He was a dirty bugger  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
From one place to another  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do  
Captain's name was Morgan  
By Christ, he was a gorgon  
Ten times a day he'd stop and play  
With his fuckin' organ  
The first mate's name was Cooper  
By Christ he was a trooper.  
He jerked and jerked until he worked  
Himself into a stupor  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do  
The second mate was Andy  
By Christ, he had a dandy  
Till they crushed his cock on a jagged rock  
For cumming in the brandy  
The cabin boy was Flipper  
He was a fuckin' nigger  
He stuffed his ass with broken glass  
And circumcised the skipper  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do  
The Captain's wife was Mabel  
To fuck she was not able  
So the dirty shits, they nailed her tits  
Across the barroom table  
The Captain had a daughter  
Who fell in deep sea water  
And by her squeals we knew the eels  
Had found 'er sexual quarters  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do