

Stephen Malkmus, The Hook

At age 19 I was kidnapped by Turkish pirates
Mediterranean thugs
After some torture they considered me their mascot
Cypriot Good Luck

I had to taste the deck and many other things
I had to pay the piper with my wedding ring
And I would never see my family again

By 25 I was respected as an equal
My art was a knife
On countless raids I was the first one up the lanyard
Yeah, I was seeking a fight

There is no time to pray and there's no time to beg
And then it's off with an arm or it's off with a leg
And if I spare your life, it's because the tide is leaving

Oh yeah

By 31 I was the captain of a galleon
I was Poseidon's new son
The coast of Montenegro was my favorite target
It was ever so fun

We had no wooden legs or steel hooks
We had no black eye patches or a starving cook
We were just killers with the cold eyes of a sailor
Yeah, we were killers with the cold eyes of a sailor