

The Arrogant Worms, The Last Saskatchewan Pirate

Oh, I used to be a farmer and I made a living fine,
I had a little stretch of land along the CP line
But time are hard and though I tried, the money wasn't there
And bankers came and took my land and told me fair is fair
I looked for every kind of job, the answer always "no";
Hire you now, they'd always laugh, we just let twenty go!
The government, they promised me a measly little sum
But I've got too much pride to end up just another bum.

Then I thought who gives a damn if all the jobs are gone
I'm gonna be a PIRATE! on the River Saskatchewan!
(arr! arr! arr!)

Chorus:
Cause it's a heave-ho! hi-ho!
Coming down the plains
Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains
And it's a ho-hey! hi-hey!
Farmers bar your doors when you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores.
Arr!

Well you think the locals farmers would know that I'm at large
But, just the other day I saw an unprotected barge
I snuck up right behind them and they were none the wiser,
I rammed their ship, and sank it, and I stole their fertilizer!
A bridge outside of Moose Jaw spans a mighty river
The farmers pass in so much fear, their stomachs are a-quiver
Because the know that TRACTOR JACK! is waiting in the bay,
I'll jump the bridge and knock them cold and sail off with their hay!

Chorus

Well Mountie Bob he chased me, he was always at my throat
He'd follow on the shoreline because he didn't own a boat
But cutbacks were a-coming and the Mountie lost his job
Now he's sailing with me and we call him Salty Bob.
A swingin' sword, and skull n' bones, and pleasant company
I never pay my income tax and screw the GST SCREW IT!
Prince Albert down to Saskatoon, I'm the terror of the sea
If ya wanna reach the Co-op, boy, you gotta get by me!

Chorus

Well, pirate life's appealing, but you don't just find it here
I've heard that in Alberta, there's a band of bucanears
They roam the Athabasca, from Smith to Fort McKay
And you're gonna lose your Stetson if you have to pass their way
Well winter is a-coming and a chill is in the breeze
Our pirate days are over once the river starts to freeze
I'll be back in springtime, but now I've to go,
I hear there's lots of plundering down in New Mexico!

Chorus

Repeat Chorus

Farmers bar your doors when you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores.