

Pirate Jenny

You gentlemen can watch me as I'm washing all your dishes and I'm making everybody's bed.
And I'm picking all your tips up from the floor where they fell,
And you see me in my tatters in this tatty old hotel,
And you still don't know to who you're talking.
You don't know to who you're talking.
And then one night there's a scream from the harbor and you say what the hell could that have been?
And you see me kind of grinning with dishes.
And you say 'What the hell is with the grin?'
And a ship, a black freighter, with a flag on its masthead will be coming in.

You say "Careful of the dishes, little girl" and you toss the pennies in my can.
And I'll take your stupid pennies and I'll make your beds alright.
But I'm sad to say not one of you will sleep in them tonight.
And you still don't have an inkling who I am.
You still don't have a clue who I am.
Till one night there's a crash in the harbour and you say "what the bloody hell was that?"
And they see me kind of smiling at the window.
And you say, "What's she smiling at?"
And a ship a black freighter, turn around in the harbour, shooting guns front and back.

No you gentlemen can wipe the fucking smiles off your faces,
As the walls around you start to crumble.
This whole entire city will be levelled to the ground, and this shifty old hotel will be standing safe and sound.
And you say "Why do they spare that one?", and you'll ask "Why do they spare that one?"
All through the night in the screaming and the chaos, they'll be asking "Why's the old hotel get spared?"
And you'll see me cross the threshold in the morning. And you'll say "She was the one that lived in there."
And the ship, a black freighter, runs the flag up its masthead, and a cheer rings the air.

And by afternoon the whole town will be filling up with men,
Coming off of that deadly freighter,
And they're looking in the shadows where nobody can see,
And they're chaining up the people and they're bringing them to me,
Asking "Which if them should we murder?" Asking me "Which ones should we murder?"
In this afternoon it will be silent in the harbour, as they ask me "Which ones have to die?"
And you'll hear me saying very softly, "All of them?"
And as their heads fall to the ground like broken dishes, I'll say "Oop-la".
And the ship, a black freighter, .disappears off to sea again. And on it is me.