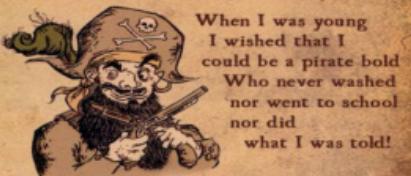


A draft of rum to quench our thirst,
a raucous pirate song
Among this wicked, pirate crew,
tis right where we belong!

The sea is calm and
no winds blow,
but terror
chills their bones
For none can save
their vessel from
the wrath
of Davy Jones.



When I was young
I wished that I
could be a pirate bold
Who never washed
nor went to school
nor did
what I was told!

So, raise the Jolly Roger high
and heed the battle call
Come raise your hand and take the oath,
for now we're pirates all!