

All scallawags know
yer ship will sink
without some blooms
of orange and pink

In days of old, folks would peek
an' find on me tha treasures they seek

When things be hot, ya'll find me thay
to cool it off an' clean the air.

Inside me ye'll find yer clue,
me gives you rest an' holds yer tunes.

When me blabberin' with me chum,
me sits on these to rest me bum.



Tha answer ye seek ye will not find
until ya get a dollar an' give a dime.

Tha treasure ye seek is sweet t' tha taste,
it's in tha roots, ye must make haste!

Thar be yonder bent
all round when me
loves at me abode.

Open me up an' see what's inside,
ya'll find yerself closer t' tha ultimate prize.

Me thinks 'bout me
sweet lass from Kent,
when me hears tha tunes
o' this instrument

A ship like this me never seen,
the animals 'board probably weren't clean.

These be men, me sure ye'll find,
that we could really get behind.

Me mateys that wash an' scrub ye ole starboard,
use these to spread the word o' the Lord.

When me sails tha ocean blue,
me uses one o' these to steer me true.