

Pirate Jenny

Marc Almond

Ahh you people can watch while I'm scrubbing these floors
And I'm scrubbing these floors while you're gawking
Maybe once you tip me and it makes you feel swell
In this crummy southern town
In this pit of hotel
But you'll never guess to who you're talking
No

You'll never guess to who you're talking
Then one night there's a scream in the night
And you wonder: "who could that have been ? "
And you see me kind of grinning while I'm scrubbing
And you say "what she got to grin ? "

I'll tell ya
There's a ship
The black freighter
With a skull on it's mast-head
Will be coming in
You gentlemen say: "hey gal, finish them floors
What's wrong with you ? earn your keep here"
You toss me your tips and look to the ships
But I'm counting your heads as I'm making the beds
'cause there's nobody gonna sleep here tonight

No

Nobody

No-one

No-one

Then one night there's a scream in the night
And you say: "who's that kicking up a row? "
And you see me kinda staring out the window
And you say: "what she got to stare at now ? "

I'll tell ya
There's a ship
The black freighter
Turns around in the harbour
Shooting guns from her bow
Well you gentlemen can wipe those smiles off your face
'cause every building in town is a flat one
This whole frigging place will be down to the ground
Only this cheap hotel standing up, safe and sound
And you yell: "why do they spare that one ?
"why?

"why the hell do they spare that one ? "
All the night through with the noise and to do
And you wonder: "who is that person that lives up there ? "
And you see me stepping out in the morning
Looking fine with a ribbon in my hair
Well just look at me now

And a ship
The black freighter
Runs a flag up it's mast-head
And a cheer rings the air. hey!
My ? ? ? on the dock is a swarming with men
Coming out from the ghostly freighter
They're moving in the shadows where no-one can see
And they're chaining up people
And delivering 'em to me
Asking me: "kill them now or later ? "

Asking me: "kill them now or later ? "
Noon by the clock and so still at the dock
You can hear a fog horn miles away
And in that quiet of death I'll say:
"right now !"
"right now !"
And they pile up the bodies
And I'll say: "that'll learn you.
That'll learn you."
And the ship
The black freighter
Disappears out to sea
And
On
It
Is
Me !