

# Abney Park, Airship Pirate

Fires high and the airbags tight,  
Foods low but the skies are bright  
Props spinning all through the night,  
We're low on cash but we seen another target

Goggles down, and the cannons up  
My blood starts pumping as I drain my cup  
I give the wheel a spin and I turn this girl around,  
We're way above ground but we're closing on our target!

Flying Jib is filled with air  
East India ships filled with despair,  
We even up, her broadsides bare  
Our cannons flair but it's just a show of muscle

Steady on, she doesn't need to burn  
She tries to flee, and she tries to turn  
Grappling fire, we grab her hull  
We're starting to roll, but we've got her on a leash!

With a crew of drunken pilots, we're the only Airship Pirates!  
We're full of hot air and we're starting to rise  
We're the terror of the skies, but a danger to ourselves

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Expendable crew starts to reel her in  
Our swords are sharpened and we're ready to sin  
I'm three miles up, we're about to swing aboard  
My tethers made of leather so I'm not about to fall here

A swish of air and my boots hit deck  
No cash, no fuel, no not a speck!  
Grape shots made this bird a wreck  
And a glance below deck shows a crew of nuns and orphans!

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