## Mark Knopfler, Privateering

Yon's my Privateer see how trim she lies To every man a lucky hand and to every man a prize I live to ride the Ocean the mighty world around To take a little plunder and to hear the cannon sound

To lay with pretty women to drink Madeira wine to hear the roller's thunder on a shore that isn't mine Privateering, we will go Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho! Privateering, we will go Yeah! oh! ho!

The people on your Man 'o war are treated worse than scum I'm no flogging Captain my God I've sailed with some Come with me to Barbary We'll ply there up and down Not quite exactly in the service of the Crown

To lay with pretty women to drink Madeira wine to hear the roller's thunder on a shore that isn't mine Privateering, we will go Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho! Privateering, we will go Yeah! oh! oh! ho!

Look here there's my Privateer she's small but she can sting Licensed to take prizes with a letter from the King I love the streets and taverns of a pretty foreign town tip my hat to the dark eyed ladies as we sally up and down

To lay with pretty women to drink Madeira wine to hear the roller's thunder on a shore that isn't mine Privateering, we will go Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho! Privateering, we will go Yeah! oh! oh! ho!

Britannia needs her Privateers each time she goes to war death to all her enemies No prizes matter more Come with me to Barbary We'll ply there up and down Not quite exactly in the service of the Crown

I lay with pretty women

to drink Madeira wine to hear the roller's thunder on a shore that isn't mine Privateering, we will go Privateering, Yoh! oh! ho! Privateering, we will go Yeah! oh! oh! ho!