

# Stephen Malkmus, The Hook

At age 19 I was kidnapped by Turkish pirates  
Mediterranean thugs  
After some torture they considered me their mascot  
Cypriot Good Luck

I had to taste the deck and many other things  
I had to pay the piper with my wedding ring  
And I would never see my family again

By 25 I was respected as an equal  
My art was a knife  
On countless raids I was the first one up the lanyard  
Yeah, I was seeking a fight

There is no time to pray and there's no time to beg  
And then it's off with an arm or it's off with a leg  
And if I spare your life, it's because the tide is leaving

Oh yeah

By 31 I was the captain of a galleon  
I was Poseidon's new son  
The coast of Montenegro was my favorite target  
It was ever so fun

We had no wooden legs or steel hooks  
We had no black eye patches or a starving cook  
We were just killers with the cold eyes of a sailor  
Yeah, we were killers with the cold eyes of a sailor