

Tom Smith, Talk Like A Pirate Day

Most days are like all of the others,
Go to work, come back home, watch TV,
But, brother, if I had me druthers,
I'd chuck it and head out to sea,

For I dream of the skull and the crossbones,
I dream of the great day to come,
When I dump the mundane for the Old Spanish Main
And trade me computer for rum! ARRR!

T' me,
Yo, Ho, Yo, Ho,
It's "Talk Like A Pirate" Day!
When laptops are benches God gave us fer wenches,
And a sail ain't a low price ta pay!
When timbers are shivered and lillies are livered
And every last buckle is swashed,
We'll abandon our cars for a shipfull of ARRRs
And pound back the grog till we're sloshed! Yo ho....

Don't pick up yer phone and say "Hello,
Our ten-o-clock meeting's delayed";
Ye scrunch up yer face and ye bellow,
"AVAST! Ye've been bleedin' BELAYED!";

Ye can't keep this fun to yerself, I bet,
So sing "Aye!" "ARRR!" "Ayy!" every man!
We ain't got much grasp of the alphabet,
But a damn good retirement plan!

T' me,
Yo, Ho, Yo, Ho,
It's "Talk Like A Pirate" Day!
Whatever's in fashion is in for a thrashin'
And bein' polite is passe!
When it's ev'ry man's duty to grab his proud beauty
And let out a hearty YO HO!
And if this offends you, hold y'r breath as we sends you
Ta Davy Jones' Locker ya go! Yo ho....

We'll tell every banker "Heave to and weigh anchor!";
Buy latte with pieces of eight
We'll fight to be chosen as cap'n or bosun
The loser, o' course, is worst mate!

When we hoist Jolly Roger, the landlubbers dodge 'er,
We fill 'em with loathing and fear,
We'll plunder and pillage each city and village,
Or at least clean out Wal-Mart of beer!

There ain't no computin' or morning commutin',
No "Parking Lot Full" signs for me,
No lawns ta be mowin' or bills to be owin',
I'm knowin' the pull of the sea.

The fresh salty brace of the wind on my face
Through hurricane, sunshine or squalls,
I'm keepin' my eyes on the distant horizon,
Verizon can hold all my calls!

To wear a red coat full o' buckles,
To earn a few duelling scars,
Well, at least we can get a few chuckles
By filling the office with ARRRs!

And maybe we'll never get closer,
Than watchin' 'em on the big screen,
So here's to old Errol and Depp as Jack Sparrow,
And every damn one in between!

T' me,
Yo, Ho, Yo, Ho,
It's "Talk Like A Pirate" Day!
That time in September when sea dogs remember
That grown-ups still know how ta play!
When wenches are curvy and dogs are all scurvy
And a soft-wear patch covers your eye,
Ta hell with our jobs, for one day we're all swabs
And buccaneers all till we die!

So hoist up the mainsils and shut down your brain cells,
They only would get in the way,
Avast there, me hearty, we're havin' a party,
It's "Talk... Like... A Pirate" Day!