**Susquehanna Pirate**

I used to be a farmer and I made a living fine,

I had a little stretch of land along the Lebanon line,

But though I tried and tried, the money wasn't there,

And bankers came and took my land and told me fair was fair.

I looked for every kind of job, the answer always no!

"Hire you now?" they always said. "We just let 20 go."

The government, they promised me a measly little sum,

But I got too much pride to end up just another bum.

So I thought, who gives a darn if poverty draws near?

I'm gonna be the Susquehanna's greatest buccaneer!

CHORUS:

And it's a heave-HO high-HO sail at early morn,

Stealing ripe tobacco and silver queen white corn.

And it's a ho-HEY way-HEY, farmers bar your doors

When you see the Jolly Roger off the Susquehanna shores.

Well, you'd think the local farmers would know that I'm at large,

But just the other day I sank an unprotected barge.

I snuck up right behind them and they were none the wiser,

I rammed their ship and sank it, and I stole their fertilizer.

A bridge outside of Columbia spans the mighty river,

Farmers cross in so much fear their stomachs are a-quiver,

'Cause they know that Shoofly Jake is waiting for some fun --

I'll jump the bridge and steal their beans and leave 'em there with none.

CHORUS

The pirate life's appealing and it calls to seamen true,

I hear the Conestoga's home to many a pirate crew,

They sail their way through Intercourse, Gap and Bird-in-Hand,

And you're bound to lose your chow-chow if you cross their merry band!

A ship, a sword, a skull & bones and very little stress,

We never pay our income tax, and screw the IRS!

From Harrisburg to Havre de Grace I leave 'em high and dry,

But, boys, I ain't no dummy, I steer clear of TMI!

CHORUS

The state police can't catch us, their boats are awful slow,

And when the wind's against us, watch our Flyin' Dutchmen row!

Last week they almost caught us when we came into the dock,

So now we keep a lookout posted up on Chickies Rock.

We never pay our hotel bill, we always steal the towels,

At night we slip ashore, have a beer and tip some cows.

But soon I hear the river call, it's time to sail once more,

The tobacco fleet is moving, so let's hear each pirate ROAR!

CHORUS