

Sea Songs For Little Pirates - Lyrics

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Roll The Old Chariot Along

(Traditional)

We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

It would be alright if the wind was in our sails
It would be alright if the wind was in our sails
It would be alright if the wind was in our sails
And we'll all hang on behind

So, we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

It would be alright if we made it round the cape
It would be alright if we made it round the cape
It would be alright if we made it round the cape
And we'll all hang on behind

And, we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

Oh a night on the shore wouldn't do us any harm
No, a night on the shore wouldn't do us any harm
No, a night on the shore wouldn't do us any harm

So, we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

Yes, we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

Its Hard To Be A Pirate

It's hard to be a pirate
Always on the run
It's hard to be a workin'
All day in the sun
 But one thing makes it worth it
 I get to live upon the sea

Storms may come
We may run out of rum
The Captain may say,
"Ye walk the plank!"

To be a buccaneer
You gotta be real tough
When the seas get too big
And the waves get too rough
 Tighten up the lines
 And prove you're worth your salt

Storms may come
We may run out of rum
The Captain may say,
"Ye walk the plank!"

You may get scurvy, from a lack of vitamin C.
Your luck may run out while you're moored,
Cause you brought bananas on board.
No more treasure or booty.
Now the ship is now lost at sea
The crew begins a mutiny...It's harrrrrrrrrd to be a pirate!

Now I'm the captain
Of this here ship,
And I make all the rules like,
Wear your life jacket

Hoist the sails! We're heading back out to sea!
I said hoist the sails! We're heading back out to sea!

The Tidal Swing

The creek fills in,
The light grows dim,
And the water's covering everything.
That can only mean one thing.
It's a hoigh toide again.

There's a hoigh toide on the sound soide tonight
And the moon is burning broight
There's a hoigh toide on the sound soide tonight
There's no land in soight! There's no land in soight!

In the morn' I was lead
To an oyster bed
Exposed and surrounded by mud.
The water was gone, but not for long.
It's just another low toide again.

There's a low low toide on the sound soide today.
We can see where the fiddler crabs play.
There's a low toide on the sound soide today.
All the water has gone away. All the water has gone away.

Hoigh toide low toide
Back and forth we swing
Hoigh toide low toide
Back and forth we sing

Twice each day
semi diurnal they say
That's the tidal swing
Hoigh toide low toide
back and forth we swing
Hoigh toide low toide
Back and forth we sing

Fiddler Crabs Retreat

We are fiddler crabs on retreat
We are running from anything that will eat us
We are fiddler crabs on retreat
We will hide amongst the marsh grass reeds

We Hear the beat of the red drum
We know that he will come with the incoming tide
We will flee to our holes
Three feet deep breathe a sigh of relief

We are fiddler crabs on retreat
We are running from anything that will eat us
We are fiddler crabs on retreat
We will hide amongst the marsh grass reeds

We see the shadows of defeat
They appear in the air from the herons above
They stalk us as we run from the sound
Right into their traps one by one we go down

And when the battle is o'er
We will wave our one big claw to say "Come on over!"
To any lady crabs who have survived
We will carry on running our lives

And in the end we may end up in a lab
Where some scientists may try to stab us
In our claws or our eye stalks
And experiment on us all

We are fiddler crabs on retreat
We are running from anything that will eat us
We are fiddler crabs on retreat
We will hide amongst the marsh grass reeds

The Crab Pot Blues

I've got the crab pot blues
I've got the crab pot blues
I walked into this cage earlier today
and I can't find any way to escape
I've got the crab pot blues

Here's a little story about my frustration
It's hard to live life as a spiny crustacean
I'm a beautiful savory swimmer
but it seems like everyone wants me for dinner
not as a guest who shows up late
they all want me on the dinner plate

I've got the crab pot blues
I've got the crab pot blues
Now my fellow Stone crab got stuck in this trap
but he's not gonna have it quite as bad
I've got the crab pot blues

The old Stone crabs got pretty big claws
And the old fisherman is going to take them both off
But he will live to see another day
Cause he'll grow em both back eventually
But my lucks run out, like it or not,
They're going to throw me into a big steam pot

I've got the crab pot blues
I've got the crab pot blues
Now I'm showing off my big claws, pretty and blue
so I'm not alone when I have to go through with
I've got the crab pot blues

My girl's got some pretty orange claws
but not as nice as that spongy orange ball
of baby blue crab eggs hiding under her tail
protected from predators and being for sale
she'll get released into safe deep water
while I'm getting dipped into melted butter

I've got the crab pot blues
I've got the crab pot blues
I've been in his cage for three long days, now there's 12345678
I've got the crab pot blues

Stingray Shuffle

Shuffle all day, shuffle away
All the flat, friendly, happy stingrays
Doing what they can to hide in the sand
Don't want to get stepped on by a man

When you get to the beach, and want to jump in the sea
Make sure you walk in carefully
Shuffle your feet to make some sound
Cause you never know if there's a stingray around
If they feel you shuffling they'll move along
So don't forget about the shuffling song

Shuffle all day, shuffle away
All the flat, friendly, happy stingrays
Doing what they can to hide in the sand
Don't want to get stepped on by a man

Minding their own business don't have attitudes
Just watching and waiting for a little bit of food
Then down to the water along comes a dude
Stomping through the waves and acting real rude
He steps on a wing and gets a good sting
Now he's off to the emergency room

Shuffle all day, shuffle away
All the flat friendly happy stingrays
Doing what they can to hide in the sand
Don't want to get stepped on by a man

Stingrays aren't mean, they want to live in peace
But they can't see you coming if you ain't shuffling
So take it real slow keep the sand between your toes
As you walk in to the water and you just don't know
You might come upon a stingray named Don
And he'll thank you for the shuffling song

Shuffle all day, shuffle away
All the flat friendly happy stingrays
Doing what they can to hide in the sand
Don't want to get stepped on by a man

The Deep Blue

Deep down in the sea where the eyes can't see,
Where the light only comes from the little plankton,
And the lantern fish come to the surface,
Where the stars reflect and you make a wish!

Deep down in the dark in the great abyss
Lurks a giant squid, an invertebrate
And in the old sea tales meets the great sperm whale
Who holds its breath and fights to the death!

In the deep blue sea,
There is life miles down.
Creatures big and small,
On the benthic wall.
In the deep blue sea
Life is happening.
As the sea mounts boil,
Davey Jones cracks a smile.

Heave, Ho, Heave, Ho, Heave, Ho, Heave Ho!

Out in the pelagic open sea
The swell rocks us gently to sleep,
And in the morn' we rise and shine.
Sea turtles wave hi as we pass them by.

Out in the pelagic open water
There are birds that glide and some that hover,
never touch the ground and make me wonder
If they ever land upon sand

On the open sea
There are treasures you seek,
An abundance of wealth, past the
Continental shelf.
On The open sea
is where I'll be.
If I leave no trace,
It's cause I'm finally free...

Out in the wild open sea
There will always be new mysteries,
Like fossilized megalodon teeth,
the ghost of Edward Teach,
But you'll have to leave the port
In order to see for yourself.

The Ballad of Mary Lee

Mary Lee, how many teeth
have gone missing since your last feed?
How many more fell to the ocean floor?
How many centuries till we find them on the shore?

Mary Lee, Mary Lee, Mary Lee

It's me, Mary Lee. I don't need to breach,
unless I get hungry and see on the surface something to eat.
My sense of smell is the best in the ocean.
My ampulla of Lorenzini can detect any motion.

Mary Lee, Mary Lee, Mary Lee

Mary Lee, when will you surface
so we can see where you've been?
We all want to know where you will go,
and if you will show us your great white mysteries.

Mary Lee, Mary Lee, Mary Lee

Its me, Mary Lee, but I am not lonely.
I carry these tags sending signals to let you know where I am.
If you happen to see me, please know I'm not mean.
I'm just trying to keep the ocean clean.

Mary Lee, Mary Lee, Mary Lee

Mary Lee you are so misunderstood,
so I will speak of all the good.
Let us know next time you're near,
swimming past our Fear.
Because we cannot survive without you in our lives,
and your underwater appetite.

Mary Lee, Mary Lee, Mary Lee

No Use For Single Use

My name is Waylon and I am a whale
A mysticete filter feeder chasing small krill
But my baleen doesn't discriminate
I have to swallow whatever I ate

Plastics are bad
Bottles are worse
Straws and balloons and bags are a curse
Trash that has only been used one time
Beware of lost nets and loose fishing line

They call me Marie, I'm a turtle of the sea
My favorite food is jellyfish, a delicacy
But underwater plastic bags look similar
Which is why every time they make my tummy hurt

Plastics are bad
Bottles are worse
Straws and balloons and bags are a curse
Trash that has only been used one time
Beware of lost nets and loose fishing line

I'm a punk rock pufferfish, an underwater activist
Protest oil rigs, hate single use packaging
We don't like to swim in your loo
So keep our ocean free from your poo

Have you ever been tangled in a net or a rope?
Or swallowed something whole that your mother said, "Don't!"
And you begin to choke...
Now imagine no hands,
Just flippers and fins
Don't start panicking
This is not the end
No! Because we're going to save ocean from plastic pollution!