

# Pirate Jenny

Nina Simone

(1928) Bertolt Brecht, Kurt Weill  
You people can watch while I'm scrubbing these floors  
And I'm scrubbin' the floors while you're gawking  
Maybe once ya tip me and it makes ya feel swell  
In this crummy Southern town  
In this crummy old hotel  
But you'll never guess to who you're talkin'.  
No. You couldn't ever guess to who you're talkin'. Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you'll wonder who could that have been  
And you see me kinda grinnin' while I'm scrubbin'  
And you say, "What's she got to grin?"  
I'll tell you.  
There's a ship  
The Black Freighter  
with a skull on its masthead  
will be coming in  
You gentlemen can say, "Hey gal, finish them floors!  
Get upstairs! What's wrong with you! Earn your keep here!  
You toss me your tips  
and look out to the ships  
But I'm counting your heads  
as I'm making the beds  
Cuz there's nobody gonna sleep here,  
Tonight, nobodys gonna sleep here, honey  
Nobody  
Nobody!  
Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you say, "Who's that kicking up a row?"  
And ya see me kinda starin' out the winda  
And you say, "What's she got to stare at now?"  
I'll tell ya. There's a ship  
The Black Freighter  
turns around in the harbor  
shootin' guns from her bow  
Now  
You gentlemen can wipe off that smile off your face  
Cause every building in town is a flat one  
This whole frickin' place will be down to the ground  
Only this cheap hotel standing up safe and sound  
And you yell, "Why do they spare that one?"  
Yes.  
That's what you say.  
"Why do they spare that one?" All the night through, through the noise and to-do  
You wonder who is that person that lives up there?  
And you see me stepping out in the morning

Looking nice with a ribbon in my hair  
And the ship  
The Black Freighter  
runs a flag up its masthead  
and a cheer rings the air  
By noontime the dock  
is a-swarmin' with men  
comin' out from the ghostly freighter  
They move in the shadows  
where no one can see  
And they're chainin' up people  
and they're bringin' em to me  
askin' me,  
"Kill them NOW, or LATER?"  
Askin' ME!  
"Kill them now, or later?"  
Noon by the clock  
and so still at the dock  
You can hear a foghorn miles away  
And in that quiet of death  
I'll say, "Right now.  
Right now!"  
Then they pile up the bodies  
And I'll say,  
"That'll learn ya!"  
And the ship  
The Black Freighter  
disappears out to sea  
And  
on  
it  
is  
me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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