



THE RUM THIEVES

'Twas early in the morning through fog as thick as night,
Those mangy dogs awoke us to a truly awful sight,
They crept aboard our ship and broke into our stores,
They left, like silent devils, with all our rum and more.

Those bastards stole our rum!

Raise the mainsails high mate, and hoist the anchor chain,
Prepare the cabin crew, **Ahoy!** Let's show those maggots pain,
Rouse the quickstart crewmates, from cabin boy to crook,
Those bastards, who stole all our rum, will pay for what they took!

In the middle of the night we sneak onto their boat,
We creep up nice and quiet and slit their fucking throats!
In lager-pirate nature, we'll show 'em something new,
As pirates, one and all, we'll steal their fucking brew!

Those bastards stole our rum!

Raise the mainsails high mate, and hoist the anchor chain,
Prepare the cabin crew, **Ahoy!** let's show those maggots pain,
Rouse the quickstart crewmates, from cabin boy to crook,
Those bastards, who stole all our rum, will pay for what they took!

Those thieving fucking bastards!
They stole our fucking rum!
They'll pay for what they took!



DREADED SKIES

We've taken land before, we rule the entire sea,
We're venturing through new ground to where the ground can not be seen,
We've built a ship that will never touch sea, never get wet, never swim too deep,
We've built a ship that will go anywhere, a ship that floats on air!

Bet you thought your jet was safe but we can fucking fly!
Ground that bastard right away - we're pirates of the skies!

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No! It's a flying ship.
It sails upon the airways goes wherever it sees fit.
We've built a ship that will never touch sea, never get wet, never swim too deep,
We've built a ship that can go anywhere, a ship that floats on air!

Bet you thought the birds were safe but we can fucking fly!
We're cooking eagle for tea today and I'll tell you fucking why...
Ya-da-dadada-dah-da-da - we're all so fucking high,
Ya-da-dadada-dah-da-da - we're pirates of the skies!

Man no flights, ground your planes - 'cause we can fucking fly,
Your aircraft is no longer safe and I'll tell you fucking why...
Ya-da-dadada-dah-da-da - we're all so fucking high,
Ya-da-dadada-dah-da-da - we're pirates of the skies!
Ya-da-dadada-dah-da-da - we drink until we die
Ya-da-dadada-dah-da-da - we're pirates of the skies!



HARPOON THE SUN

Ain't no sunshine when we're done - we'll merrily drink the night away,
We can't drink in this damn light - we don't want warm grog in our face.

So we run, yeah we run, set our course towards the setting sun,
One more day, one more day, then we'll bring the night to stay!

Yeah, we're gonna fuck the sun. We'll blow the fucker out of space!
We can loot in sneak attack, we can hide outside in day.

So we run, yeah we run, set our course towards the setting sun,
One more day, one more day, then we'll bring the night to stay!
Grab the rope, gun is stoked, get ready to fire away,
"To the sun! To the sun!" It has begun.

**Fire a harpoon into space and pierce a rope into the sun,
Drag it back towards the earth to where the atmosphere's begun,
Blast the fuck with cannonballs as it pelts towards the sea,
And plunge the fucking sun into the deep.**

We'll drink outside in the darkness for an age,
We're free from light and its luminous cage,
We'll stay up well past pirate bed time anyway,
And now we never have to see the useless fucking day.

The sun is in the sea, now it was fucking weak,
Now we can't fucking see 'cause we're blind on grog with no light as the sun is in the deep.

**We fire a harpoon into space and pierce a rope into the sun,
Drag it back towards the earth to where the atmosphere's begun,
Blast the fuck with cannonballs as it pelts towards the sea,
And plunge the fucking sun into the deep.**



NIGHTMARE SHIP

Loudly the festivities ring, the kitchen hand shouts, the cabin crew sing,
Rum soaked chips and rum soaked dip,

Welcome to the Lagerstein ship!

Firstmate runs out of the hold, his eyes pried wide, his face falls cold,
The booze stores are completely empty,
No tobacco, no ale, no whiskey!

Welcome to the nightmare ship!

The lookout can't see straight - the first time in years,
The cabin is silent without crewman cheers,
The wench is a man, turns out we're all queer,
The cabin is empty we're all out of beer

Obviously this is Mother Junkst's fault, the mate drinks rum like its about to turn old,
To the end of the plank he'll skip,

Get the fuck off the Lagerstein ship!

Rackers was in on it too, he chundered before, he smells like booze,
He can ride the dingy to quay,
Get tobacco, get ale, get whiskey!

Welcome to the Lagerstein ship!

The lookout can't see straight - the first time in years
The cabin is silent without crewman cheers
The wench is a man, turns out we're all queer
Hold up, here's an esky...

We just found our beer!



PIRATE MUSIC PIRACY

Join us on a new journey to the middle of the sea,
A bottle o' rum is all yer need, we'll stop half way and grab a feed.

So grab yer flute 'n' play with me,
We're singin' songs about the sea,
We don't 'ave time to sing in key,
It's Pirate Music Piracy!

With a yo ho ho da da dum dee dee!
That's how the Music Pirates be!
With a yo ho ho da da dum dee dee!
It's Pirate Music Piracy!

Looting ships upon the sea of their pirate melodies,
Don't need fucking MP3's 'cause this is music piracy!

So grab yer flute 'n' play with me,
We're singin' songs about the sea,
We don't 'ave time to sing in key,
It's Pirate Music Piracy!

We'll rock the pirate boats into the bay, to the tunes we've snaked, we'll dance,
And if the townsfolk, they, won't sing a tune, we'll cut them in two and say...

With a yo-ho-ho-dada-dum-dee-dee!
That's how the Music Pirates be!
With a yo-ho-ho-dada-dum-dee-dee!
It's Pirate Music Piracy!



PLUNDERBERG

**We loot, we steal, we Plunderberg,
Sailing through the thunderberg,
We sink the Scoundrels underberg,
Drinking lots of Rumdaberg.**

Set sail, with all your might, let's set this pirate ship in flight!
Chaos, upon the sea, as all a pirate's life should be.
Ships Ahoy! We sail aboard and rid them of their lavish horde,
Captain, whose ship we sank, we make the scoundrel walk the plank!

And as he stares into the deep his eyes widen, his mind, it weeps,
He screams at the top of his lungs "What have you damn pirates done?"

**We loot, we steal, we Plunderberg,
Sailing through the thunderberg,
We sink the Scoundrels underberg,
Drinking lots of Rumdaberg.**

Set sail, full steam ahead, to leave unblighted scoundrels dead,
Beneath the fogged night the lookout clears his haggard pipes,
Land ahoy! Anchor the boat and swim across the hopeless moat,
Commodore, his guards to thank, we make the scoundrel walk the plank!

And as he stares into the deep his eyes widen, his mind, it weeps,
He screams at the top of his lungs "What have you damn pirates done?"

**We loot, we steal, we Plunderberg,
Sailing through the thunderberg,
We sink the Scoundrels underberg,
Drinking lots of Rumdaberg.**

And as you stare into the deep your eyes widen, your mind, it weeps,
You scream at the top of your lungs "What have you damn pirates done?"



SLOCKEN THE RUM

Land in sight, beneath the night, we anchor on the shore,
We climb down and storm the town, pile in the bottle store,
We say unto the publican with a knife held to his throat,
"Give us all ya fuckin' grog, put the barrels on the boat!"

So we can...

**Slocken the rum, come and join in the fun,
The revel's begun, from noon until sun,
Our foes are undone and our honour is won,
Let's celebrate together as we slocken the rum!**

Aboard the ship, our trusty skip, with tonnes of rum in tow,
The crewmen drink the nectar as they swagger to and fro',
We fight like bloody morons, we each will have our go,
When we run out of stomach space its contents we will throw!

**Slocken the rum, come and join in the fun,
The revel's begun, from noon until sun,
Our foes are undone and our honour is won,
Let's celebrate together as we slocken the rum!**



JUNGLE JUICE JOURNEY

X marks the spot, we leave today. Hoist the mains, set sail, the bearing's Jungle Bay,
Grab the compass, watch the dial until we reach the wretched coast of Jungle Isle - we sail away.
We seek the truth, distilled in Jungle Juice, we seek the drink of days.

**Sailing through the jungle's trees, we'll sail for days and days,
We seek the mighty Jungle Juice so drunken we can stay!
Drunk on Jungle Juice.**

We set sail over the land, stoke the guns, FIRE! we shoot the damn toucan.
Up to the beast that lies ahead, we won't get the juice until the beast is dead...
A headwind breeze, we sail through the trees, sail to the beast and say...

"Batter down a hatch or two, open the cannon gates!"
and "Give up all your jungle juice or we'll blow you away!"
**We've sailed through the jungle's trees, we've sailed for days and days,
We seek the mighty Jungle Juice so drunken we can stay!
Drunk on Jungle Juice.**

And so the beast, prepares a massive feast, we drink the day and the night away
We eat the food, we drink the jungle juice, we all get loose, and say...

**We sailed through the jungle's trees, we sailed for days and days,
We seek the mighty Jungle Juice, so drunken we could stay!**
We sail with the Jungle Beast, we sail for days and days,
We drink the mighty Jungle Juice so drunken we can stay!
So if you meet the Jungle Beast let him have a taste,
Let him drink some Jungle Juice, but not all of the Jungle Juice,
There's fucking tonnes of Jungle Juice so drunken we can stay!



BEER BONG SONG

Diesel: The toughest of the crew,
Holds a powerful drop of the mightiest brew!

Giles: He's Mother Junkst's mate,
A good drop but a flaming cheapskate!

Frosty: He's the ladies man,
He's mackin' the ladies wherever he can,
A beer bong for me, a beer bong for you,
These are the tools of the Lagerstein crew!

**Oh it's a joy to sing about booze,
The mighty beer bong the king of the crew!**

Bongadille: He's your dad,
A drink from him will send you mad!

Vulcan: he's the flying V,
As mighty as any duck can be!
Ultrabong - He's the king,
A drop from him will make you sing!
A beer bong for me, a beer bong for you,
These are the tools of the Lagerstein crew!

**Oh it's a joy to sing about booze,
The mighty beer bong the king of the crew!**



DRINK 'TIL WE DIE

Into the bar as drunk as a sailor,
With none of the tact or the fancy clothes,
Up to the maid with a mile wide grin,
He tips his hat and asks if she wants a go.

**“Oh you're all just the same fucking pirate!” she claimed,
“You loot all the day and you drink all the night.”
The captain, in song, says “You've got us all wrong,”
“We'll drink until we fuckin' die!”**

Over his shoulder he hoists his fair maiden,
Out of the bar and into the night,
Onto the ship where the crew is waiting,
With merriment, drinks and a haughty bite.

**“Oh you're all just the same fucking pirate!” she claimed,
“You loot all the day and you drink all the night.”
The captain, in song, says “You've got us all wrong,”
“We'll drink until we fuckin' die!”**



AHOY!

Lagerstein drunkenly thanks alcohol, the wenches of the world and ships with the keys still in the ignition. Our homes - The Barra Bar, Riedel Manor and Lagerstein's Palace of Love. Vyrion, Tower of Fire and Aeternitas for putting up with our drunken antics and patience. The Lagerstein Beer Bongs - Diesel, Giles, Frosty, Bongadille, Vulcan and Ultrabong, The S. S. Plunderberg and the Lagercrew and family. Captain Adam Merker, Lasse Lammert, Chris Bowes and Alestorm, Marinos, Number 2, Milly, Trice, Lala, Muz, Li'l Tim, Elliot (what a man), Millyjane Photography, Guitar Brothers, Sunken lads The Definition Of A Viking and The Axeman On Drums. Finally, Jungle Juice, Bundaberg Rum and every bottle of scotch Ultralord has consumed during the recording and mixing process. DRINK UP!



Lagerstein

Ultralord on Vox

vocals, writing, orchestral instrumentation.

Majestic Beast on Lead

lead guitar, writing, backing vocals.

Immobilizer on Bass

bass guitar, backing vocals.

Rummy Rackers on Guitar

rhythm guitar.

Mother Junkst on Keys

keyboards, violin.

Oldmate Dazzle on Drums

drums, percussion, cowbell blasts.

Recorded at Studio Anders Debeerz by Adam Merker

Mixed by Adam Merker and Dale J Williams

Produced by Dale J Williams

Mastered at LSD Studios by Lasse Lammert

Cover and booklet illustrated by Elliott Bryan, design by Dale J Williams