

Cheese pirates

They sail across the oceans, merry men,
Pirates, if you please,
Who do not crave riches or power,
But wish only for cheese.
When they board ocean liners,
And from their scabbards pull their blades,
They only seek the stocks of cheese.
So there's no need to feel afraid.
They like to talk about "land lubbers",
"Ahoy, m'hearties" they like to cry.
But when they ask to see your cheese,
You'd be well advised to comply.
"There'll be no killin' 'til I give the word,"
Their captain mumbles in an alcoholic daze,
But he is only reading from a script:
His words date from his cinematic phase.
No one has ever felt their blade
Or been shot by any of their crew,
They are a harmless lot, I tell you,
And everything I tell of them is true.
And as their ship disappears into the horizon,
And as the day grows long,
If you cup your ears and listen hard,
You may hear the cheese pirates sing their song:
"Yo-ho, yo-ho, a block of cheese for me,
I'll settle for some Roquefort, a cheddar or a brie.

I always bring some bread along
Because I have a hunch,
That there'll be cheese for taking –
And that means time for lunch."

