

[\Audio\BadBoys.mp3](#)

On the great highway by the light of day, in the pale of a sapphire sky
There's many a musky minnow meets the angler's eagle eye
And there he'll bide by the hungry tide, just taking his own sweet time
As he plies his trove for the one to love, and he tightens up his line

Oh, is because we pine away for the life we'll never know
Are we moved by all the pains he takes to set that snare just so?
Are we queens of our own destiny, can we tell you the reason why
Before we get much older, we'll be hanging out to dry

Bad boys and privateers out trolling for a bite
In the cool of a misty morning, in the dark of the velvet night
And here we come by tens and tons just looking for our fun
Bad boys have got us on the run

Now some of us smile like fortune's child, and most of us live life well
We do all right by our own true light, but he's got goods to sell
And like a Sockeye to the spinner, like a Monarch to the flame
From high or low, we'll tumble, and we'll tumble much the same

And off he'll sail on a sporting gale with a rum and a ready crew
Looking for a piece of the Golden Fleece, and only the gold will do
And there she bears, still unawares as he leads her in the dance
This golden galleon never had a chance

Bad boys and privateers out cruising for a prize
For the tell-tale gleam, for the head of steam, for a key to the friendly thighs
And bless her soul, she gives it all 'til there's no more left to give
Bad boys and privateers have got us where we live

What makes us stray from the great high way in the face of our common sense
For a taste of that raggy clover on the far side of the fence
What makes us pine for the heady wine that flows from the rusty cask
Well if you knew our hearts, you'd never have to ask

'Cause some of us lust for the shiny swag and some of us fall from pride
And some have a taste for the salt that coats that bucko's briny hide
And all I know by the winds that blow while the salt sea breezes croon
By the time he works his magic we'll be howling at the moon

Bad boys and privateers out to take a ride
On the waves of frisky fortune that tumble with the tide
And like the dawn this dance goes on and it draws us through the years
We play the role and we sell our soul for boys and privateers
We sell our soul for boys and privateers