Some pops wear red noses as they juggle rubber chickens.

Some pops wear white hats as their sticky toffee thickens.

Some pops wear green gloves as they chop wood in the cold.
But my pop is a pirate...

his limping leg is gleaming gold.
Some pops drive big trucks
over hills of rock and sand.

Some pops pedal pushbikes
on bridges old and grand.
Some pops walk in sneakers through footpaths lined with trees.
But my pop is a pirate ... he steers his ship on sharky seas.