

Salt Fare, North Sea

Chumbawamba

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Roll on, roll off
With these words I drown
Topmast secured
Hatches battened down
Sometimes I think
It must be different on land
But from the mast I can only see tyrants
Still in command

Fish and chip supper
Battered, no bones
Hung, drawn and quartered
Drifting alone
One thousand lashes
For the Age of Reason
Salt for your wounds
When the cod's in season

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We reach the horizon
And sail over the edge
Drunk on our memories
More sober than a judge
I'm wasting time
That I can't afford
I know I'd die on the gallows
Before I'd die of being bored

Drifting alone, drifting alone, drifting alone
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