

## 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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