

## First League Out From Land

The Tossers

Bred as we among the mountains how the sailor understands  
The divine intoxication of the first league out from land  
Endless sea I've chosen vast and desolate it may seem  
But it's the way we all choose to go, the idea not the dream

The sun burns me back to consciousness on the deck on which I s  
lept  
I don't want to get up I don't want to go though no one here's  
inept  
They've all gone their separate ways, all separate ways to home  
That's when we find out where we've gone we travelled out alone

Time is a test of trouble on this endless sea of wine  
And only sailor knows this trouble, to each is theirs, is thine  
The shanty's a fucking survival test that only the brutish know  
And if I fall down into my own I won't ask you to go

'Tis only I who knows my travels all upon this endless sea  
And my ship will never come into port lest 'tis by chaos my ana  
rchy  
Will be crushed and if I fall then I will let myself down go  
I will never soon now dock at port though it's hard to get up a  
nd go

Oh well I mingle and I cluster and I fester down and sore  
And I lay down where I end up like a wave upon the shore  
And I scramble to get paid, but at least for what I've done and  
made  
I'm not begging work of anyone no cheque it can persuade