

Bashed Out

This Is the Kit

And so the outside, it bashes us in
Bashes us about a bit
Feel it tugging you, ploughing you flat
Then feel it filling your sails
And warm on your back

Oooh

And blessed are those who see and are silent
Blessed are those who see and are silent
Blessed are those who see and are silent
Blessed are those who see and are silent
Blessed are those who see

So won't you hoist up the bucket now, Charlie?
Whoosh it all over the deck
Cause we've been getting most mightily filthy
Mud marks up to our necks

Oooh

And they did unfold and the wind it did feel them
And they did unfold and the wind it did feel them
And they did unfold and the wind it did feel them
And they did unfold and the wind

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