Goose River

Thrawsunblat

We'll walk through the day, on down to the bay
We'll claim old Goose River Point
So haul on your mugs and growler jugs
it's a long road, but not as long as a dry road

We'll drink the ale and spin many a tale
of our comrade's final days.

We'll pour out the beer for the one not here
Cheers, me b'y, once more.
Cheers once more, me b'y.

It's a long road and a sorrowed load.
It's a long road and a sorrowed load,
Cheers, me b'y, once more.
Cheers, once more, to ya, Sloan.

Where could we throw the ash, but the end of the path
at the swirling Goose River Point?
He'll stand with the trees, and run with the streams
where he once roamed, and now can ever again roam.

And again next year we'll feast out here
an annual march to the sea.
We'll raise up a toast on the rocky coast:
Cheers, me b'y, once more.
Cheers, once more, to ya, Sloan.

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!