

# Sailin' On

## Shooting Spires

You don't want me anymore  
So I walk through the door  
I play the game right from the start  
I trust you, you use me, now my life's all torn apart  
So I'm sailing, yeah I'm sailing on  
I'm moving, yeah I'm moving on  
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on  
Tried to see if I'll give up  
But there wasn't any luck  
It's a fact, a fact of life  
That's the game, game of strife everything is all in stride  
So I'm sailing, yeah I'm sailing on  
I'm moving, yeah I'm moving on  
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on

So I'm sailing, yeah I'm sailing on  
I'm moving, yeah I'm moving on  
Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on  
Too many years with too many tears  
And too many days with none to say  
So how will we know when there's nowhere to grow  
The fact of life, life too short oh  
There's too many years with too many tears  
There's too many days with none to say no, no  
So how will we know when there's nowhere to grow  
The fact of life, the fact of life yeah  
Too many years with too many tears  
And too many days with none to say  
So how will we know when there's nowhere to grow  
The fact of life, life too short oh

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