

Rowing

Charlene Soraia

Don't know where I'm going

I just keep on rowing

I just keep on pulling

Gotta row

Moving is Breathing and breathing is life

stopping is dying, you'll be alright

life is a hammer waiting to drop

adrift in the shallows and the rowing won't stop

Don't know where I'm going

I just keep on rowing

I just keep on pulling

Gotta row

Can't see the sky, nothing on the horizon

can't feel my hands and the water keeps rising

can't fall asleep, cause i'll wake up dead

I just keep on pulling, I just keep on rowing, Don't know where I'm going

Don't know where I'm going

I just keep on rowing

I just keep on pulling

Gotta row

Rowing is living and living is hard

but living beats losing all that we are

and all that we know of, and all that we feel

and all we remember, imagined or real

I heard an echo, but the answer had changed

from the word I remember, that I started out saying

living is cheating if you're not pulling oars

but the current is leaving, I'll get mine, you'll get yours

Don't know where I'm going

I just keep on rowing

I just keep on pulling

Gotta row

Rowing is bleeding and bleeding is breathing

breathing is feeling, burning or freezing

keep getting dirty, but I started out clean

keep on pulling, I keep on pulling, I keep on rolling, I keep on rolling

Don't know where I'm going

I just keep on rowing

I just keep on pulling
Gotta row

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