Sinking

Tunturia

You're on a wide open ocean
No one around you for miles
You're thinkin' of drinkin' on water
While you're sailing the Nile
No one to stop you on your way
Flyin' by goes a stork
You decide to bring your oars in now
But accidently knock out the cork
Row your boat to shore
'Cause it is leaking and you're still drinking
Unless you cork the hole
You won't be sailin', you'll be sinkin'
And not knowin' you're sinkin'
You take out a bottle of rum
Swiggin' a drink to the bottom
The label reads, 'Van Monchinghum'
Oars back into the water
You think you'll sail on
But you can't, 'cause your boat contains
Three and a half gallons
Row your boat to shore
'Cause it is leaking and you're still drinking
Unless you cork the hole
You won't be sailin', you'll be sinkin'
Row your boat to shore
'Cause it is leaking and you're still drinking
Unless you cork the hole
You won't be sailin', you'll be sinkin'
Row, row, row your boat
And sail your ship to shore
You're barely, barely, barely keeping afloat
Well I hope that you won't drink no more
Row your boat to shore
'Cause it is leaking and you're still drinking
Unless you cork the hole
You won't be sailin', you'll be sinkin'
Row, row, row your boat
And sail your ship to shore
You're barely, barely, barely keeping afloat

Well I hope that you won't drink no more

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