

Salt Fare, North Sea

Chumbawamba

Salt fare, North Sea
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Roll on, roll off
With these words I drown
Topmast secured
Hatches battened down
Sometimes I think
It must be different on land
But from the mast I can only see tyrants
Still in command
Fish and chip supper
Battered, no bones
Hung, drawn and quoted
And drifting alone
One thousand lashes
For the age of reason
Salt for your wounds
When the cod's in season
Salt fare, North Sea
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Salt fare, North Sea
We reach the horizon
And sail over the edge
Drunk on our memories
More sober than a judge
I'm wasting time
That I can't afford
I know I'd die on the gallows
Before I'd die of being bored
Drifting along, drifting along
Drifting along, drifting along
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