Mist

Derek Rogers

About a gunshot away there's a place that I long to be
tippin' bottles with me old cock.
When the shit's all said and sorted, I plan to settle down and stay
one middle finger to the landlocked.
From the first time boatin' o'r there's not too much I can recall.
I kissed a plastic cod and drank rum till I was friggered.
I decided then and there that I'd return, even if I had to crawl.
Something outside was broken and something inside me, triggered.It's a long ride home, but it's always my destination.
It's a long ride home.If the sun bursts apart at the end of the world
I don't think I will give a damn
as long as I'm surrounded by friends and pints in goddamned Newfoundland.
So here's to Newfoundland.I breathed a sigh of relief the next time steppin' off the plane.
It'd been a long, hard, vapid winter.
Johnny and the boys were waiting there ready to explain,
they weren't there to drive us, just a welcome back to the Island.
So we taxied to the venue to prepare for the night to sweep.
Slept in the back room until the India showed up.
When we finally took the stage, it shifted beneath our feet.
We stood on the shoulders of proud Newfoundlanders.And I think it bears repeating that no one buckled under.We all got bit by the cod that we all kissed.
It left an infection in our lips and a longing in the mist.
You're as deep as the grave, and you're marching to the heartbeat of the land.Yes, I be a Newfoundlander B'y.
Not by birth, but in my heart.
Yes, I be a Newfoundlander B'y.

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