

Salt Fare, North Sea

Chumbawamba

Salt fare, North Sea
Salt fare, North SeaSalt fare, North Sea
Salt fare, North SeaRoll on, roll off
With these words I drown
Topmast secured
Hatches battened downSometimes I think
It must be different on land
But from the mast I can only see tyrants
Still in commandFish and chip supper
Battered, no bones
Hung, drawn and quoted
And drifting aloneOne thousand lashes
For the age of reason
Salt for your wounds
When the cod's in seasonSalt fare, North Sea
Salt fare, North SeaSalt fare, North Sea
Salt fare, North SeaWe reach the horizon
And sail over the edge
Drunk on our memories
More sober than a judgeI'm wasting time
That I can't afford
I know I'd die on the gallows
Before I'd die of being boredDrifting along, drifting along
Drifting along, drifting alongSalt fare, North Sea
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