

Fat Freddy's Drop "The Raft"

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Though my hands are cold and my mouth is dry
Well, this journey's told, is a mountain high
Though the wind she burns, like an angel's flame, she
will give me strength so I can move again

And though my people may not be many, we are ready
for the storm to come
And though my people may not be many, we are ready
to be strong as one,
And though my people, travel light, they are willing to
fight the fight
And though my people may not be many we are ready

We have got to find a way, let it be done, let it be done
(ooh)
Do you want to keep the faith until the storm has
broken?
We have got to find a way to rise above the pain...

My men come, he cross the waters
My men come he cross the sea (yes)
He has the sons, he has the daughters,
But he brings with him sea (ooh)

And though my people may not be many, we are ready
for the storm to come
And though my people may not be many, we are ready
to be strong as one,
And though my people, travel light, they are willing to
fight the fight
And though my people may not be many we are ready

We have got to find a way, let it be done, let it be done
(ooh)
Do you want to keep the faith until the storm has
broken?
We have got to find a way to rise above the pain...

The industry - they'll never find me, here among the
trees
My footsteps will be, will be all that I leave
Oh lonely island, so rich and fair, we leave your shores

for reasons unclear
Looking for a better life, and you are all that I need,
(hey)
All that I need.

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