

## Flatfoot 56

### "The Galley Slave"

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Bound to sail these ugly seas and hear the seagull's  
call  
Doomed to hear the rat-tat-tat of the quarter master's  
call  
The salt wind blows the slave boss crows making my  
skin crawl  
As I row this cross of mine to the place of the skull

Sing Row!!  
Sing Row!  
Were Singing Row!!

(Row)  
Hour after hour rowing on this worn out bench (Row)  
My only crime to do this time was my own common  
sense (Row)  
To deny the Son means freedom's won, but I can't deny  
His name (Row)  
So I'm chained to this my blood soaked fist rowing 'till I  
am slain

Sing Row!

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