

## Chumbawamba "Salt Fare, North Sea"

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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  
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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