

Chumbawamba

"Salt Fare, Noth Sea"

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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 (repeats)
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 (repeats)
Salt fare, North Sea (repeats)

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