

Kevin Smith

"Louie's Solo"

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Crash,
Pow,
Boom.

Do you doubt the truth in the tales of brave Ulysses?
For I was there beside him, though humble in my task,
Few men find adventure of such heroic stature,
Though some came seeking glory, or a golden fleece
to grasp.

I kissed my wife and children as we sailed up to the
wars,
We bent our backs, and pulled the oars to the beat of
Louie's solo, yeah.

So many normal ships have tried to navigate the
waters, where fearsome, foreign gods turn good
soldiers into swine,
We'll always spare the evil drop, although the cup was
offered,
Be it luck, grace or cowardice, I have learned to look
behind.

On every field, in style, in every city-town,
We marched as kings and conquerors to the ever
present pound of Louie's solo.

Sailing along,
Sailing along,
Sailing along.

Yeah, this was not a sword and sandal sarcasm, where
clumsy lips move to another tongue,
This odyssey of ours was danced to the brave music of
a distant drum,
Main did acclaim us, though some - they did disdain,
But both become a siren sound that pulls you to the
rocks again.

One day each old fighter beats his sword into a plough,
But, if he needs, each warrior always knows the
whereabouts of Louie's solo.

Sailing along,
Sailing along,
Sailing along,
Sailing along.

Oh, Telemachos,
Telemachos, my vigilant son,
Dawn, again has come,
All stitched and dull,
And yet my journey is not done.

Sailing along,
Sailing along,
Sailing,
Sailing along,
Sailing along,
Sailing along, love,
Sailing along.

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