

## **Passafist "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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