

The Tossers

"First League Out From Land"

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Bred as we among the mountains how the sailor
understands
The divine intoxication of the first league out from land
Endless sea I've chosen vast and desolate it may seem
But it's the way we all choose to go, the idea not the
dream

The sun burns me back to consciousness on the deck
on which I slept
I don't want to get up I don't want to go though no one
here's inept
They've all gone their separate ways, all separate ways
to home
That's when we find out where we've gone we travelled
out alone

Time is a test of trouble on this endless sea of wine
And only sailor knows this trouble, to each is theirs, is
thine
The shanty's a fucking survival test that only the british
know
And if I fall down into my own I won't ask you to go

'Tis only I who knows my travels all upon this endless
sea
And my ship will never come into port lest 'tis by chaos
my anarchy
Will be crushed and if I fall then I will let myself down
go
I will never soon now dock at port though it's hard to
get up and go

Oh well I mingle and I cluster and I fester down and
sore
And I lay down where I end up like a wave upon the
shore
And I scramble to get paid, but at least for what I've
done and made
I'm not begging work of anyone no cheque it can
persuade

