

## The Tossers

### "The 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 brutish  
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

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