

Sailin' On

Bad Brains

You don't want me anymore, so I'll just walk right out the door
. Played a game right from the start, I trust you, you used me
now my hearts all torn apart. So I'm sailin, well I'm sailin on
. Well I'm movin, hey I'm movin on. Sail on, sail on. Try to se
e if I'll give up. But there wasn't any luck. It's a fact, fact
of life. That's the games, games of strife. Everything is all
in stride. There's too many years with too many tears, and too
many days, with nothing to say, and how will we know when there
's nowhere to grow. And what's the facts for life to show.