

## The Raft

Fat Freddy's Drop

Though my hands are cold and my mouth is dry  
Well, this journey's told, is a mountain high  
Though the wind she burns, like an angel's flame, she  
will give me strength so I can move again

And though my people may not be many, we are ready for  
the storm to come  
And though my people may not be many, we are ready to  
be strong as one,  
And though my people, travel light, they are willing to  
fight the fight

And though my people may not be many we are ready  
We have got to find a way, let it be done, let it be  
done (ooh)  
Do you want to keep the faith until the storm has  
broken ?  
We have got to find a way to rise above the pain ...

My men come, he cross the waters  
My men come he cross the sea (yes)  
He has the sons, he has the daughters,  
But he brings with him sea (ooh)

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And though my people may not be many we are ready

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done (ooh)  
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broken ?  
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The industry - they'll never find me, here among the  
trees  
My footsteps will be, will be all that I leave  
Oh lonely island, so rich and fair, we leave your  
shores for reasons unclear  
Looking for a better life, and you are all that I need,  
(hey)  
All that I need.