

The Rich The Strong And The Poor

Flatfoot 56

I am a man who owns many islands. You'll find my footprints upon many shores. Yet I found no place in my distant travels. It all unravels, making me want more. Rumble on the deck, I've boxed many a strongman. If you've got an answer, I can prove you wrong. Yet I have no rest in this life of vengeance. There's no repentance for fighters in the fight. I'll be singing, I'll be singing, Through the mud and the gravel. I'll be singing, I'll be singing, "this is not my home! This is not my home!" I'll be singing as I travel, through the mud and the gravel, "this is not my home! This is not my home!" Pardon me, good sir, can you spare a quick glance? Can you even bother for a hungry soul? See, I had no choice in this life so bitter, I need just a flicker, just a glimmer of hope. I'll be singing, I'll be singing, through the mud and the gravel. I'll be singing, I'll be singing, "this is not my home! This is not my home!" I'll be singing as I travel, through the mud and the gravel, "this is not my home! This is not my home!" This is not my home, this is not my home.