

## Semi-Wondrous Boat Ride

Primus

Around the world and home again  
That's the sailor's way  
(Faster, faster)

There's no earthly way of knowing  
Which direction we are going  
There's no knowing where we're rowing  
Or which way the river's flowing

Is it raining, is it snowing?  
Is a hurricane a-blowing?

Not a speck of light is showing  
So the danger must be growing  
Are the fires of hell a-glowing?  
Is the grisly reaper mowing?

Yes, the danger must be growing  
For the rowers keep on rowing  
And they're certainly not showing  
Any signs that they are slowing

Stop the boat  
We're here