

First League Out From Land

The Tossers

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 s
lept
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 ana
rchy
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 a
nd 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