

Bad Brains, Sailin' On

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 see 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
(chours)

There's too many years with too many tears
and too many days and with nothing to say
and how will we know when there's nowhere to grow.
and what's the facts for life to show(repeat)