

Die Toten Hosen, Seafeaver

The endless sea. So let's pray and fish.
The sea at last; your lifelong wish,
but yet you still can't find any fun.
Was it for this you had to run?
Was it for this you had to run?
The North Sea clashes in your face,
you know you haven't won.
You know you're always in one place
however far you run.
The North Sea clashes in your face,
you know you haven't won.
You know you're always in one place
however far you run.
Your corpse didn't take long to find
it's headlines for the sun.
Another guy stands at your workingbench,
it wasn't after all so much of a wrench.
Is that why you had to run?
The North Sea clashes in your face,
you know you haven't won.
You know you're always in one place
however far you run.