

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?

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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.

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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.