

The Go Set, Tale Of A Convict

All aboard for foreign shores, to sail upon the sea
The cat-on-nine to keep in line prospective mutiny
Seven years of transportation and slavery
Breaking these chains, walking the bay
Day into months, weeks into years
watching the world go by from up here
It's a black mans life, in a white mans skin
I'll not wear these chains
Far away, we are looking out to sea
The northern lights, a girl with brown eyes,
All these years are still waiting for me
I long for you each day, the seasons roll on,
Despair is my reprieve
Sailing these southern seas in a dream
Back to my home county Meath