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Running Out Of Rum

You try to move but stand in sand
every yard turns into a mile
a man is here to demand
every single action to a file
he's doing it with a smile

And where are you heading you old man?
you drift on the waters of life
with a broken mast and an old can
the last drop of rum will be your guide
the last drop will guide

You're running out of rum
faraway from shore
you're running out of rum
and your sails are torn
you're running out of rum
blowing up a storm
and your sails are torn
faraway from shore

In the horizon winds are blowing
prepare yourself for the storm
be wet, be dead or be ready
don't trust the guide in liquid form
don't trust the liquid form

When the arms of Poseidon are rising
time will hold it's breath
coz he's never compromising
and he's a friend of death
he is a friend of death

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