

## Tale Of A Convict

The Go Set

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