

Glen Phillips

"The Spirit Of Shackleton"

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This is no exaggeration
I truly am alone
A hundred million clicks
And eight long months from home

But I'm holding to my promise
I'll land and plant the flag
For god and corporation
And the greater good of man

There's no law that can touch me
My sins are mine to keep
I'm a rocket, I'm an island
And on my shore she sleeps

I'm not coming back from here
I've been too far now
I'm cold but I'm not scared
In the Spirit of Shackleton

Pretty droplets of crimson
Surround me as they drift
Bonding together
Or bursting into mist
So I open up my mouth to them
And offer out my tongue
They are salty and sweet
Like the memory of love

I'm not coming back from here
I've been too far
I'm cold but I'm not scared
And I'm unshackled
I'm not coming back from here
I've been too far
I'm cold but I'm not scared
In the Spirit of Shackleton

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