

## Oysterband

### "Whitehaven"

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Whitehaven by Oysterband

What a hideous forest surrounded Whitehaven  
'N Twisted black mountains, wolves howled in madness  
Never I ventured beyond the storm towers  
As dust spread her black wings at the edge of a dark,  
wild wood  
But one windy evenin', gathering timbers  
Under white elm trees, in shadows I saw her  
The darkest of beauties, with a basket of cherries  
The wind and her black skirt, like the hands of a wild,  
dark wood

Instrumental

She turned in her terror and madness possessed her  
In shadow she wooed me, we screamed in the rambles  
Hunters came running with torches and axes  
Tree top to tree top, let him storm through the dark,  
wild wood

Back down they dragged us, past the storm towers  
The church bells were ringing, the skies screamed in  
flashes  
We stood in the churchyard,  
laughing like jackels, as the strom towers tumbled  
And bowed to the dark, wild wood

Instrumental till end

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