

Seth Lakeman

"Race to Be King"

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We left our sweethearts
And our wives along that pier
"Cheer up", they said
"You'll soon return in half a year"

So we sailed up north to reach the ice
We took full sails
Each boat was manned with guns
And rope to hunt that whale

We know, that we're fighting
In this frost on our own
And we'll see no sound
Or sight of our homes

And our lovers will be
Waiting there till spring
It's a ramble and a race to be king
Race to be king

Now we've been sailing a league or three
Till we glimpsed that shore
The night was dark and won no hearts
So we stayed on board

There fired a shot along our deck
And down one side
And it cracked our mast and swept in fast
Our bird she cried out

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