

# Al Stewart, Antarctica

Long before I ever saw  
The frost upon your face  
I was haunted by your beauty  
And it drew me to this place  
I felt the chill of mystery  
With one foot on your shore  
And then and there resolved to go  
Where no man had before

Chorus:  
Maybe I was snowblind  
But it seemed the wind spoke true  
And I believed its stories then  
As dreamers sometimes do  
In Antarctica  
In Antarctica

Who knows what the powers may be  
That cause a man to go

Mindless of the dangers  
Out across the virgin snow  
Seduced by this ambition  
I easily forget  
The hopeless quest of Shackleton  
The dreamlike death of Scott

Chorus

Maybe I was snowblind  
Perhaps it sapped my will  
But something of my innocence  
Is wandering there still  
In Antarctica  
In Antarctica  
In Antarctica  
In Antarctica