

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