

The Weepies, Antarctica

Left behind everything I knew
All the colors were bone light and sky new
Hit the continent running
Engines were humming just to break through
Antarctica, my only living relative
Antarctica, I can't wait anymore

Under ice there's a world moving slow
Carnelian stars and the bars down below
Serve only vodka and gin
I try to stay drunk so nobody knows
Antarctica, my only living relative
Antarctica, I can't wait anymore

And then there's morning
Each one feels like the first one
A morning, so clean so pure
Nothing so clear now that I'm here

When I get back to the city
Everything's cluttered and pretty
I won't regret my return
I'll just remember the wind, and the snow
And the howling so loud that it alone drowns out the inside of me

Antarctica, my only living relative
Antarctica, I can't wait anymore