

# Massive Attack, Home Of The Whale

[Caroline Lavelle]

Oh my love he works upon the sea  
On the waves that blow wild and free  
He splices the ropes and he sets the sail  
While southwards he roams to the home of the whale

And he ne'er thinks of me far behind  
Or the torments that rage in my mind  
He is mine for only part of the year  
Then I'm left all alone with only my tears

All ye ladies that smell of white rose  
Thank ye for your perfume to wear on my gold  
Thank ye all the wives and the babies that yearn  
For the man ne'er returns from hunting the sperm (whale)

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