

Midlake, In This Camp

In this camp there's one who delights me
Brings me afternoon tea then she leaves me
When they're climbing over the sea
She helps to keep our strength complete
But I'd rather stay
'Cause the north is too far away

I wanted to marry Babette
And the weapons on my shoulders
I'd throw into seaweed banks
And the willows and the lime-trees
Were gathered there for us
Above the unconquered seas
Unconquered seas

There's the horn call
Put your boots and courage on and run

I wanted to marry Babette
And the weapons on my shoulders
I'd throw into seaweed banks
And the willows and the lime-trees
Were gathered there for us
Above the unconquered seas
Unconquered seas

I'm counting up all the lovely years
Since I had stepped inside
With the others in this lonely field
Who I fought beside

They mustn't mind
They must let me go to find
A site for my retire
Will this war

Capture your heart or more
And carry you down the shore

'Cause the north is too far away

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