

# Seth Lakeman, Race To Be King

We left our sweethearts and our wives  
Along the pier  
"Cheer up", they said  
"You'll soon return in half the year";  
So we sailed up north  
To reach the ice  
We took full sail  
Each boat was manned with guns and rope  
To hunt that whale

We know we'll be fighting in this frost on our own  
And we'll see no sound nor sights of our homes  
And our lovers they'll be waiting there 'til spring  
It's a ramble and a race to be king  
A race to be king

Now we'd been sailing a league or three  
To glimpse that shore  
The night was dark and won no hearts so we stayed on board  
There fired a shot along our deck and down one side  
And it cracked our mast and swept in fast  
Our bird she cried out

That we know we'll be fighting in this frost on our own  
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