

The Beautiful South, Sailing Solo

Imagine sailing solo around the world
Only to find you've missed a continent out
And as your happy turns choppy and tidal wave swirls
You're wondering why there's no one about

At least Captain Scott actually stood on the spot
Where he planned to put up Union Jack
And though Captain Cook cursed the map that he took
He got near enough for native's attack

That's how it feels trying to navigate you
Even with compass and infinite time
Just when I think I've found some part that's new
I find a flag already up that's not mine

Circling you is journey minus view
Exploration without reason or reward
'Cause when I get near you use an arrow or spear
To prevent my heart ever being shored

The earth ain't flat but it's a simple doormat
Compared to your unclimbable self
The desolate terrain you have to cross to your brain
Just one of your slippery shelves

That's how it feels trying to navigate you
Even with compass and infinite time
Just when I think I've found some part that's new
I find a flag already up that's not mine

And if I ever get close I'll need a banner or post
To hang it from, first there or not
So voyage may uncover a sister or brother
And a friendship that Colombus forgot.