

# 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