

# Race to Be King

Seth Lakeman

We left our sweethearts  
And our wives along that pier  
"Cheer up", they said  
"You'll soon return in half a year" So we sailed up north to reach the ice  
We took full sails  
Each boat was manned with guns  
And rope to hunt that whale We know, that we're fighting  
In this frost on our own  
And we'll see no sound  
Or sight of our homes And our lovers will be  
Waiting there till spring  
It's a ramble and a race to be king  
Race to be king Now we've been sailing a league or three  
Till we glimpsed 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

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