

Victorian Ice

British Sea Power

Victorian ice and Edwardian snow
You'll find yourself asking
Is there something below?'Cause your surface area
Is like old whale bones
Preserved in museums
They're so totally coldOh I, oh I, settled down over there
Won't you hold your babies closer?
I, know I, I need youBut you better keep moving
Before you get totally cold
And you better start growing up
Before you get old
Totally wicked and equally aceHoopers and herring gulls
Over chalky cliffs
It's all that's left you know
Carbonate and mythWhitebait and cockleshell
Washed up like a gift
Secret histories arrive
By long shore driftOh I, oh I, settled down over here
Won't you hold your baby's hair?
Oh I, know I, I need youAnd you better keep moving
Before you get totally cold
Oh, you better start growing up
Before you get oldBut you still don't understand
No, you still don't understand
Totally wicked and equally ace

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