

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 cold Oh I, oh I, settled down over there
Won't you hold your babies closer?
I, know I, I need you But you better keep moving
Before you get totally cold
And you better start growing up
Before you get old
Totally wicked and equally ace Hoopers and herring gulls
Over chalky cliffs
It's all that's left you know
Carbonate and myth Whitebait and cockleshell
Washed up like a gift
Secret histories arrive
By long shore drift Oh I, oh I, settled down over here
Won't you hold your baby's hair?
Oh I, know I, I need you And you better keep moving
Before you get totally cold
Oh, you better start growing up
Before you get old But you still don't understand
No, you still don't understand
Totally wicked and equally ace

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