

# Antarctica

Al Stewart

Long before I ever saw  
The frost upon your face  
I was haunted by your beauty  
And it drew me to this place

I felt the chill of mystery  
With one foot on your shore  
And then and there resolved to go  
Where no man had before

Maybe I was snow blind  
But it seemed the wind spoke true  
And I believed its stories then  
As dreamers sometimes do

In Antarctica  
In Antarctica

Who knows what the powers may be  
That cause a man to go  
Mindless of the dangers  
Out across the virgin snow

Seduced by this ambition  
I easily forget  
The hopeless quest of Shackleton  
The dreamlike death of Scott

In Antarctica  
In Antarctica

Maybe I was snow blind  
But it seemed the wind spoke true  
And I believed its stories then  
As dreamers sometimes do

In Antarctica  
In Antarctica

Maybe I was snow blind  
Perhaps it sapped my will  
But something of my innocence  
Is wandering there still

In Antarctica  
In Antarctica  
In Antarctica  
In Antarctica