

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

Hoopoes 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 longshore 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