

# The Heroine

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The heroine stood up on the deck  
The ship was out of control  
The bow was being ripped to shreds  
Men were fighting down below  
The sea had pummeled the boat for so long  
That they knew nothing but fear

And the baby's in the box, he thinks the door is locked  
The sea is in a state, the baby learns to wait  
For the heroine, ooohh for the heroine  
Locked in his defense, he waits for the heroine

The mast is cracking as the waves are slapping  
Sailors roll across the deck  
And when they thought none was looking  
They would cut a weaker man's neck  
While the heroine dressed in a virgin white dress  
Tried to steer the mighty ship  
But the raging storm wouldn't hear of it  
They were in for a long trip

Baby's in the box, he thinks the door is locked  
He finds it hard to breathe, drawing in the sea  
And where's the heroine to fire off the gun  
To calm the raging seas and let herself be seized by the

Baby in the box, he thinks the door is locked  
The woman has the keys  
But there is no moment she can seize  
Here's to the heroine, who transcends all the men  
Who are locked inside the box  
Will the lady let them out  
Ooohh the heroine, ooohh the heroine  
Strapped to the mast, the pale ascendant heroine...