

## In This Camp

Midlake

In this camp there's one who delights me  
Brings me afternoon tea then she leaves me  
When they're climbing over the sea  
She helps to keep our strength complete  
But I'd rather stay  
'Cause the north is too far away

I wanted to marry Babette  
And the weapons on my shoulders  
I'd throw into seaweed banks  
And the willows and the lime-trees  
Were gathered there for us  
Above the unconquered seas  
Unconquered seas

There's the horn call  
Put your boots and courage on and run

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And the weapons on my shoulders  
I'd throw into seaweed banks  
And the willows and the lime-trees  
Were gathered there for us  
Above the unconquered seas  
Unconquered seas

I'm counting up all the lovely years  
Since I had stepped inside  
With the others in this lonely field  
Who I fought beside

They mustn't mind  
They must let me go to find  
A site for my retire  
Will this war

Capture your heart or more  
And carry you down the shore

'Cause the north is too far away

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