

# Antarctica

## The Dreadnoughts

A time is there upon us, and now we must away, (away, dear Molly),  
For a cup is lying empty, a ship lies in a bay, (away, dear Molly),  
Now the light, is gone from the sky, a single white tear, it falls from your eye,  
And when the morning light comes, will be the last time, that I see the sun

So runaway, Antarctica, (woe, oh, oh, oh),  
So runaway, Antarctica

Our Lord has many creatures, the crayton and the small, (away, dear Molly),  
I'd love to press a spike, into the greatest of them all, (away, dear Molly),  
When the wind, some viper of gwen, and sailors could spend six months in the night,  
Where the ice is fast closing in, and all that is warm, is a bottle of gin...

So runaway, Antarctica, (woe, oh, oh, oh),  
So runaway, Antarctica