

# Home

## The Rumjacks

Take me please I beg you, across the emerald sea,  
I'm nearly dead from waiting for your hand to reach for me,  
The day is near upon us, turning a bluish-grey,  
The air is getting warmer & it's time we hauled away,

Turn for home, will ye go lassie go?  
We've done all we can, so let's sail away from the things of man now, go..

Time is near upon us, I long to see the day,  
When all is put to balance and the evil cast away,  
Do you hear me trying to reach you with every breath I take?  
I call you down from the mountain top, will ya come to break me,  
Come to take me.. Home..

Oh take me please I beg you, across that crimson lake,  
The blood of ancient heroes foaming in our wake,  
The broken savage coast ahead will recognise her own,  
Rocks will march into the sea & guard our passage home.