

Home of the Whale

Massive Attack

[Caroline Lavelle]

Oh my love he works upon the sea
On the waves that blow wild and free
He splices the ropes and he sets the sail
While southwards he roams to the home of the whale

And he ne'er thinks of me far behind
Or the torments that rage in my mind
He is mine for only part of the year
Then I'm left all alone with only my tears

All ye ladies that smell of wild roe
Thank ye of your perfume to wear a man goes
Thank ye all the wives and the babies that yearn
For the man ne'er returned from hunting the sperm

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