

Wintering Over

(c) Bruce Watson 2007

Em Am

Verse: Last time_ I saw my wife_ and_ son_ I was leav-ing the Ho - bart_ docks, _____ I've been

Em Em⁹ B⁷

so long_ down here_ in Maw-son_ Base_ on these cold Ant - arc - tic_ rocks._

Em Am

Soon that old_ ice - break - er's_ due,_ to car-ry_ me_ back home, _____ We'll

D B⁷

forg e a pass - age_ through those_ tall_ white mount - ains,_ through the_ foam._

1. Em 2. F Em

Chorus: We're so small, _____

F Am

We're so small, _____

F G Am B⁷

We're so small. _____

Last time I saw my wife and son I was leaving the Hobart docks
I've been so long down here at Mawson Base on these cold Antarctic rocks.
Soon that old ice-breaker's due, to carry me back home
To forge a passage through these tall white mountains, through the foam

Summer's just a memory now, and Winter's been so long
And those four strong winds sure blow cold out here, just like in that song.
It's 3,000 miles from Hobart, we might as well be on Mars
There's weeks we never see the sun – ah, but you should see those stars!

We're so small
We're so small
We're so small

You'll never see such sunsets, you'll never see such skies
If this place wasn't hell on earth, it would surely be paradise!
You'll never see such darkness, you'll never see such light
And it's felt like I'd never see home again, ah, but soon it will be alright

Well I've been fixing tractor-trains, and fixing those skidoos
And I've been keeping the power going, the lights and heating, too.
It's not like in the old days, you got all the comforts of home
Got DVDs and emails, but you still feel so alone.

We're so small
We're so small
We're so small

Now that winter's over, we can finally go outside
One small speck of humanity in a space so high and wide.
I think of those old explorers, no radio, no GPS
But even now you take your life in your hands, we haven't conquered this place yet!

And they say the ice cap's melting, and the oceans soon will rise
That data just keeps rolling in for those boffins to analyse
And I've seen those Emperor Penguins, how they huddle all winter through
To raise their young, well you hope they'll survive – and you hope that we do too.

We're so small
We're so small
We're so small