

Whitecaps

The Rumjacks

There are whitecaps coming on the horizon
Whitecaps coming on the horizon
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The salt winds blowing, the slates fly free
The birds take cover as the people flee
Our chains are rusted from the days of old
We're built on merit, is it built to hold?

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The waves keep coming and we beat 'em back
They drop like a lead-filled gunny sack
Back underground till the soil's red
They keep growing back so we swing at the head

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The salt winds blowing, they crash the sail
A doldrum turns to a bloody gael
The seas start stirring and the sirens warn
We grip our lines as we face the storm

That there are whitecaps coming on the horizon
Whitecaps coming

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