Kate Weekes
February 16th, 2018

**The Danes Have Landed**

G D
It took a breath of American depth to fill Anton’s lungs
G A
He felt the call of adventure all the time when he was young
Bm A G D
And maybe the pulse of his Viking blood was what did it in the end
Bm A G
And maybe he didn’t know he’d never see Denmark again

He took a step into the wind that swept him far away from home

The look in the eyes of his mother I have seen in the face of my own

If he doubted his path she would lead him back to the journey he was on

She would be strong and composed and she would wave until he was gone

**G D
And the Danes have landed, far from home
G Bm A G
And the Danes have landed, far from home**

I stood beside this Danish guy wanting so much to belong

I whispered in vain to Holger the Dane who slept through this whole song

I have made my way to Copenhagen to visit folks I know

Biking the streets I am no Viking but I have let go

I am Anton’s kin and like him I’ve been far away from home

My fair skin is burned by the wind that blows on the open road

I have doubted my path as I have stumbled back to this journey I am on

I will be strong and composed but please wave until I am gone