

Hunters & Collectors, Titanic

We're cutting it fine - we're cutting it clean
The green green grass - we're living the dream
Bringing the bacon home to be cooked
We're getting ahead - we're getting hooked
On the hot north wind - we can feel the fire
From the naked heart of lost desire
The freaks of control are closing in
The clamour of bedlam is wearing thin
And the great divide - between right and wrong
The cry of madness is growing strong
Across your face your knowledge moves
And in your head the silence proves

And as you wander in search of me
You will forget what used to be
And we'll be living on borrowed time
As we cross over the forbidden line
That once was written on desert sand
We could not see, we could not understand
And all the houses in every street
Where live the millions we will not meet
As we stumble from day to day
Searching for glory on feet of clay
As we go over the final hill
For one more conquest, for one more thrill
You know the story, you know the drill

The haunted village will stand alone
When the dust has settled on your ancient bones
They will be cleaned - picked by the crows
Of your carrion dream as the ice cap flows
And the great Titanic - it sails at dawn
The day you left me - when I was born
We're heading homeward - we're heaven bound
We're sinking slowly - no sight or sound

On the great Titanic - it sails at dawn
And we'll be honey, we will be born

We're heading home now - we're heaven bound
We're sinking slowly - no sight or sound