

Saxon, S.O.S.

The band played and the cameras turned
As the bottle smashed on her bow
The flagship of the gilded age
Moved slowly out to sea
Never had such luxury
Been seen afloat before
They said she was unsinkable
The fools were wrong once more

S.O.S. (*)
We're sinking fast, you better get to the boats
S.O.S.
The captain cried for God sakes save your souls

Sailing on into the night
Toward the northern star
Laughter rang, people danced
Under crystal chandeliers
No-one sensed the danger
In the unforgiving sea
Steaming into legend
A voyage into history
(Repeat *)

2,000 tortured souls cry out
Cry out from their sleep
Damned to spend eternity
Travellers of the deep

(Repeat *)