

The Wreck Of The Beautiful

The Divine Comedy

When the beautiful set sail back in 1970
She was state of the art, the flagship of our navy.
But the salt sea took its toll and the rust began to show,
And with a heavy heart we took her to the breaker's yard.

I thought I heard her call, maybe I heard nothing at all.
I thought I heard her call from the wreck of the beautiful.

But like the fattened cow can smell the butcher's knife,
She knew where she was bound, a sad end to a proud life.
That's when I heard her cry and the waves rose five miles high,
And the men who did not drown watched as the beautiful went down.

I thought I heard her call, maybe I heard nothing at all.
I thought I heard her call from the wreck of the beautiful.