

## Herald of Free Enterprise

Milow

This is the legend of eight sisters, Herald was the famous one  
It happened twenty years ago although the sea was calm  
It was 1987 and winter nearly gone  
On that Friday running late with rolling off and rolling on

Trucks and cars were sleeping door by door and side by side  
Someone had to close the back door  
That day it must have slipped his mind  
He was fast asleep in his cabin, tired from cleaning out the hall  
While passengers were eating, indulging duty-free-for-all

Herald of Free Enterprise  
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In just ninety seconds, right down to the wire

Sailing with the doors wide open so the waves kept pouring in  
As they passed the Outer Mole the disaster could begin  
An a hundred yards from the shore right outside a Belgian port  
The lights went out the ship turned around and fell to starboard  
Then nothing but silence, silence and the cold  
Herald and her sisters just never fit the mold

Two months later she was refloated a final one-way trip exchange  
Pensioned off into the Third World  
Where they named her Flushing Range  
And in '88 she broke in two, probably because of guilt  
Pride and Spirit changed their names  
They were all doomed since they were built

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It happened twenty years ago although the sea was calm  
I was just a boy then, holding daddy's hand  
Watching on tv how Herald's time came to an end