

## not waving but drowning

Tanita Tikaram

Nobody heard him, the dead man  
But still he lay moaning  
I was much further out than you thought  
And not waving but drowning

Old man, he always loved looking  
And now he's dead  
It must have been too cold for him  
His heart gave way, they said

Oh no, no it was too cold always  
And still the dead one lay moaning  
And I was much too far out all my life  
And not waving but drowning