

Gentle Giant "Wreck"

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The ship's rising up from the sea to the sky, cry, hey,
hold on
Just one sorry scream and a desperate cry, cry, hey,
hold on
Their lives pass before them before they die, hey, hey,
hey

The sea yawns around like a boiling hell, cry, hey, hold
on
And souls disappear with the toll of that bell, cry, hey,
hold on
The arms of the sea they are dragging them down,
hey, hold on
And sorrows and sins they are lost as they drown, hey,
hey, hey

How strange when you think that the sea was their way
And a meaningless death is the price they pay
For their living was made from the deep
To their people in comfort and keep, keep all the
people and places there
Never to be seen again, never to be loved and their last
embrace
And the kiss has a salt bitter taste

Now all that remains is the deep cruel sea, hey, hold on
And wreckage of things that used to be, hey, hold on

No stone marks the place of that watery grave, cry,
hey, hold on
Together they die both the weak and the brave, cry,
hey, hold on

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hey, hold on
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