

Milow

"Herald Of Free Enterprise"

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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 Thirld World

Where they named her Flushing Range

But in '88 she broke in two, probably because of guilt

Pride and Spirit changed their names

They were all doomed since they were built

This is the legend of eight sisters, Herald was the

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

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