

Divine Comedy, The "The Wreck Of The Beautiful"

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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

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