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
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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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