

# Sinking Ship

## Norma Fraser

I can feel it coming up and spreading inside of me  
It warms the blood and it eats away the memory  
From my pen, you expected the sweet honey to drip  
But the words come out like rats leaving a sinking ship  
Yeah, look at them run Your famous discretion, how you so proudly call it  
Well, I'm afraid, honey, that it crumbled down to the powder in your wallet  
And all the different shapes and forms which you control  
From the whitest and purest to the whore of alcohol  
Ah, look at her run We'll get to know your sad side again (x4)

Lyrics provided by  
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