

Titanic Days

Kirsty MacColl

I just know though I can't see but I can feel his hands all over me
His hot breath on me, I can't resist his rope, my wrists
I never knew there might be days like this
"Dream on", he says, "Dream on", he says
Will I be saved from these Titanic days? A violent frenzy in a none too cheap hotel
He says it's hazy but I remember it so well
His arms, his face, the way my words got twisted out of place
"Dream on", he says, "Dream on", he always says
It's sink or swim in these Titanic days So hot, so hungry, so fare thee well, goodbye
I got so angry, now I sit here and sigh
My love, always, we should rejoice in these Titanic days
"Dream on", he says, "Dream on" he says
Will I be saved, will I be saved?
"Dream on", he says, "Dream on", he says
Do you ever get that sinking feeling?

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