

# Saxon, S.O.S.

The band played and the cameras turned  
As the bottle smashed on her bow  
The flagship of the gilded age  
Moved slowly out to sea  
Never had such luxury  
Been seen afloat before  
They said she was unsinkable  
The fools were wrong once more

S.O.S. (\*)  
We're sinking fast, you better get to the boats  
S.O.S.  
The captain cried for God sakes save your souls

Sailing on into the night  
Toward the northern star  
Laughter rang, people danced  
Under crystal chandeliers  
No-one sensed the danger  
In the unforgiving sea  
Steaming into legend  
A voyage into history  
(Repeat \*)

2,000 tortured souls cry out  
Cry out from their sleep  
Damned to spend eternity  
Travellers of the deep

(Repeat \*)