

# Hunters & Collectors, Titanic

We're cutting it fine - we're cutting it clean  
The green green grass - we're living the dream  
Bringing the bacon home to be cooked  
We're getting ahead - we're getting hooked  
On the hot north wind - we can feel the fire  
From the naked heart of lost desire  
The freaks of control are closing in  
The clamour of bedlam is wearing thin  
And the great divide - between right and wrong  
The cry of madness is growing strong  
Across your face your knowledge moves  
And in your head the silence proves

And as you wander in search of me  
You will forget what used to be  
And we'll be living on borrowed time  
As we cross over the forbidden line  
That once was written on desert sand  
We could not see, we could not understand  
And all the houses in every street  
Where live the millions we will not meet  
As we stumble from day to day  
Searching for glory on feet of clay  
As we go over the final hill  
For one more conquest, for one more thrill  
You know the story, you know the drill

The haunted village will stand alone  
When the dust has settled on your ancient bones  
They will be cleaned - picked by the crows  
Of your carrion dream as the ice cap flows  
And the great Titanic - it sails at dawn  
The day you left me - when I was born  
We're heading homeward - we're heaven bound  
We're sinking slowly - no sight or sound

On the great Titanic - it sails at dawn  
And we'll be honey, we will be born

We're heading home now - we're heaven bound  
We're sinking slowly - no sight or sound