

Tanita Tikaram, Not waving but drowning

Nobody heard him, the dead man
But still he lay moaning
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning
Old man, he always loved looking
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him
His heart gave way, they said
Oh no, no it was too cold always
And still the dead one lay moaning
And I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning