Titanic

The glittering stars, the velvet sky, the rippling ink black sea
A floating tower of luxury, no hint of tragedy
The upper decks are occupied by those who drip with wealth
The lower decks by those who live by hard work, luck and stealth

A regiment of chefs and cooks work tirelessly each day
To feed the paying customers and crew, come what may
The cleaning and the laundry which never seems to end
To maintain the highest standards on which you can depend
An army then, two thousand strong, all ages rich and poor
Not knowing some would end their days on the ocean floor

A vast and silent wall of ice was spotted up ahead
The captain tried to slow the ship but soon he saw with dread
The collision that was bound to come, the harm that would be done
Not just to his precious ship, but to every mother's son
He ordered - lower the lifeboats - the crew did all they could
The captain knew she would go down, he knew it was no good

The band kept playing as she sank, they knew they'd not survive
Of all who started on this trip, just half would stay alive
Within two hours the mighty ship sank beneath the waves
Taking many with her to nameless, unmarked graves

In time survivors' stories filled the daily press
The scale of loss and damage meant new things to address
Titanic's still remembered and she'll always be
As she lies in tragic splendour at the bottom of the sea