

## SINATRA ON THE TITANIC

the heavens are rife with singing  
the night is just right for bringing  
some very bad ideas to the fore  
the bells are all midnight screaming  
the swells are all drugged and dreaming  
i am slipping sideways through the door

maybe if we keep on dancing  
maybe if we play romancing  
we will never need to face the dawn  
your lips they are cauterizing  
your hips they are hypnotizing  
my mind is lost, my money's gone

take this ring from my hand  
take this rose from my teeth  
i am just a man  
and life's so very very brief

the horns are all sputtered choking  
the singer he must be joking  
the violin's an epileptic fit  
my heart it is a structure fire  
you are my one desire  
oh my god - can this be it?

all these ships lost out at sea  
champagne fingers chasing me  
bedecked in moonlight, lapping up the stars  
i don't know my way back home  
i've lost my compass and my comb  
stumbling through a maze of motor cars

you're as busy as a bee  
and i'm as dizzy as a top  
you make a fool of me  
please don't ever ever stop

take me home  
to your big empty house  
and make a king  
of this masquerading mouse

the host is so fucking sleazy  
the night is all jasmine breezy  
i can't tell the forest for the trees  
the lame they will walk again  
the mute they will talk again  
we will be the light the blind man sees