

The Wreck

The Dandy Warhols

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down Of the big lake t
hey called 'Gitche Gumee'. The lake, it is said, never gives up
her dead, When the skies of November are gloomy. With a load o
f iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more Than the Edmund Fitzge
rald weighed empty, The good ship and crew was a bone to be che
wed When the gales of November came early. The ship was the pri
de of the American side, Coming back from some mill in Wisconsi
n. Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms Which the
y left fully loaded for Cleveland.

The wind in the wire made a tattle-tale sound As the waves brok
e over the railing. When afternoon came it was freezin' rain, I
n the face of a hurricane west wind.

At seven P.M., the old cook came on deck sayin' 'Fellas, it's t
oo rough to feed ya'. When the captain wired in he had water co
min' in, He said 'Fellas, it's been good t'know ya'

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings In the rooms of her ice-water
mansion. Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams; The isl
ands and bays are for sportsmen. And farther below Lake Ontario
She takes in what Lake Erie can send her, But the iron boats g
o as the mariners all know With the Gales of November remembere
d.

Now, in a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed, At the Maritim
e Sailors' Cathedral. And the church bell chimes till it rings
twenty-nine times, once For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.