

Thresher

Shovels & Rope

On a clear April day, 1963
I took a memorable ride
On a silver submarine 100+ men,
John, Wesley, Harvey and me
All aboard the SSN-593 Goin' down
Goin' down
Goin' down, down, down, down Harvey to base,
"We're at 1,000 feet."
Jimmy's doin' real good
I think he's getting the hang of this thing Then the rattle of pipes
Then the hiss of the steam
I was the man of the hour
'till those alarm bells started to ring Goin' down
Goin' down
Goin' down, down, down, down Oh, thresher
We can't take no more
Slow pirouette into the arms
Of the ocean floor Wonder and fear
Unending black sea
Held everyone's gaze
In a quiet humility Mother ocean we are
At the mercy of thee
Like children in uniform
Balancing on your knee

Songwriters

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