

# Bathysphere

## Smog

When I was seven  
I asked my mother  
To trip me to the bay  
And put me on a ship  
And lower me down  
Lower me out of here Because when I was seven  
I wanted to live in a bathysphere Between coral  
Silent eel  
Silver swordfish  
I can't really feel or dream down here And if the water should cut my line (\*2)  
Set me free  
And if the water should cut my line  
Set me free, I don't mind  
I'll be the lost sailor, my home is the sea When I was seven  
My father said to me  
'but you can't swim'  
And I've never dreamed of the sea again

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