

Sea Diver

Mott the Hoople

On morning shadows you were ill-spent
"It's time", you said, or is it time you went?
I tried so hard to leave you
I tried to sleep, the hours you keep Oh Lord, I wish I could escape this iron veil
Ride on my son, ride on my son
Ride until you fail Something comes and something goes
And something dies before it grows
And I'm like a sea diver
Who's lost in space ("Sweet", said His Grace)
Oh Lord, I wish I could escape this iron veil
Ride on my son, right on my son
Ride until you fail

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