

# All Hands

## Blues Traveler

Every time the water breaks and soaks me to the bone  
I remember what I left behind by sailing off alone  
Pitch and yaw through hurricane, my position is unknown  
And the bell rings seven times Salted brine, I drink it down and breathe it through my nose  
No sign of land but I hang on and do my best to close  
But the swirling tidal undertow keeps pulling me below  
And the bell rings seven times, all hands left on deck An icy rest is waiting at the bottom of the sea  
She's tried her best to take me as I struggle to get free  
But while I have a breath to breathe, she isn't taking me  
And the bell rings seven times, all hands left on deck No hope of rescue, no hope of dry ground  
The siren calls all souls on board to follow her down Swirling silently beneath the noise and light up there  
Push past the frozen arms and legs, ignore the lifeless stare  
I grab a line that pulls me up for a precious gasp of air  
And the bell rings seven times, all hands left on deck

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