Deeper Water

Clare Bowditch

On a crowded beach in a distant time
At the height of summer; see a boy of five
At the water's edge so nimble and free
Jumping over the ripples, looking way out to sea

Now a man comes up from amongst the throng
Takes the young boy's hand, and his hand is strong
And the child feels safe, yeah, the child feels brave
As he's carried in those arms up and over the waves

Deeper water, deeper water, deeper water, calling him on
Let's move forward now and the child's seventeen
With a girl in the back seat, tugging at his jeans
And she knows what she wants; she guides with her hand
As a voice cries inside him: "I'm a man! I'm a man!"

Deeper water, deeper water, deeper water, calling him on
Now the man meets a woman, unlike all the rest
He doesn't know it yet, but he's out of his depth
And he thinks he can run; it's a matter of pride
But he keeps coming back like a cork on the tide

Well the years hurry by, and the woman loves the man
Then one night in the dark she grabs hold of his hand
Says: "There, can you feel it kicking inside?"
And the man gets a shiver right up and down his spine

Deeper water, deeper water, deeper water, calling him on
So the clock moves around, and the child is a joy
But Death doesn't care just who it destroys
Now the woamn gets sick, thins down to the bone
She says: "Where I'm going next, I'm going alone."

Deeper water, deeper water
On a distant beach, lonely and wild
At a later time, see a man and a child
And the man takes the child up into his arms
Takes her over the breakers
To where the water is calm

Deeper water, deeper water
Deeper water, calling them on

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