It's a Very Deep Sea

The Style Council

I'll keep on diving 'til I reach the ends
Dredging up the past to drive me round the bends
What is it in me that I can't forget
I keep finding so much that I now regretBut no, on I go down into the depths
Turning things over that are better left
Dredging up the past that has gone for good
Trying to polish up what is rotting woodOh diving, I'm diving
Oh diving, I'm diving
DivingSomething inside takes me down again
Diving not for goblets but tin cans
Dredging up the past for reasons so rife
Passing bits of wrecks that once passed for lifeBut I'll keep on diving till I drown the sea
Of things not worth, even mentioning
Perhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my senses
But it's a very deep sea around my own devices.Oh diving, I'm diving
Oh diving, I'm diving
DivingPerhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my senses
Perhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my senses
Perhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my senses
Perhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my sensesPerhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my senses
Perhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my senses
Perhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my senses
Perhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my sensesDiving, diving
Oh diving, diving
I'm diving, diving
Oh diving, diving
Oh diving, diving
I'm diving, diving

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