

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 regret But 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 wood Oh diving, I'm diving
Oh diving, I'm diving
Diving Something 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 life But 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
Diving 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 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 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 Diving, diving
Oh diving, diving
I'm diving, diving
Oh diving, diving
Oh diving, diving
I'm diving, diving

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