

# 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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