# Walt Grace's Submarine Test, January 1967

## John Mayer

Walt Grace, desperately hating his whole place,
Dreamed to discover a new space,
And buried himself alive,
Inside his basement, tongue on the side of his face meant,
He's working away on displacement,
And what it would take to survive.
Cos when you're done with this world,
You know the next is up to you.
And his wife told his kids he was crazy,
And his friends said he'd fail if he tried,
But with a will to work hard,
And a library card,
He took a homemade, fan-blade, one-man submarine ride.
That morning, the sea was mad and I mean it,
Waves as big as he'd seen it,
Deep in his dreams at home.
From dry land,
He rolled it over to wet sand,
Closed the hatch up with one hand,
And peddled off alone.
Cos when you're done with this world,

You know the next is up to you.
And for once in his life it was quiet,
As he learned how to turn in the tide,
And the sky was a flare,
When he came up for air,
In his homemade, fan-blade, one-man submarine ride.
One evening,
When weeks had passed since his leaving,
The call she'd planned on receiving,
Finally made it home.
She accepted,
The news she'd never expected,
The operator connected,
A call from Tokyo.
Cos when you're done with this world,
You know the next is up to you.
Now his friends,

Bring him up when they're drinking,
At the bar with his name on the side,
And they smile when they can,
As they speak of a man,
Who took a homemade, fan-blade, one-man submarine ride.

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