

I nearly died, when you jumped in
But you had to drown before you could swim
All the people on the beach, they were so impressed
That they wanted to join you
But no, they wouldn't undress
Or let that wetness splash their skin
So they pray for a whirlpool to pull you in
Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

So they looked away, and they tried to pretend
That it was for you, but no it wasn't for them
So the fear of sinking remains in place
But it's the fear of failure that's a real disgrace
Ya Ho! yo yo Ya Ho, yo yo

Let me be the one
To get over your wall

Head in the sand, sea out of reach
Swept away by the games of the beach
Those people sat and watched your stand
And the weight of their fears
Pulled them underground

Will anyone learn from the stories that are told
Of the tribe who drowned in the grave of gold
Ya Ho, yo yo, Ya Ho, yo yo

Let me be the one
To take a cool long look with eyes prised wide
To face those fears from which I hide
Ya Ho

Heads down, someone's calling, but your head's down
Someone's drowning
Look up, see what's before your eyes
Someone escaping or someone drowning
Head's down, you can help them but your head's down

Your head is underground