

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