

## 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  
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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