

## Open Water

Thrice

Ten thousand men sleep down with Davy Jones;  
with stolen treasure they tithe.  
The open water chills me to my bones,  
but it's the only place that I feel alive.

The ocean floor begins to disappear;  
I sense that terrible depth.  
The open water is my only fear,  
but I'll sail as long as I still have breath in me.

I'm starting to believe the ocean's much like you,  
cause it gives, and it takes away.

Between the devil and the deep blue sea,  
I stare into the abyss.  
The open water is an awful thing,  
but I'm anxious till the anchor is aweigh.

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