

# Kate Bush, Atlantis

In that ocean.  
Wide eyed and deeper in your gaze,  
And bluer than the bright that's in the cave.

There is a city,  
Came out from you, Atlantis  
In ruins, sunken below the waves

But in the city,  
Where there is no one.  
What's the point of being free, eh?  
When there is nothing there to tie me down,  
Oh, no more here.

The bluest city,  
Covered in coral and coral,  
On sea chests,  
And sealed Jamaican tales.

There is nobody  
To count the soldiering meandering whales,  
With a shoal of herring amongst the sails.

But in the city,  
Where there is no one.  
What's the point of being free, eh?  
When there is nothing there to tie me down,  
Oh, no more here.

There is the city Atlantis.