

Blues Traveler, All Hands

Every time the water breaks and soaks me to the bone
I remember what I left behind by sailing off alone
Pitch and yaw through hurricane, my position is unknown
And the bell rings seven times

Salted brine, I drink it down and breathe it through my nose
No sign of land but I hang on and do my best to close
But the swirling tidal undertow keeps pulling me below
And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck

An icy rest is waiting at the bottom of the sea
She's tried her best to take me as I struggle to get free
But while I have a breath to breathe, she isn't taking me
And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck

No hope of rescue
No hope of dry ground
The siren calls all souls on board
To follow her down

Swirling silently beneath the noise and light up there
Push past the frozen arms and legs, ignore the lifeless stare
I grab a line that pulls me up for a precious gasp of air
And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck