

# Mott The Hoople, Sea Diver

(Ian Hunter)

On morning shadows you were ill-spent  
&quot;It's time&quot;, 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

[&quot;Sweet&quot;, 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