

# Mott The Hoople, Sea Diver

(Ian Hunter)

On morning shadows you were ill-spent  
"It's time", 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  
["Sweet", 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