## Smog, Bathysphere

When I was seven I asked my mother To trip me to the bay And put me on a ship And lower me down Lower me out of here

Because when I was seven I wanted to live in a bathysphere

Between coral Silent eel Silver swordfish I can't really feel or dream down here

And if the water should cut my line (\*2)
Set me free
And if the water should cut my line
Set me free, I don't mind
I'll be the lost sailor, my home is the sea

When I was seven My father said to me 'But you can't swim' And I've never dreamed of the sea again