

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