

The Style Council, It's A Very Deep Sea

I'll keep on diving til I reach the ends,
dredging up the past to drive me round the bendz,
what is it in me that I can't forget
I keep finding so much that I now regret.
But no, on I go down into the depths
turning things over that are better left
dredging up the past that has gone for good
trying to polish up what is rotting wood.

Something inside takes me down again
diving not for goblets but tin cans
dredging up the past for reasons so rife
passing bits of wrecks that once passed for life.

But I'll keep on diving till I drown the sea,
of things not worth, even mentioning
perhaps I'll come to the surface and come to my senses
but it's a very deep sea around my own devizes.

Diving, diving.