

The Dive
Show of Hands

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Asus4

One November noon we left the docks

D **Asus4**

Heading south west from Orcombe rocks

F#m **Asus4**

My dad and me, our nine to five

D **Asus4**

He used to steer I used to dive

So over the side I slowly went down

A hundred below the seawater brown

But after an hour I got low on air

When I surfaced again his boat wasn't there

My marker buoy had come untied

And drifted away his boat at its side

He looked at his watch three miles to the south

And turned back again his heart in his mouth

Soft rain on my face the sun nearly set

I cut loose the weights let fall the nets

Lights onshore, so bright and clear

The cold drifting in and nobody near

Was there ever a reel, a rod or a line

So strong and true, so straight or fine

The tie that wound him, through time and space

He came out the darkness right to that place

Now we don't talk much, about that day

Got two kids of my own now and one on the way

But if they're to grow, and if they're to thrive

One day they'll go, one day they'll dive

And when they come up for light and air

I hope someone's close I hope someone's there

It's November noon we're leaving the docks

My son and me from Orcombe rocks

Let's dive, let's dive