All Hands

Blues Traveler

Every time the water breaks and soaks me to the bone I remember what I left behind by sailing off alone Pitch and yaw through hurricane, my position is unknown And the bell rings seven times

Salted brine, I drink it down and breathe it through my nose No sign of land but I hang on and do my best to close But the swirling tidal undertow keeps pulling me below And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck

An icy rest is waiting at the bottom of the sea She's tried her best to take me as I struggle to get free But while I have a breath to breathe, she isn't taking me And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck

No hope of rescue No hope of dry ground The siren calls all souls on board To follow her down

Swirling silently beneath the noise and light up there Push past the frozen arms and legs, ignore the lifeless stare I grab a line that pulls me up for a precious gasp of air And the bell rings seven times

All hands left on deck