The water's getting deeper and I can't feel my feet I keep on bailing buckets but it flows right back to me And everything is put away, the children are asleep But the water's getting deeper And I can't feel my feet

How am I gonna make time This is gonna take time

Everything seems different, colors all looks strange Light comes down in shafts here underneath the waves Everything is in its place and the children are asleep But the water's getting deeper And I can't feel my feet

How am I gonna make time This is gonna take time

I am provider, but providence has been swayed And by design nothing is ever the same I thought that time had only one way to go I learned how to swim, but not to breathe underwater

How am I gonna make time
Oh, this is gonna take time
How am I gonna make time

I can't feel my feet