

The Diving Bell

Joe Henry

Can you tell
Is that dog tied?
Are your hands that cold now
Or is it mine?
Time ago, it was on Meeting Street,
You pulled me close to you;
Now you ask "which way row here?"
Like it was mine to choose.

Cover me in the dining bell
Where the pool is standing still,
You told me once, I learned it well –
There is nothing here for me,
Nothing here for me.

It frightens me
It could be so long ago
We first kicked rocks from here
Into the river below;
I guess I thought that nothing ought to move
Beneath my feet,
I guess I thought that all I gave to you
Was somehow mine to keep.

Lower me in the diving bell
And let me breathe what will remain,
And I'll return your handsome shells
Though there is nothing here for me,
Nothing here for me.

The Aaron's place is empty and falling down
I remember the night the roof caught fire
And you could see it from town;
We say goodbye on Meeting Street
Walking out together,
Knowing nothing could be any different
But maybe nothing could be better.

Raise me in the diving bell
And drag it up the muddy hill,
Let it ring and finally tell –
There is nothing here for me,
Nothing here for me.