

Diving Bell

Robin Trower

Going down like a diving bell
55 fathoms deep
Drawing nothing from a dried out well
Can't gather me to myself
Nothing of myself I wanna keep

Through a landscape ill-defined
Ground shifts beneath my feet
No lock or door stays untried
Can't gather me to myself
Nothing of myself I wanna keep

Living with a memory of the flame
A flame of fractured light
Wonderin' why she backed away
Just when the storm, the storm
Was at its height

Feeling like a burned-out car
Sitting on forgotten street
Broken pieces is how things are
Can't gather me to myself
Nothing of myself I wanna keep

Living with a memory of the flame
A flame of fractured light
Wonderin' why she backed away
Just when the storm, the storm
Was at its height