

I'm a Pearl Diver

The Microphones

I'm a hard working pearl diver
I spend the night on the shore
I'm a breath holding pearl diver
I live on the ocean floor

I was born in '78 and I grew up on an island
I learned early on the value of the pearl
I aged and my lungs aged and my strength it grew and grew
Until I set off out into the world

(I tried-)

I tried beaches and bays that I found along the way
And I made my pay from the pearls I found each day
Sleeping on the sand, scars upon my hands
Here's how I lived my final day

I woke up early this one morning
'Cause I had a weird feeling about that day
I should have noticed the grey cloudy warning
But I swam myself out into the bay
I dove down deep to feel around
Between the rocks and the mud
There was a sound that dropped down towards me
A pearly voice from above

It said, "Wait around
Make yourself drown
I'll be right down and we'll go to town
And forever just float around."

So I waited and waited and waited and waited
And my weight went away and just went off
Salty water poured into my lungs
And my hard-working hands turned to rot