

Walt Grace's Submarine Test, January 1967

John Mayer

Walt Grace
Desperately aiding his whole place
Dreamed to discover a new place
And buried himself alive Inside his basement
Tongue on the side of his face meant
He's working away on his placement
And what it would take to survive Cause when you're done with this world You know the next is
up to you And his wife told his kids he was crazy And his friends said he'd fail if he'd try But
with the will to work hard And a library card He took a homemade, fan-blade
One-man submarine ride That morning
The sea was mad and I mean it
Waves as big as he'd seen it
Deep in his dreams at home From dry land
He rolled it over to wet sand
Closed the hatch up with one hand
And peddled off alone Cause when you're done with this world You know the next is up to
you And for once in his life it was quiet As he learned how to turn in the tide And the sky was a-
flare When he came up for air In his homemade, fan-blade One-man submarine ride
One evening
When weeks had passed since he's leavin'
The call she planned on receivin'
Finally made it home She accepted
The news she never expected
The operator connected
The call from Tokyo Cause when you're done with this world You know the next is up to
you Now his friends bring him up when they're drinkin' At the bar with his name on the side And
they smile when they can
As they speak of the man
Who took a homemade, fan-blade
One-man submarine ride

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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