

Open Water

Thrice

Ten thousand men sleep down with Davy Jones;
with stolen treasure they tithe.
The open water chills me to my bones,
but it's the only place that I feel alive.

The ocean floor begins to disappear;
I sense that terrible depth.
The open water is my only fear,
but I'll sail as long as I still have breath in me.

I'm starting to believe the ocean's much like you,
cause it gives, and it takes away.

Between the devil and the deep blue sea,
I stare into the abyss.
The open water is an awful thing,
but I'm anxious till the anchor is aweigh.

I'm starting to believe the ocean's much like you,
cause it gives, and it takes away.
I'm starting to believe the ocean's much like you,
cause it gives, and it takes away.

I'm starting to believe the ocean's much like you,
cause it gives, and it takes away.