

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>