

# Ocean

Polly Paulusma

Swim out  
Not waving, but drowning  
I can feel you crying  
Though they tell me you're fine  
Swim out  
Just keep treading water  
If I could only see you  
I could throw you a line

And I say ooh, bobbing on this ocean  
You rise and fall with every ebb and flow  
And I say ooh, quiet in the commotion  
I'll be your rock and that's all you need to know

Swim out  
Out, through all my faults  
And all the stupid things  
That I have said and done  
Swim out  
Find a place to shelter  
From the grilled confessional  
The gilded gun

And I say ooh, bobbing on this ocean  
You rise and fall with every ebb and flow  
And I say ooh, quiet in the commotion  
I'll be your rock, just hang on and don't let go

Ooh, see it in slow motion  
Warm skies above and a firm footing down below  
Ooh, you can be my ocean  
I'll be your rock and that's all you need to know

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I can feel you crying  
Though they tell me you're fine  
Swim out  
Just keep treading water  
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