

Swimming

Sunset Rubdown

Maybe the dungeon
is found in the lake
Maybe exceptions
to this could be made
But I'm swimming Lord
just to be saved

She always loved him
but not in the way
The way she's supposed
to but she never claimed to
Ooh she's swimming Lord
just to be saved

Young lovers gather around
They hold dirty hands on Sundays
And someday they'll get down
on the ground
they'll get down
on the ground for you

I'd say you got some explaining to
do and some claiming to do
And I I'd say you got
some dirty dreams that can't come true
Someday he'll get down
on the ground he'll get down
on the ground for you
He's getting old he's getting
old he's getting old
He's getting old he's getting old
and the water is cold

Bum bum ba da dum dum
Bum da dum da dum dum
Bum da dum da dum dum
Bum da dum da dum dum
Bum da dum da dum dum
Bum bum ba da dum dum
dum dum

Oh I'd say you got some explaining to
do and some claiming to do
And I I'd say you got
some dirty dreams that can't come true
Someday he'll get down
on the ground get down
on the ground for you
He's getting old he's getting old
he's getting old
He's getting old he's getting old

Because variables lurk in the wine
Because the bed's warm and it's cold
out that's a good sign
It's never ever gonna feel right
to pull the latch back again

Because the dust you kick
up is too fine

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