

Swim Until You Can't See Land

Frightened Rabbit

We salute at the threshold of the North Sea
in my mind
And a nod to the boredom that drove me here
to face the tide and swim
(Whoaaaa) I swim (Whoaaa) oh swim (Whoaaa)

Dip the toe in the ocean. Oh how it hardens and it numbs.
And the rest of me is a version of man
built to collapse into crumbs
And if I hadn't come down
To the coast to disappear
I may have died in a land-slide
Of the rocks, the hopes and fears.

So swim until you can't see land.

Swim until you can't see land.
Swim until you can't see land
Are you a man or are you a bag of sand?
Swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Are you a man or are you a bag of sand?

Up to my knees now, do I wait? Do I dive?

The sea has seen my like before though it's my first
And perhaps last time.
Let's call me a baptist, call this the drowning of the past
She's there on the shoreline
Throwing stones at my back

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Are you a man or are you a bag of sand?
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Now the water's taller than me
And the land is a marker line
All I am is a body adrift in water, salt and sky

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