

# 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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