

Swimmer

Room Eleven

You want to pull me in
But I'm not a swimmer
I wish I could jump in
But the water is too dark

You do things without thinking
You still can
You change directions easily
With your eyes half closed
I look out the rear view
At the trees on the side of the road

You do things without thinking
You still can

We'll find a pace to walk in
When I've touched the ground
If you could let me know
When you're slowing down

You're running
Running wild
In the city's manic night
I am waiting
Waiting still
For soothing morning light

You do things without thinking
You still can

We'll find a pace to walk in
When I've touched the ground
If you could let me know
When you're slowing down

I'm not a swimmer
I'm not a swimmer
I'm not a swimmer