

# Swimming Towards The Sun

Simple Minds

Razor dragging junkies line,  
The bottom of the pool as I,  
Swim towards the sun.  
Every day ain't Mother's Day,  
And every woman ain't your mum,  
Sometimes funky isn't fun.  
And it would be easy,  
To become somebody else.  
But at this particular point in time,  
I'll hang on to myself.

I... I... I...  
I'm swimming towards the sun.  
And I... I... I...  
I'm not the only one.

People throw Forget-Me-Nots,  
The bullets through the flesh they're shot,  
A tattoo with a name.  
It's harder to forget the hate,  
When it's the only thing you generate,  
And it's you I'd like to blame.

It would be easy,  
To blame somebody else.  
But at this particular point in time,  
I'd like to take the blame myself.

I... I... I...  
I'm swimming towards the sun.  
And I... I... I...  
I'm not the only one.  
And I... I... I...  
I'm getting the feeling,  
For everyone.

For everyone.  
For everyone.  
For everyone.

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