

# Swimming Pool

## The Front Bottoms

There's comfort in the bottom of a swimming pool  
I'm holding my breath for you  
There's no doubt in my mind that if you could then you  
would try  
To crack my ribcage open and pull my heart right  
through

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But I'm a creature of a culture that I create  
I'm the last one on the dance floor  
As the chandelier gives way  
And I am permanently  
Preoccupied with your past  
I've been around long enough now  
To know that the good things never last  
They never last.

There's comfort in the silence of a living room  
The TV is on for you  
Hide in your basement while your house burns down  
Your teeth are loose inside of your gums  
They will eventually fall out  
Follow an orange extension cord under a carpet, to a  
closet door  
Feeding the black light that will someday make me very,  
very, very, very, very rich.

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How low is your self esteem  
And how low could it possibly be?  
I know, I know you're in love with me  
And I've been ignoring you

I will stop cutting my pants into shorts  
I will address the issues I cannot ignore  
And I will do the things I think you might like  
And I will be alone probably the rest of my life

The Boredom is the reason I started swimming, it's also  
the reason I started sinking.  
Foreign countries, hardwood floors and trying to sleep  
Foreign languages, on all three channels of tv.  
I don't want no drama, or baggage.

Don't tell me complicated stories, about who you used  
to be  
but are different and have changed as a person  
completely.  
And I am not sure that I want any single part of this  
any single part of any of this shit.

Cause everybody pays. Everybody's head is in the noose.  
Your'e part of the program. get with the program.  
cause everybody comes and falls asleep  
lies awake pretends to be sleeping.  
your'e not even sleeping your'e probably even  
listening.

Keep it simple and honest. stop crying your an adult  
I could stand up I could man up, it's just so  
convenient to be fragile.  
this pain is constant and sharp, watching the signals  
that you send.  
I wanna feel lethal on the inside, I wanna read  
american psycho again.

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