

David Fonseca, Swim

We're caught in a trap
And I can't walk out until
I collect the missing clues
It's you, it's you
And I worked to make it work
And I let myself get hurt
And kept sinking deep in you

All of my friends keep telling me that
"There's nothing to it";
But if this is love, it ain't enough
And I can't go through with it can't
keep it up
We're at the party, they're playing the songs
And we're right here
But we never get to dance

We just sit and stare

You won't love me when I'm older
You just settle for the thrill
And while you sit there drinking water
"You cruel, careless man";
I'm trying hard to swim

I've sorted it out
Like they say "you know...love burns
Like most good things do";
But then it's you
It's you on my window, it's you on hallway
It's you on the rearview mirror talking
It's you on the radio in all the songs we've been through

You won't love me when I'm older
You just settle for the thrill
And while you sit there drinking water
"You cruel, careless man";
I'm trying hard to swim

You won't love me when I'm older
You just settle for the thrill
So go ahead and choke on water
"You cruel, careless man";
You will end where I begin