

Sunset Rubdown, Swimming

Maybe an ocean is found in a lake.
Maybe exceptions to this could be made.
But Im swimming Lord, just to be saved

She always loved him, but not in the way,
The way shes supposed to, but she never claimed to.
But shes swimming Lord, just to be saved
Young lovers gathering round, they
Hold their hands on Sundays
Sundays they get down on the ground
Theyll get down on the ground for you
I say that some claims are true, some claims are true
And I say that some silly dreams but I cant come true, oh
Someday Ill get down on the ground
Get down on the ground for you

Hes getting old, hes getting old, hes getting old,
Hes getting old, hes getting old,
And the water is cold.

Bum, bum ba-da dum

I say that some claims are true, some claims are true
And I say that some silly dreams but I cant come true, oh
Someday Ill get down on the ground
Get down on the ground for you

Hes getting old, hes getting old, hes getting old,
Hes getting old, hes getting old

Because variables lurk in the wine
Because the best one thats cold out has a good sign.
Its never ever gonna feel right to pull the latch back again.
The dust you kick up is too fine.
Because variables lurk in the wine
Because the best one thats cold out has a good sign.
Its never ever gonna feel right to pull the latch back again.
The dust you kick up is too fine.