Tim Minchin, Drowned

Your love is like finger nails on a chalkboard Your love is like throwing myself overboard A breakdown on a motorway A heart attack on Christmas day Like scaling a cliff then falling off Like trying not to cough

And I didn't see this one coming, now I'm in too deep I didn't see this one coming, now I'm in too deep I think I'll just keep swimming down, down, down There's no point in trying to turn back now

I'm drowned I'm drowned

Your love is like sand inside a bathing suit Your love is a symphony with the sound on mute A letter to the wrong address Or red wine on a wedding dress Like broken bones in my playing hand Like trying to swallow sand

Cos I didn't see this one coming, now I'm in too deep I didn't see this one coming, now I'm in too deep I think I'll just keep swimming down, down, down There's no point in trying to reach dry ground

I'm drowned I'm drowned

Your love is like one last breath of salty air Your love is like a map that leads to nowhere A wine glass on a concrete floor The overuse of metaphor The straight ahead in a sideways glance Like the misstep in a dance

Cos I didn't see this one coming, now I'm in too deep I didn't see this one coming, now I'm in too deep I think I'll just keep swimming down There's no point in turning round

I'm drowned I'm drowned