

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