

The Front Bottoms

"Swimming Pool"

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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

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
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To crack my ribcage open and pull my heart right
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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.

But I'm a creature of a culture that I create
And 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.

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.

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