

## Sunset Rubdown

### "Swimming"

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

She always loved him, but not in the way,  
The way she's supposed to, but she never claimed to  
But she's swimming Lord, just to be saved

Young lovers gathering 'round, they  
Hold their hands on Sundays  
Sundays they get down on the ground  
They'll 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 like you but I can't  
come true, oh  
Someday I'll get down on the ground  
Get down on the ground for you

He's getting old, he's getting old, he's getting old,  
He's getting old, he's 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 like you but I can't  
come true, oh  
Someday I'll get down on the ground  
Get down on the ground for you

He's getting old, he's getting old, he's getting old,  
He's getting old, he's getting old

Because variables lurk in the wine  
Because the best one that's cold out has a good sign  
It's 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 that's cold out has a good sign

It's never ever gonna feel right to pull the latch back  
again  
The dust you kick up is too fine

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