

## Swimmer

### Room Eleven

You want to pull me in  
But I'm not a swimmer  
I wish I could jump in  
But the water is too dark

You do things without thinking  
You still can  
You change directions easily  
With your eyes half closed  
I look out the rear view  
At the trees on the side of the road

You do things without thinking  
You still can

We'll find a pace to walk in  
When I've touched the ground  
If you could let me know  
When you're slowing down

You're running  
Running wild  
In the city's manic night  
I am waiting  
Waiting still  
For soothing morning light

You do things without thinking  
You still can

We'll find a pace to walk in  
When I've touched the ground  
If you could let me know  
When you're slowing down

I'm not a swimmer  
I'm not a swimmer  
I'm not a swimmer