

Swimmer

Tennis

Some summer you have planned for me
Look at all these tourists as they flock to the sea
Getting in the water like it's nothing
But it's not without a consequence
I hear it comes quite naturally
But that description doesn't fit with me
Not going over
Never going under
Not without a consequence

The narrows, the river empty into the sea
Some summer you have planned for me, emptied into the sea

Such a good man had a good job

I'd take up swimming for the Patriarch
Now dispersed so casually like sediment in the sea
The swollen moon all flushed with red
One eclipse from the bay of the dead
It ain't right I'm telling you
It's more than coincidence

One stroke at a time on my way back to land
It's better for me with my feet in the sand

Some summer you have planned for me, emptied into the sea