

# Drowned

Tim Minchin

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 sent to the wrong address  
Or red wine on a wedding dress  
Like broken bones in my playing hand  
Like trying to swallow sand

'Cause 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

'Cause 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