

# Swing Low

[Phil Collins](#)

The sun is rising in the sky  
Here we're waiting, standing by  
Round in circles, round and round  
Pulse is racing, can't sit down  
The noise of people fills the air  
Search for silence goes nowhere  
Time just passes, starts to rain  
I look at you and I feel your pain  
Day after day watching it grow, counting the time  
In each and every way the pleasure is mine  
Through all of the high times  
Through all of the low times  
The farther we reach, the farther we see  
The farther we go  
Time after time waiting for you, when will you come  
Wanting to play the game we've begun  
Through all of the high times  
Through all of the low times  
The more we can give, the more we can keep  
The more there will be  
Like the man said he was right  
'Bout something coming in the air tonight  
Well if it's coming, let it be now  
I feel it's close, I just know somehow  
I can't hold on much longer  
My head is filled with wonder  
But if these things don't come to pass  
I'll bring you water and fill your glass

Songwriters

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