Swimming In Winter

British India

I had something to tell you; I?ve forgotten what it was
I think I lost your number though, so I keep it to myself
And I read a couple novels, and I saw a couple films
Still I feel exact same way I did the day you left, the day you left

Another Sunday morning and another Tuesday night
I walked right past the last six months and I watched them fade from sight
And the ambulance and cop cars are still ringing in my ears
Twenty hundred, thirty thousand, million, billion years

And I?m feeling much better
At least that?s what I tell myself
And I?m feeling much better
At least that?s what I tell myself, tell myself

The one after the last one and the one before the first
It was better than the best of times and more awful than the worst
And I make myself some dinner and I make myself dessert
We?re swimming in the winter; we?re just trying to make it work

And I?m feeling much better
At least that?s what I tell myself
And I?m feeling much better
At least that?s what I tell myself, tell myself

(Instrumental)

And I?m feeling much better
At least that?s what I tell myself
And I?m feeling much better
At least that?s what I tell myself, tell myself

Lyrics submitted by Nathan Brown.

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