

Swim Back To Me

The Geraldine Fibbers

Won't you look inside and see
what's inside a girl like me?
Rivers of blood pour from my eyes,
your careless heart I do despise.
Sailing in a dunce cap revelry,
Good morning on the bright blue sea. Check out all the peaches waving from the shore.
Another taste of honey to kill or to ignore.
Forget me so fine, but don't forget how willing was I. Swim back to me.
Your sunken pearls adorn the depths
where your body rests
within the hands of fish and sand. Looking down I see your face
reflected in the waves,
touched upon by the rippling grace
Of a watery grave.
Your hand holds up a pretty shell.
I'm ringing like a fire bell.

Songwriters

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