

# Swimmin' Time

## Shovels & Rope

You can see the water  
Comin' outta the ground  
You can see the foundation  
Slipping down And you can't help but wonder  
How long it will be  
Before the restless ocean  
Comes lapping to  
the branches of the trees When the full moon  
Pulls up a mighty tide  
And there's no place to run  
And no place to hide When the ghosts in the ocean  
Turn up the sea  
And the waves come crashin'  
Over you and me I can see it comin' In the distance is the gloom  
Of the end of days  
When the sun calls home  
Its wandering rays When all of the iron  
Has gone to rust  
And every living thing  
Has turned to dust There won't be anyone left  
To float your boat  
They all went to high ground  
While their vessels still float They scream God's will  
But you know it's a lie  
By your own book  
It says by fire next time The golden egg's cracked open  
And there was nothing inside  
Cast all dispersions  
Build a levy of lies I can see it comin' Bite down on the leather  
And close your eyes  
There's nothin' to be done  
That can turn the tide The money in your eyes  
Has left you blind  
You'll be the one drownin'  
When it's swimmin' time I can see it comin'

Songwriters

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