

She's A Good Swimmer

Charlie Straight

I write short poems on steamy mirrors
I look up the ceiling for the feeling of love
I like to run in place to keep the pace with the girl in the red
with an umbrella
She will lay me to bed
I send a message or two near the river
I give words the slip with sound of the rain and the trains go
by
I sleep in my bed while you weep far away
But hey it's good, it's good you're back

Can have a cold shower 'round midnight
Can trudge through the snow and melt low in the bath
Could get drowned in the things I'd like to give her oh, yeah
But I'm not afraid 'cause she's a good swimmer

I turn off the light that has flooded the room
I dive in the night eating fruit of the gloom
I'm not a fool to stand near the pool of love
With you I'll swim there instead

Can have a cold shower...

Anytime she's here to save me, anytime she's in my place, every
time her two hands wave me, everytime I see her face!