

Swimming Across The Harbor

Swimming across the harbor, to find a better life
Swimming across the harbor, that's what your father did
Some people stay, others need to get away
Swimming across the harbor, if that's what it takes
Swimming across the harbor

You told a story about the Waffle House in your home town
When you were sixteen you were there with friends, and you met a boy
You'd seen him before, he worked at the Target
And he was too shy to talk to you, but his friend, who was bolder
Passed you his number
And you were like, wow, this is my first phone number
So you called him, and when he picked up
You asked him what he was doing, And he said, reading the Bible
Then there was the longest awkward silence ever

Swimming across the harbor, to find a better life
Swimming across the harbor, that's what your father did
And I think it's true, it's the same for me and you
We're swimming across our harbors, searching for something new
Swimming across the harbor, where maybe dreams come true
Swimming across the harbor, where maybe dreams come true
Swimming across the harbor