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You walked out on the pool deck, and you probably did not know squat.
Your goggles placed backwards on your cap,
Your suit too small to cover you're (you know what).
You had one eye on the shower, as we watched you flail about.

And all the girls hoped that they'd be your lane mate,
They'd be your lane mate and

You're in pain,
I bet you thought your speedo thong fits you.
You're in pain,
I bet you thought your speedo thong fits you.
Fits you. Fits you.

We met you several weeks ago, when you were still quite naïve,
You hung out at the back of the lane, we thought you would never lead.
But you showed us all a thing or two.
And one of them was speed.

We had had dreams of fixing a stroke that was faulty,
stroke that was faulty and

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Well you showed up to practice in a bedsheet toga,
And your lane had much more fun.
Then you blew your next set by misreading the clock
And out of the lane forced to run.

Well, you're where you should be in slow lane one
And when you're not, you're with some made up mermaid
Or the swim-wife of a close friend, swim-wife of a close friend and

You're in pain,
I bet you thought your speedo thong fits you.

COACHS'
KARAOKE
SONG TO
THE TUNE OF
"YOU'RE SO
VAIN"