

# Wrinkled Fred, Swallow

The magic, the atmosphere and pure air we breathe  
Fragile shakin' hand, your eyes - they're so insane  
The attic, the woods, the thing is understood  
She's on the run, countin's began  
She's gone to make things done  
Long distance, all alone, hurt heart and different goal  
New hope is bein' born, bright future is killed by sword  
White powder through your nose, you're life's a kind of pose  
Wrong pictures in your mind then who you're gonna kiss tonight  
Hey girl you give me pills to swallow I guess I have to throw them away  
Hey girl you'll have to wait till tomorrow I'll try to find another way