

Scott Walker, Face On Breast

Swan
you glide above the thrashing
Release the catches
strain your wings behind your back
Paint his eyes
it'll never lick those eyes
Smear the mouth
all across the thready sky

i tried to show ya
but ya didn't want to go
Ya know how to whistle
put ya lips together and blow

that's what it said
that's what it said
that's what it said

Pledging my love
pledging my love
what if I'm only
if I am only pledging my love

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