

# Swan Lake, The Partisan But He's Got To Know

Oh the partisan said "there are photos in your head I want to know what they are"  
And he was wise in many matters of the bruised and the battered  
And the cold in your car  
He said that "I want berries the Apollo-weary citizen has some behind his bar."  
Who blows the sky? Who blows the sea? Who puts the Myriad in the grass in front of me?

In the lofts they would pull and they would tear upon their selevs and the tinkling is a symphony of  
And the rent becomes a myth because the photograph is diseased  
For the matriarch has slipped and hurt her blessed knee:  
"Oh when's she going to slow down? Wil Wendy ever slow down?"

Oh the partisan said there are photos in your head I want to know what they are;  
And he was young but still terrific through the burning barn's horrific  
It was done all the same  
And with his bat and his bullies he's going to stalk  
the hills of mercy and lay waste to their name  
it's the violator's aim  
And I called the love from everyone to testify that I am as stupid as a lord on a skewered palace sw  
"So dumb (the person), I called your name in verse  
to the masked poled opponents of partisans and sentiments and cake-holed second verse and I an  
but the fall of the palace was from cold and not malice it was winter in the Tallahassee port with the  
wild blood, oh do you still run around with wild blood?