

Swans, Not Logical

She'll go down there to nowhere soon
She'll stand there still with her head in the moon
I will be her nowhere man
We're not named until the end
Ooh ooh
That girl was so much better than me
But it always goes wrong
There's no cure for the lonely
With loneliness she'll sink in the sand
I feel the heat go out of her hand
We were born with our face to the wall
We only have one chance to crawl
When we laid down there I held your hand
And never feel your body again
Ooh ooh
Cut down the preacher, he just lies
Burn all the books that closed my mind
Destroy it all, it's all untrue
How can I even breathe without you?