

# 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?