

# Swans, (She's A) Universal Emptiness

And She Sits There By The Wall  
Making Holes Where I Just Stood  
And Her Hands They Touch Her Face  
Like Her Face Is Made Of Wood  
And She Holds On To A Memory  
Of Something I Never Said  
But She Still Can't Quite Remember  
If My Eyes Are Blue Or Dead

She's The Mother Of Us All  
She's The Victim Of My Sadness  
And The More She Tries To Know It  
The More She'll Never Fill It  
She's A Universal Emptiness  
A Universal Emptiness  
She's A Universal Emptiness  
And A Total Lack Of Faith

And I Saw Her Once Before  
Down On Her Bended Knees  
Through A Window Of The Church At Night  
Confessing To The Broken Priest  
She Is Holy, As All Women Are  
And She Suffers Like A Saint  
Yeah She Touched My Hand With Cruelty  
But I Was Punished Far Too Late

She's The Mother Of Us All  
She's The Victim Of My Sadness  
And The More She Tries To Know It  
The More She'll Never Fill It  
She's A Universal Emptiness  
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