

# Trance To The Sun, Swing Lower

Swing over my great silver chair  
You won't get lost there  
In moments of contemplation  
Where else can you go?  
And who will be there?  
Two blocks from here  
There's a caf that's blue  
You'll tell me your stories  
I know they're all true  
Cuz if no one wants to know  
Then no one wants to care  
When no one wants to go much of anywhere