Swan

Centenaire

Walking by yourself in the cold, cold winter
Wrapped up in your coat like
It's a magic blanket
They all look like strangers"
You see, the world only seems
The fairytale that it isn't
Dream on, dream on
There's nothing wrong
If you dream on, dream on
Of being a swan
But I know you're thinking...
And now you're looking at the sky
Talking to your angel
Could he turn this dirty street
Into a flying carpet?
But then you say: "I am not scared of anything"
Such a shy lie silent as the snow that is fallin' down
Dream on, dream on
There's nothing wrong
If you dream on, dream on
Of being a swan
But I know you're thinking:
"Am I gonna make it through?"

Dream on, dream on (and you can't run away)
There's nothing wrong (you've got to find a way to make it through this mess)
If you dream on, dream on ('cause you can't run away)
Of being a swan (you've got to find a way, a way out of this mess)
But I know you're thinking: ('cause you can't run away)
"Am I gonna make it though?" (you've got to find a way to make it through this mess)
Girl on the run (go girl)
You don't look back (go)
What did you see? (go girl)
What did you get? (go girl)
You're on the run (go girl)
Trying to forget (go)
But in the end,
Is it so bad?
Girl on the run (go girl)

You don't look back (go)
What did you see? (go girl)
What did you get? (go girl)
You're on the run (go girl)
Trying to forget (go)
But in the end (go girl)
Is it so bad... (go)
Being a girl?
Being a girl?

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