

# Swingtime

## Black

Too many souls are lost,  
so many dreams lie broken.

Will you try to help them  
chase the night away,  
turn on the booming silver day.

We do it in swingtime,  
we don't count the skinny seconds  
passing by or wonder why.

We do it in swingtime,  
make the moment suit the time,  
we make the rescue fit the crime.

And feel each passing year  
absorb the well of tears.

They shoot horses, don't they?

So we dance and sway  
into the pulsing, silver grey.

We do it in swingtime,  
we don't count the skinny seconds  
passing by or wonder why.

We do it in swingtime,  
make the moment suit the time,  
we make the rescue fit the crime.

So many people fail,  
so many hearts are broken.

We come to live with pain,  
we leave our arms wide open.

We do it in swing time.

Too many fights are thrown,  
we count the cost of it growing.

Will you try to stop them,  
roll away the night,  
break out the champagne, hit the lights.

We do it in swingtime,  
we don't count the skinny seconds  
passing by or wonder why.

We do it in swingtime,  
make the moment suit the time,  
we make the rescue fit the crime.

(solo)

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passing by or wonder why.

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We do it in swingtime.

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