

# Swinger

## The Newbeats

The finest hour has stayed unknown,  
that's not to say it hasn't shown all its torments.

But that's okay.

If we ever get clear then that's enough, my dear, to let it strip away.

And there are cold symbols of all good moments,  
hanging on, waiting for recognition.

But that's okay.

If we ever get clear then that's enough, my dear, to put them in their place.

I'm down in all that never happened.

Am I up in ail that's happening because

I'll ride this one out until the end.

Lick our wounds and sew them all shut,  
draw them tight, swallow pride, and if that's not enough...

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