

# 23a Swan Hill

Ian Hunter

Wrote this poem called, 'The Floods Roll On'  
He said, this aint yours  
Whered you get it from?  
You must have stole it from a book, oh yeah You must have stole it from a book.  
Cause you aint frail  
You aint beautiful  
And I dont fancy you at all Youd be a ruin  
If looks could kill  
23A, Swan Hill Stiff with rage, screaming at the sky  
Innocence breaks  
Says she wants to die  
Im assuming Im alive, oh yeah Im assuming Im alive  
She pushes and she pulls  
My legs go weak  
In fascinating terror The whole world moves  
And Im standing still  
In 23A Swan Hill And its always raining  
And you never ask why  
You never give yourself a shot  
You just sit and watch your life go by Kicking stones at a still life  
Want to pull it down, slash it, slash it  
There must be some way out here  
There must be some way out here This aint right, there must be more to life  
Than breaking and entering  
Doing peoples heads in alcohol, nicotine  
Thinking what I might have been You would be a ruin  
If looks could kill  
23A, Swan Hill And the whole world moves  
And Im standing still  
In 23A, Swan Hill And I will  
And I will  
And I will  
And I will  
In 23A, Swan Hill And I will  
And I will  
And I will  
And I will  
In 23A, Swan Hill And I will  
And I will

And I will  
And I will  
In 23A, Swan Hill

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