

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 yeahYou must have stole it from a book.
Cause you aint frail
You aint beautiful
And I dont fancy you at allYoud be a ruin
If looks could kill
23A, Swan HillStiff with rage, screaming at the sky
Innocence breaks
Says she wants to die
Im assuming Im alive, oh yeahIm assuming Im alive
She pushes and she pulls
My legs go weak
In fascinating terrorThe whole world moves
And Im standing still
In 23A Swan HillAnd its always raining
And you never ask why
You never give yourself a shot
You just sit and watch your life go byKicking 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 hereThis aint right, there must be more to life
Than breaking and entering
Doing peoples heads in alcohol, nicotine
Thinking what I might have beenYou would be a ruin
If looks could kill
23A, Swan HillAnd the whole world moves
And Im standing still
In 23A, Swan HillAnd I will
And I will
And I will
And I will
In 23A, Swan HillAnd I will
And I will
And I will
And I will
In 23A, Swan HillAnd I will
And I will

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

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