# Giant Swan

## The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

the giant swan's got ghosts in his wings.
his guts are stuffed with polaroids, and they're all humiliating.
and when the wine's drunk and the wild cabaret has sung it's last voice,
and you're sitting all alone in the 4am darkness of a pitch-black theater,
he explodes like fireworks on the stage with gold smoke.
sing, your voice just wont stop blooming.
he wrote a play and you're the protagonist.
all the girls you wish you'd fucked make a guest appearance.
oh, and you just won't believe the ending.
fly me home, giant swan!
the giant swan's got a pixelated beak.
his eyes are twin mushroom clouds,
his feathers are unsuspecting cities,
and his breasts are hollow apartments with the highest quality furnishings.
and you can watch tv until you die there, deflated skin draped over luxury chairs.
sing, your voice just won't stop blooming.
if your heart's a diamond, buddy, what's the price?
if your heart's a diamond what's the fucking price?
your mouth is cheap and your hair is shoddy.
so sit and watch the ballerinas kick and spin.
then strip down to your vulgar skeleton.
you'd better take one more drink of captain morgan's rum.
oh, it's gonna sting like a raw sunrise when they black swan's gone.
back at the resort, the curtains closed, you haven't left the room for two solid weeks.
with a pound of cocaine under the bed where the call girls perform their services.
and you have to leave CNN on so you don't think about her newborn son
who entered this town from the crotch you're renting out.
"who's at the door? what the fuck!
who's at the door? what the fuck!
who's at the door? what the fuck!"
your heart is sweating; your hands are turning black.
your shadow breaks in wearing a ski mask.

is that a machete at your throat?
"give me all your money! give me all the dope!"
and the sun's like a painting of your whole life.
you scratch at the canvas, but you can't get inside.
and the sun's like a painting of your whole life.
you scratch at the canvas, but you can't get inside.
your family is gurgling grief.
you think you're fast asleep.
is that the curtain closing?
giant swan, take me to the river.
is that my flesh corroding?
giant swan, take me to the river.
all the things you wish you said are buried with your x'd out head.
all your ulterior motives...
giant swan, take me to the river.

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