74 Swans

Bell X1

You counted 74 swans on the canal
You counted 74 swans on the canalYou were glad it was an even number
Everybody had another
No one was facing this cold alone
This cold alone, cold alone, cold aloneThey were gathered between bridges
In the steely sunshine
Bookend by ice on either sideHere comes a pair on final approach
Wings like great white bellows
Gathering inward to land and it looks like grace
Looks like grace, looks like graceYou counted 74 swans on the canal
You counted 74 swans on the canalYou were glad it was an even number
Everybody had another
No one was facing this cold aloneI thought you were right there with me
On my left side
Too eager to get where I'm going
I left you behindBut you were on the last watch
The passing of the torch
You counted 74 swans, now there's 75

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