

# 74 Swans

## Bell X1

You counted 74 swans on the canal  
You counted 74 swans on the canal You were glad it was an even number  
Everybody had another  
No one was facing this cold alone  
This cold alone, cold alone, cold alone They were gathered between bridges  
In the steely sunshine  
Bookend by ice on either side Here 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 grace You counted 74 swans on the canal  
You counted 74 swans on the canal You were glad it was an even number  
Everybody had another  
No one was facing this cold alone I thought you were right there with me  
On my left side  
Too eager to get where I'm going  
I left you behind But you were on the last watch  
The passing of the torch  
You counted 74 swans, now there's 75

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