The Swan

Cheatahs

The swan, he bleeds.
His wings are still.
If you take what's pure,
It only means you'll get yours.Got it made in the shade
A god made in the shadeThe Swan, he leaves,
No sign, no scene,
The itch is spent,
But every bird must sleepGot it made in the shade
A god made in the shade
Got it made in the shade
A god made in the shadeBacking vocals:
You've got half the sun, but you've got no one.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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