

# Warsaw

## Swing Kids

I was there in the backstage  
when first light came around  
I grew up like a changeling  
to wait the first time around  
I could see all the weakness  
I could pick all the faults  
But I concede all the faith-tests,  
just a stick in your throat

3 - 1 - G

I'm around in your soundtrack,  
to mirror all that you've done  
To find the right side of reason  
to kill the three lies for one  
I could see all the cold facts,  
I could see through your eyes  
All this don't make no contact  
no matter how hard I try

3 - 1 - G

I could still hear the footsteps,  
I could see only walls  
All this don't make no contact,  
here, hearing no at all  
I could see contradiction,  
I could give up the right  
Just to live in the past tense,  
To make believe you were right!

3 - 1 - G

3 - 5 - 0 - 1 - 2 - 5

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