

23a Swan Hill

Ian Hunter & The Rant Band

Wrote this poem called, 'The Floods Roll On'
He said, this ain? t yours
Where? d you get it from?
You must have stole it from a book, oh yeah You must have stole it from a book.
? Cause you ain? t frail
You ain? t beautiful
And I don? t fancy you at all You? d be a ruin
If looks could kill
23A, Swan Hill Stiff with rage, screaming at the sky
Innocence breaks
Says she wants to die
I? m assuming I? m alive, oh yeah
I? m assuming I? m alive
She pushes and she pulls
My legs go weak
In fascinating terror The whole world moves
And I? m standing still
In 23A Swan Hill And it? s always raining
And you never ask why
You never give yourself a shot
You just sit and watch your life go by Kicking stones at a still life
Want to pull it down, slash it, slash it
There must be some way out here
There must be some way out here
This ain? t right, there must be more to life
Than breaking and entering
Doing people? s heads in alcohol, nicotine
Thinking what I might have been You would be a ruin
If looks could kill
23A, Swan Hill And the whole world moves
And I? m standing still
In 23A, Swan Hill And I will
And I will
And I will
And I will
In 23A, Swan Hill And I will
And I will
And I will
And I will

In 23A, Swan Hill And I will

And I will

And I will

And I will

In 23A, Swan Hill

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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