

21:03**"Swallow"**Visit "[Swallow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

the pavement under my feet
is going soft
the sun is melting souls
and nobody's got any spirit
I guess that's the trick of today
read it in the paper
ink stains your hands
messes with your intentions
no point, no point standing

swallow

railroad through my head is fast
and I don't know if I got a ticket
to ride this train
and it might not be stopping here
here, there and anywhere
can I get of
I don't think I can stand another stop

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