

## 22 Jacks "Swallow"

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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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