## Armchair Cynics "Swallow"

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From PyroAmber [516299] Received 08-23-2005 18:40 Subject New lyrics

**Artist: Armchair Cynics** 

Title : Swallow

On the ceiling the plaster moves like clouds, That turn to shapes. Headlights from all the passing cars leak through my blinds, Crash against the wall.

And I'm a picture frame hiding nicotine stains, Hung up here for countless days. Half awake and half asleep, Just lying here with what's inside of me.

She cast the darkest shade onto my heart.

Turned a life of love into a bitter pill so hard to swallow.

Hard to swallow.

Here it comes,
The feeling that I don't want to face this.
Here it comes,
Just when things were getting good.
Here it comes,
The feeling that she cast the darkest shade.
Cancels out the day.

In the morning the sun is a crack of light, That finds my face. Shines itself down on this dark room, Through half filled bottles of spilt cheap booze.

And I'm a pair of shoes strung over a telephone wire, Over head and out of reach. I'm half awake and half asleep, Just lying here with what's inside of me.

She cast the darkest shade onto my heart.

Turned a life of love into a bitter pill so hard to swallow.

Hard to swallow.

Hard to swallow.

Here it comes,

The feeling that I don't want to face this.

Here it comes,

Just when things were getting good.

Here it comes,

The feeling that she cast the darkest shade.

Cancels out the day.

Cast the darkest shade...

Cancels out the day...

Here it comes,

The feeling that I don't want to face this.

Here it comes,

Just when things were getting good.

Here it comes,

The feeling that she cast the darkest shade.

Cancels out the day.

Cast the darkest shade...

Cancels out the day...

Cast the darkest shade...

Cast the darkest shade...

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