

## Atomic Swing

# "The Weird Years Of Gentle Chill"

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Beautiful mama, I think we're closing to the end  
Beautiful mama, I hope you wanna reach the end  
Of a thousand breaks and thrills  
Bounded thoughts and wills  
So just close your eyes, bare your dreams  
Tell of the wishes that you have been hiding  
Through the years  
Through the weird years of gentle chill

Whatever I wanted, I had to learn how to pretend  
And whatever I needed you never became any friend  
But in this hour lame and chill  
Confess my guilt I will  
'Cause I sold my soul, I walked upon water  
I've put shame on your innocent daughter  
On through the years  
Through the weird years of gentle chill

In this hour lame and chill  
I fear you have the skill  
But it was not for me  
It was not for you  
To harm no other of my innocent brothers  
On through the years  
On through the weird years of gentle chill

'Cause you're alone in a big crowd  
You are smooth, slick and proud  
You are cruel mama, a curse from above  
A soft gangster, a trickster of love  
You've been a smooth murderer with a view to a thrill  
On through the weird years of gentle chill

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