

The Blood Brothers "Giant Swan"

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the giant swan's got ghosts in his wings.
his guts are stuffed with polaroids, and they're all
humiliating.
and when the wine's drunk and the wild cabaret has
sung it's last voice,
and you're sitting all alone in the 4am darkness of a
pitch-black theater,
he explodes like fireworks on the stage with gold
smoke.
sing, your voice just wont stop blooming.
he wrote a play and you're the protagonist.
all the girls you wish you'd fucked make a guest
appearance.
oh, and you just won't believe the ending.
fly me home, giant swan!
the giant swan's got a pixelated beak.
his eyes are twin mushroom clouds,
his feathers are unsuspecting cities,
and his breasts are hollow apartments with the highest
quality furnishings.
and you can watch tv until you die there, deflated skin
draped over luxury chairs.
sing, your voice just won't stop blooming.
if your heart's a diamond, buddy, what's the price?
if your heart's a diamond what's the fucking price?
your mouth is cheap and your hair is shoddy.
so sit and watch the ballerinas kick and spin.
then strip down to your vulgar skeleton.
you'd better take one more drink of captain morgan's
rum.
oh, it's gonna sting like a raw sunrise when they black
swan's gone.
back at the resort, the curtains closed, you haven't left
the room for two solid weeks.
with a pound of cocaine under the bed where the call
girls perform their services.
and you have to leave CNN on so you don't think about
her newborn son
who entered this town from the crotch you're renting
out.
"who's at the door? what the fuck!
who's at the door? what the fuck!

who's at the door? what the fuck!"
your heart is sweating; your hands are turning black.
your shadow breaks in wearing a ski mask.
is that a machete at your throat?
"give me all your money! give me all the dope!"
and the sun's like a painting of your whole life.
you scratch at the canvas, but you can't get inside.
and the sun's like a painting of your whole life.
you scratch at the canvas, but you can't get inside.
your family is gurgling grief.
you think you're fast asleep.
is that the curtain closing?
giant swan, take me to the river.
is that my flesh corroding?
giant swan, take me to the river.
all the things you wish you said are buried with your x'd
out head.
all your ulterior motives...
giant swan, take me to the river.

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