

## **Gramm Lou**

### **"Swan Song"**

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Come on out Georgine, they have all gone.  
Come on, and drink the linctus,  
We'll move out of the bed-sits...

Now we're not too young,  
But our chance has landed and we're just so imminent,  
Yet you seem so distant.  
The nights crow's been landing lately...  
He's in cahoots with the slim white lady...

You can call this a Swan song.

Carry me through silences so awkward,  
See me and raise a sentence, a turn of phrase,  
A breaking omnipotent waves of youth in it's last  
flushes,  
Let eyes retain their brilliance, keep crows from  
landing,  
And the span of their web spreading,  
In cahoots with the slim white lady...

In cahoots with the slim white lady,  
Cahoots with the slim white lady...  
Now I'll never desert your arms.

Now I'll never desert your arms.

Away for Benelux...  
You take the shrill echo away when I pray for better  
luck.  
We'll soar from bridges to the swans,  
Our bullets into the water become the bird of song.

You can call this a Swan song.

I love the way you are late.  
I'm coming home for Christmas, to hold open your  
weight.

Hold open your weight.

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