

Ian Hunter

"23a, Swan Hill"

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(ian hunter)

(transcribed by justin purington; corrections by colin ford)

Wrote this poem
Called "the floods roll on"
He said this ain't yours,
Where'd you get it from?
You must have stole it from a book,
Oh yeah
You must have stole it from a book.
'cause you ain't frail
You ain't beautiful,
And I don't fancy you
At all.

You'd be a ruin
If looks could kill
23 a, swan hill

Stiff with rage
Screaming at the sky
Innocence breaks
Says she wants to die
I'm assuming I'm alive
Oh yeah
I'm assuming I'm alive
She pushes and she pulls
My legs go weak
In fascinating terror

The whole world moves
And I'm standing still
In 23a swan hill
And it's always raining
And you never ask why
You never give yourself a shot
You just sit and watch your life go by

Kicking stones
At a still life

Want to pull it down
Slash it slash it
There must be some way out here
There must be some way out here
This ain't right
There must be more to life
Than breaking and entering
Doing people's heads in
Alcohol, nicotine
Thinking what I might have been

You would be a ruin
If looks could kill
23 a, swan hill
And the whole world moves
And I'm standing still
In 23 a, swan hill

And I will
And I will
And I will
And I will
In 23 a, swan hill
(repeat and fade)

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