

Ripsipirakka

"Swing Life Away"

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Am I loud and clear, or am I breaking up?
Am I still your charm, or am I just bad luck?
Are we getting closer, or are we just getting more lost?

I'll show you mine if you show me yours first
Let's compare scars, I'll tell you whose is worse
Let's unwrite these pages and replace them with our
own words

We live on front porches and swing life away,
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave till the end,
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand

I've been here so long, I think that it's time to move
The winter's so cold, summer's over too soon
So let's pack our bags and settle down where palm
trees grow

I've got some friends, some that I hardly know
But, we've had some times, I wouldn't trade for the
world
We chase these days down with talks of the places that
we will go

We live on front porches and swing life away,
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave till the end,
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand

Swing life away [x4]

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