

The Format

"Swans"

Visit "[Swans](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

At least come join me
Within the belly of the big blue beast.
Set asail, catch a breeze,
And come on

Don't forget to fill your suitcase.
Now watch it sink,
Cause where we're going we don't need a thing.
Not a map, or a seed,

Cause where we've been is who we used to be.
We started wrapping our regrets in cloth
Are you defined by all the things you want...
Or did you get caught
Up in the things that we are not?

You were born to believe you can't get lost,
So when you run, you always get too far.
Now there's nothing you haven't seen.

But where we're headed we have never been,
Past the pavement that we used to walk,
Past the people that we used to know.
Now come on, go
Past the people that had broke our hearts.
We started laughing at them from afar.
But now we've climbed too far without a rope.
Now come on, go

No we're not swans,
Nor are we as ugly as we think we are.
We don't take to compliments but please don't stop
Now come on, come on,

We are not swans
We fit into eachother, we are russian dolls,
Where somewhere in the centre sits a beating heart.
But come on, come on,
We are not swans.

Now do you feel we've gone too far

Or do you feel we've reached the top
Or do you feel like letting go
Now come on, hold on,

We are not swans,
Nor are we as ugly as we think we are.
We have fallen fast, but we aren't falling far
Now come on, come on,
We are not swans,
Our fathers gave us features that we didn't want,
Our mothers claim those features made them fall in
love,
But come on, come on,

We are swans.
We are flying higher than our counterparts.
We have got each other I'd say that's enough.
Now come on,
come on,
come on.

Visit [The Format](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.