

## **Angus Stone** "Swing"

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She came to and her

Whole life was how she remembered it

She had a mouth full of fur

And she was laughing

She parked her hearse across

Three spaces posted motorcycles only

And jumped out shouting

Wha the cus could make a nice girl like us

Feel so lonely?

Are you weary as water

In a faucet left dripping

With an incessant sadness

Like a sad record skipping

And an ugly and ornery

And shadowy dread

Lurking like a troll under the bridge

Between your heart and your head

Please dumb blind kind sir

Lend little miss listless a little bit of christmas

She's been a real good girl

But now she's stuck here

The world is so little and still

Mysterious and ominous as ever before

Like an unmarked bottle of pills

On the shelf right next to the thing

You were reaching for

Swing the groove 'round here

Where i can reach it

When i get my ass back on track

I'm gonna need it

Swing shift til i get the money

To buy me and my baby a moon full of honey

Then i'm gonna turn off the nagging voices

Inside my head

That follow me to bed and say

You suck...

("break it down" freestyle by Corey Parker added to

this song during some performances)

If you dig it on the sound

Break it down

No walls up, break it down

Break it down

Happiness spread it all around

Break it down

Racism stomp it in the ground

Break it down

So if you dig it on the sound

Break it down

No walls up, break it down

Break it down

Ignorance stomp it in the ground

Break it down

Happiness spread it all around

Break it down

Check, who said folk and hip-hop can't match

Put us together on the stage and light a match

Kaboom, guess who stepped in the room

Sweeping you off your feet like we had a broom

With ani difranco and maceo

Add a little freestyle flow and who knows

Put a little scratchin' into the mix

And it's enough to get you high if you need a fix

So, if you dig it on the sound

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