

# Song of the Black Swan

Pink Martini

That will grow crooked, that you can't make straight  
It's the price you gotta pay  
Do yourself a favour and pack you bags  
That will grow crooked, that you can't make straight  
It's the price you gotta pay  
Do yourself a favour and pack you bags  
Buy a ticket and get on the train  
Buy a ticket and get on the train

Cause this is fucked up, fucked up  
Cause this is fucked up, fucked up

People get crushed like biscuit crumbs  
And laid down in the bitumen  
You have tried your best to please everyone  
But it just isn't happening  
No, it just isn't happening

And it's fucked up, fucked up  
And this is fucked up, fucked up  
This your blind spot, blind spot  
It should be obvious, but it's not.  
But it isn't, but it isn't

You cannot kickstart a dead horse  
You just crush yourself and walk away  
I don't care what the future holds  
Cause I'm right here and I'm today  
With your fingers you can touch me

I'm your black swan, black swan  
But I made it to the top, made it to the top  
This is fucked up, fucked up

You are fucked up, fucked up  
This is fucked up, fucked up

Be your black swan, black swan  
I'm for spare parts, broken up