

Swallow Smile

Franz Ferdinand

I rise and curse the waking day, curse the grime and curse the stains on the air and on the skin of the bed I'm tied within. Hiding from the twitch and crash, of the mood I hear you hatch. You're the mother growing cold - you're the bath now running old. I can feel the wall between us separate the filthy scene, as I push the door aside - swallow, swallow, swallow, smile.

I wander round the gulf between us, wonder how I came to feel as fragile as a broken bone, as useless - I'm a broken bone. Come on let's fight let's feel alive. Come on let's fight let's feel alive - it's the only feeling I've kept towards you that resembles any passion, any tremble, any word, I'll take and turn it, twist and pissed-on, I'll return it. Give me more, give me, I'll swallow, swallow, swallow, smile

But it's alright, I lie. It's alright, here's another lie.