

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. H
iding from the twitch and crash, of the mood I hear you hatch.
You're the mother growing cold - you're the bath now running ol
d. 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 a
s fragile as a broken bone, as useless - I'm a broken bone. Com
e on let's fight let's feel alive. Come on let's fight let's fe
el alive - it's the only feeling I've kept towards you that res
embles any passion, any tremble, any word, I'll take and turn i
t, 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.