

As good as I could possibly imagine my life getting, it  
did  
After I met you  
The way you reached inside my chest and pulled out things  
and sent them off in breaths blew  
And as good as it got with all the layers peeling off,  
and though I writhed  
I could not upset you  
With your hand down my throat you held on to my heart and  
pumped blood through

And then "it's time to go" you said, "it's time to go out  
You little gray goose  
Get out from under my wing" you said "go on you swan you  
turn loose"

I was so "it's over"  
I was so "we died"  
I was so "your hand on my heart pumping blood went limp"  
and oh, I fly  
Oh swan inside.