

# Scott Walker, Face On Breast

Swan  
you glide above the thrashing  
Release the catches  
strain your wings behind your back  
Paint his eyes  
it&#039;ll never lick those eyes  
Smear the mouth  
all across the thready sky

i tried to show ya  
but ya didn&#039;t want to go  
Ya know how to whistle  
put ya lips together and blow

that&#039;s what it said  
that&#039;s what it said  
that&#039;s what it said

Pledging my love  
pledging my love  
what if I&#039;m only  
if I am only pledging my love

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