

# Swans, Twenty Four Hours

Twenty four hours, split three ways  
Because you bought one third, you own everything  
Shut off the possibility, and wipe out the imagination  
Now the world stands still  
I'll take it with me to my grave  
Wrap your hands around my neck  
Now choke me slowly, but I won't die  
I know one thing, and one thing only  
You are what you learn to need  
I'll surround myself with things that look like me  
I'll take them with me to my grave