

The Swan

The Sheila Divine

If you were there
You'd understand
My culture's frozen in time

Lake Erie howls
it has a spirit
That I can always pull from

You are the grave, that marks my bones
You are the vein, that carries my blood
You are the swan, but I am your song
Your ghost has faded and gone

Yes I escaped
But my past still haunts me
Like the winter wind's gusty shrill

Town by the lake
Your path has halted
The snow belt's future's in doubt

You are the grave, that marks my bones
You are the vein, that carries my blood
You are the swan, but I am your song
You are everything that ever went wrong