

Song of the Black Swan

Pink Martini

That will grow crooked, that you can't make straight
It's the price you gotta pay
Do yourself a favour and pack you bags
That will grow crooked, that you can't make straight
It's the price you gotta pay
Do yourself a favour and pack you bags
Buy a ticket and get on the train
Buy a ticket and get on the train

Cause this is fucked up, fucked up
Cause this is fucked up, fucked up

People get crushed like biscuit crumbs
And laid down in the bitumen
You have tried your best to please everyone
But it just isn't happening
No, it just isn't happening

And it's fucked up, fucked up
And this is fucked up, fucked up
This your blind spot, blind spot
It should be obvious, but it's not.
But it isn't, but it isn't

You cannot kickstart a dead horse
You just crush yourself and walk away
I don't care what the future holds
Cause I'm right here and I'm today
With your fingers you can touch me

I'm your black swan, black swan
But I made it to the top, made it to the top
This is fucked up, fucked up

You are fucked up, fucked up
This is fucked up, fucked up

Be your black swan, black swan
I'm for spare parts, broken up