

Real Swagger

Armored Saint

Cool your move, like you ain't got no worries,
they all worry, when they hear you
There you float in all your esteem glory
A theory of sound is ringing through, leaving no clues

Run, run the ceremony, ain't no one trick pony
Run, run the ceremony, swagger with your cronies

Man, you flail like you're a fish out of water
Swim in water, swim in wine
Like a bird who keeps on flying higher
Let the others lead the blind, the ones with no eyes

You got cunning eyes and a cooly tale
They resemble someone
Yeah cunning eyes, you resist their spell,
never to be outdone

Let the others lead the blind

Run, run the ceremony, ain't no one trick pony
Run, run the ceremony, swagger with your cronies

Run, run the ceremony, ain't no one trick pony
Run, run the ceremony, swagger with, swagger with your....

You go yarn, march to your own drummin'
Attempt to inform me, if you're dead
Still you blow, with people forever hummin'
Can't get it out of our blood and out of the head,
Transfusion instead

Run, run the ceremony, ain't no one trick pony
Run, run the ceremony, swagger with your cronies

Run, run the ceremony...ceremony, ceremony
Run, run the ceremony...swagger, swagger