

The Queen of Swans

Mercury Rev

Love comes thirsty, lands to drink
Love, flies up and away from me

Love comes thirsty, bathes its wing
Sometimes years go by, it seems

She flings her shadows down upon the bed
Only those with wings know what's in my head
Maps of sunlight on the carpet rest
Only those with keys knows what's in my chest

Bright red threads of desire, dancing through her eyes
Everybody knows her as, the Queen of Swans

Whispers over water, over land they're sown

Everything about her isn't really so
Whispers underground, Pere Lachaise they grow
Every inch of sunshine burning out the old ghosts
Sisters turn to mothers, into daughters they fold
Farewell flights, out the graves they roll
Human colored kites through the clouds they flow
Bigger than their bodies what a way to go

Love comes thirsty, lands to drink
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