

## 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