

Jim

Swans

Its time/to sleep/its time/to leave.
To loose/the binds/to loose/a mind.

Time to/exhale/to drink the green sea/to drift/ upon/ the scarlet breeze.

It's time/It's time/It's time to begin. It's time/it's time/it's time to just leave...

Let's raise up our hands in prayer, walk barefoot upon this carpet of air. Let's string up the man
at the top of the stairs. Let's piss on the city thats burning down there...

Jim/ Jim/ Jim oh Jim. Jim / Jim/ its time to begin, Ride your mechanical bitch to heaven. Ride
your beautiful bitch to the ultimate sin. Don't cry. Sweet plum, no regrets - we will strangle you
up in the loft. These methadrine teeth are piled up in the sink and your mother is screaming to
finish him off...

Now heaven will come, we will rise again. heaven will come, we will win. It is 200 miles to the
place where we begin. Yes heaven will come, we will win...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>