

SWALLOW.

Flip this broken table and pour me a song
Ten rounds of liquid heartache, what could go wrong?
A dance with Tennessee tonight, never take me home
Let me walk the streets, undefeated freaks, I'll never be alone

Starry eyes and fallen skies can never be replaced
A treetop surfing, enema birthing, contradictory disgrace
Soar high to untold paradise and fall safely back to hell
Another dance with Tennessee, another dance, oh well!

Flip this broken table back to where it was before
One leg down, three more to go, until you fall upon the floor
Liquid heartache confidence, sing it ten more times, my friend
You'll dance your rotting insides, until our dear fat lady's end

Sacrilegious servings will follow you around
From the cradle to the grave, when you're six shots underground
Live this broken hearted fairytale and dance the night away
Dance with Tennessee again, until the break of day

Flip this broken table, it's become a daily task
Two legs down, you're halfway there, wear your eighty proof mask
And dance this horror show jive again, longing to be free
Caress your lips with golden drips, it was always meant to be

A mediocre lightning smoker is what you have become
Slowly marching to your watery grave, with each bang of this drum
The dance with Tennessee has reached a stifling stumble
But you're too far gone to even grumble

Flip this broken table, you can never fix this mess
The third leg has fallen, it'll be over soon, I guess
Forever live this moment, you've got nothing left to lose
Forever dance with Tennessee, cure your broken heart with booze

A heart attack from Mr. Jack will send you on your way
For salvation from where you've been, it's the smallest price to pay
Down this bottle, go full throttle, until the room begins to dance
This liquid heartache confidence break is your only romance

Flip this broken table and have one last drink
No more legs, the dance has stopped, no more time to think
You're lost in Tennessee now, trapped in the deepest of holes
There's no comprehending but you've finally reached your goal

Your feet have stopped moving and your legs give out
A cracked bottle at your side, bloodshot eyes begin to shout
But it's far too late, your face sinks through the floor
Your dance with Tennessee...Nevermore.