

Life Without A Jacket

"Smut"

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Smut, down on your luck. Oh, you fuck.
Preaching about things you don't understand,
You're every bad band's number one fan.
And every word I have to hear is just more damage to
my ears.
No wonder you are not alone, you talk about things like
you're known.

You're suspect at your best when you're undressed.
You fail at life give it a rest.
Take a breath analyze those steps
That led to you becoming such a mess.

You're such a mess.

From the start you were bad news; never had a clue.
You were just a tool often used.
You think you're a dime; you think you shine.
But let me put those ideas to rest.
You are only as good as the whore who is next.
Second best, close to a night that ends in death.

Can we believe a word you say?
If I had to guess I'd bet you would detest monogamous
bliss, a life without trysts,
Your looks will fade with age and no one will remember
that you exist.

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