

Swingin' Utters "A Step To Go"

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This place is empty except for the stationary bottles of
whiskey and barstools still standing concussion
headache from blissful evening of confusion muttered
speech from too much drinking the cars are idling near
out of gas and lifeless like the people standing
persuaded by the temptress cut up and cunning the
brute keeps going nobody caring for the chaos he's
arousing
always a step to go a step to go a step to go too far
seems like the only steps taken are in the wrong
direction but we keep stepping on each other breaking
each rung on the ladder always a step to go a step to
go a step to go much further

persistent rhythms clutter dispersal then come
together to discuss the times they hung up on the
clothesline in bad weather the television whines and
tells us different sides of things that we don't care
about, taking up our time the road ends short with
malice no road maps to direct us so we come up one
step short of satisfaction always a step to go, a step to
go...

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