

## Swingin' Utters "Bigots Barrel"

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he was spoken to just to be put down and he was 22  
when helped off the ground beaten black and blue  
when his color was brown and shining shoes in a dirty  
town  
the bigots barely outnumber my regrets  
as I float around like shit in the bay  
the bigot's barrel just another white melee  
it's just another fucking windy day  
he's free to choose but his choices are few the rope is  
loose but it's tied in a noose he prays to god in the back  
of the church pews they won't pass the plate to the  
blacks or the Jews

she's feeling free until "he" gets a free feel a reeling  
plea in machismo battlefield "I'm up to my neck in the  
rawest of raw deals while I'm choking on the B.C. pill"  
"I know the rules to know that they're confused and  
wrong. I'd read my rights it wouldn't take too long. I'll  
take an inch, no more is offered to a pawn. I wasn't  
asked, I will respond!"

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