

Swingin' Utters "Glad"

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Some sang their songs
They're flying on uppers
So sweet and smug
That I lose my supper

Some mumble psalms
Of solace and virtue
Hang by their palms
Choke on the cud then chew

I'm glad we met
So sad you left
Sometimes the
Sweetest things turn sour

Love songs are cheap
And only get cheaper
They prey on the meek
Who only get meeker

Cliches sung by stars
Looks so good on paper
Each bar fed to you
A communion water

I'm glad we met
So sad you left
Sometimes the
Sweetest things turn sour

Don't even think of being average
You're so much more to me than adequate
I'm hanging on to every word you speak
I'll burn the torch until you come to me

I'm glad we met
So sad you left
Sometimes the
Sweetest things turn sour

The time we spent
Was heaven sent

Opened my eyes
And stole my hours

Glad we met
Glad we met
Glad we met

Glad we met
Glad we met
Glad we met

Glad we met
Glad we met
Glad we met
Glad

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