

Swingin' Utters "Leaves Of Fate"

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The grapes are ripped straight off the vine before ripe
The fifths are drank the eighths smolder in the pipe
Complaints to celebrate are fathomed and condomed
Such a fucked up state not just wired drunk and stoned

This must be for someone else
Debauchery must be for someone else
Someone else
For someone else

The drapes are drawn to be ignored to be polite
They stand to leave and can't stand to leave your side
The walls were painted white now stained a color bone
The calls are weak and faint holler into the phone

This call must be for someone else
This privacy must be for someone else
Someone else
For someone else

Then I step into the room
With plans to stay accept the doom
I'm not about to lose my cool
I'm just the lout to play the fool

Leaves fall from the trees tangle in the rakes
Leaves call out to me, "what angle to you take?"
Leaves are glistening, glorious in the morning dew
Leaves are listening flooring us with storied truths

This must be for someone else
Leaves of fate must be for someone else
Someone else
For someone
For someone else

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