

## Swingin' Utters "Mother Of The Mad"

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now you can't help feelin' your the mother of the mad  
while market street's reelin in memory of the dead and  
capp street's greeting the tourists with good head you  
got your fix with the tricks that put you on your death  
bed life moves along and the trains are backing up and  
accidents will happen you can bet you're on then-judah  
put your pills in your coffee and liven up your cup  
'cause the mother of the mad needs the stimulant to  
love mother of the mad, sister of the sad brother of the  
bad and it's the only father you will ever have i was lost  
for words and the screams were curious i was giddy  
for the girls who found me hideous wishing for a world  
that would spin less furious because the money and  
time spent has become too obvious the lesson and the  
leash the leader and the led smith and wesson teach  
the bleeder to be bled reasons out of reach feeders  
overfed if you catch the mumbled speech the jargon's  
overhead  
(Bonnell/Koski)

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