

Swingin' Utters "Mr. Believer"

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Pick up the lines between your eyes grow up and get
yourself to feeling younger longer for the sunshine
waiting for an early rise won't it just shame you? shall I
stop and blame you? no one's gonna call you an
ambitious teacher or a "get things done" move on to
the next one achiever
You will always be nearly a dreamer you got by the
misleading name of Mr. Believer

caustic remarks throw you aside distraught with
disbelief buried alive oh and I have seen the likes of
you grow weaker each passing, men like me digging
your grave deeper rapped up and blindfolded barely
breathing broke nowhere to go but eyes still shining
you crass cowardly clown there's no "Shangri-La" and it
don't get any better than right where you are

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