

Swingin Utters "Next In Line"

Visit "[Next In Line](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

Born on the southside you live alone Four walls a roof
and it's always cold look out the window and there is
nothing to see. But, a Riot torn city and the death of
your country and your chilled to the bone with no
possessions to call your own yet you control your rage
and you resist the crime Because your the next in line

Out the back door and to the corner store all you want
is a drink and nothing more Sit on the stoop and Let the
liquor sooth your pride before you go inside you cut in
front and now your the next in line you never thought
you'd lead a life of crime freedoms the only thing you
need but the truth is something few understand and an
unwelcome reality now it's dark and Black and sad and
gone you express and repress the things gone wrong
and you want to be the man who ran away and you wish
you could go back to yesterday Now he's in her room
and he's about to lie so you pull the gun squeeze the
trigger and you let the bullets fly... (Huber)

Visit [Swingin Utters](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.