

Swingin' Utters "No Grooves in Gunsight"

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My bag of tricks is down to just to a bag. A home for the filthy, the filthy rich's rags. Fortitude for many, a humping hole for hags. No substitute nor substance, life on the smelter's slag. I'm the scapegrace who scissored through by busline. See no sympathy for obstacle, the stepped on and deprived. Plug my ears, cover my eyes, but my fingers leak the cries of civilian, bombardier-evil ones, either side. An idle domicile of steel, bombed to a tin. No privacy, no profit, no prophecy to win. To show what she's got inside, to show she's wearing thin. To offend fuckall, if she has fuckall to defend.

No grooves in gun sights. Run through the dog bites. Jesus and Mary might.

Her bag of tricks is down just to a bag. A home for the filthy, the filthy rich's rags. Fortitude for many, a humping hole for hags. No substitute nor substance, life on the smelter's slag. When baby cries she's mother's little parasite. She bites off more than she can chew to secure her appetite. Mother's got a pocket full of unheard lullabies. There is no groove in her bomb site. My friends were denied fuel by decree. Gassed up goons on the fumes, void all civility. Each shouting, "It will take a burden to break me, even on my bum knee. And if you can handle a little sting, it wouldn't hurt to believe me." A creed, this dying breed, huddled close in the corners. The framing of the fraud, the immortal mourner. Made to shirk the shit of battle, hearts of boron. A selfish, sinking ship with life rafts for the morons.

No grooves in gun sights. Bullets pierce the sunrise. Cover your son's eyes.

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