

## Swingin' Utters "Petty Wage"

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I've said and once too often, some things I'd never say  
again. in streams of thoughts unbroken I fish for a few  
good men

Sundays and holidays and twelve hours straight no pay  
for bloody hands and believe me they pay a petty wage  
my poor self pity speaks with sobbing, mumbled words  
strewn with the awful taste of bad, cowardly prose  
I'd take some time to get my posture set straight if I  
had the chance I'd break and subdue the scheming  
hands of fate.

Wrap up your limp red mass of knuckles and fingertips  
it's fighting time and time to battle with your wits, time  
to spit back when you're spit upon, when you're left for  
head. time to hit the road when the road you're on had  
run out of tricks

And I don't want your Sundays & holidays of twelve  
hours straight no pay for bloody hands, no I don't want  
your fucking petty wage!

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