

Swingin' Utters "Pills and Smoke"

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I was a city baby raised on a well worn street
My daddy hated it because of its fame
I never noticed really I was too young at the time
To care about the history in its name

Some years go by and they move me to the sticks
Some dinky satellite of my old home
And it was there I took off to meet my mind on the
streets
And it was there I made off on my own

And I've been sick
And I've been tired
I've been a madman slashing tires and starting fires
I'm not afraid
Cowards be damned
I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and I'm teenage

A few wasted years, a cup of tasteless tears
I learned my lessons the old fashioned way
Some think I'm angry and mean, but, hell, I'm only
eighteen
There's only so much a kid can take

Another day, another time, My life and loves are in line
But I never lost the nerve that I had
It kept my insides clean my soul solid and lean
My independence guiding me through the crap
And I've been sick
And I've been tired
I've been a madman slashing tires and starting fires
I'm not afraid
Cowards be damned
I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and I'm teenage

I'm full of pills and smoke and I'm teenage
I ain't more, I can't get outta this
Gotta get some more pills,
Gotta get some more smoke,
Go on, go robbin'

And I've been sick

And I've been tired
I've been a madman slashing tires and starting fires
I'm not afraid
Cowards be damned
I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and I'm teenage

Gimme' some pills and smoke!

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