

## Swingin' Utters "Proven Song"

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Old men run on gasoline from the stations of the past  
and the things that they can teach you, son, I hope to  
God they'll ever last. The crow isn't afraid of the man  
that you put in the field where you plant your food. The  
mailman doesn't care if your mother died, or anything  
at all

It's a proven story It's a spoken word and it's a pretty  
girl that drives me mad, well, they come and go they  
stay the same you may not see them past, but the  
things that they can teach you son I hope to God they'll  
ever last. There's a man with a switchblade knife in the  
street and there's a man sowing seeds in the hot  
summer heat they don't even know your name they're  
always there it's all the same.

Its a proven story its a spoken word and its a pretty girl  
that drives you mad. In the city place and the market  
place they'll always rip you off. Take a walk to the  
country side you might find what you've always sought.  
I may not know about a goddamn thing about you or  
anybody else. I'm not afraid of getting away with  
making judgements about yourself.

Its a proven story its a spoken word and its this life  
we're living thats so absurd. I like to walk on vacant  
streets to clear my mind of everything thats crass. I like  
the wind, I like the rain I like to kick my own ass. It's a  
proven story its a spoken word. And its this life we're  
living thats so absurd.

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