

Swingin' Utters

"Reggae Gets Big in a Small Town"

Visit "[Reggae Gets Big in a Small Town](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm expending my last energy, I feel good, though, cuz
I'm seldom seen. A perfect picture I found in a dream I
jab and move punches soft as whipped cream, I'm
ripped and torn but never on the seam. I'm spitting,
shitting - excretings tough. I'm dressed real sharp but
in fisticuffs My drinks go down, they never come up. I
take the train, the verticals are much to rough It's a
shame that I'm a powder puff. I'm feeling good I was
told not to touch. Reggae gets big in a small town. What
ever happened to the original sound. Reggae gets big
in a small town I'll tell my friends I'm leaving town.
When reggae gets big in a small town I just want to split
town. When reggae gets big in a small town I just want
to leave town. I'm setting all my limits low so when I
reach for the sky I'm up to my elbows, where eagles
dare? No, I'm fucking with the crows, I'm flapping my
wings but they're lazy and slow. I thought my cement
was hardening but I was standing in cookie dough. I
baked a dozen so I'd have something to throw!

Visit [Swingin' Utters](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.