

Swingin' Utters "Scum Grief"

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I try to please them with my way most every day i try to
please you while i'm here wasting away i'll promise you
a world so wide, love replace my lies in time with truth,
love. Access to exits everywhere far and away
blueprints of passageways lest i need an escape i need
a way out of my life, love some hidden path we take in
stride, love. I'm always full of "woe is me" and i'm
ashamed don't want to spend my days as some
hippocratic slave my field of vision's blurred and blind,
love my drinks are always running dry, love. Cautious
and apathetic, brutal and in blame my life a straw
house in the wake of hurricanes pray you don't upset
me or mine, love don't pity vague petty minds, love.
Call me pathetic call me a bore you don't even take the
time to call me anymore so tired and tragic squalid
and vain sometimes i swear i don't even remember my
name.

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