

Swingin' Utters "Second Skin"

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Try to act this way and that become some beaming
bitch's pet though you feel like a rat and it's plain that
you're all that you accuse yourself of selling out to the
souls searching familiar clout and excuse yourself for
slipping still though your cleats are clung to this
landfill. You wear your mask it's second skin fits like a
glove you don't disguise 'cause pleasing them is all
you think of. All you can hope to be is a shadow of the
man you once could have become you covet the
catalyst and shun the sheep pocket the profits stolen
from the meek punish yourself for feeling vain banish
yourself from the contented place tomorrow wants you
every fucking day you may as well start digging your
own grave. You wear your mask it's second skin fits like
a glove you've taken to task daydreaming shut-ins and
their stocks. I'm all over it all over it all it's fantastic fit
so snug and smug and swell. You wear your mask it's
second skin fits like a glove you wear your mask you
bow your head keep on the road

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