

Swingin' Utters "Sign it Away"

Visit "[Sign it Away](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

the day grows old and gray with rain skies and the
troubles keeping you are likewise go to bed after
television as outside the moon is turning crimson
all alone like a Sunday "tomorrow's no different" as
you say sleep with a drink in your hand stick your head
in the sand and sign it all away

the tomb where the deadmen sleep reminds you that
your time's too short to grow remorseful you prick up
your ears and find it disconcerting to hear the din of
the boys in the chapel praying

you've got a burden that's sandbagging you but you
can't quite let it out it's like a poison like a sickness
that's got you cryin' out

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