

Swingin' Utters "Something Sticky"

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Are you guilty of this game that got me in this seat or
grateful for the cross that kept Jesus off his feet filling
up the tissue box instead of using the sheet wipe off
remote control don't push button "delete"

Something sticky, something itchy my visions aren't
polite 'cause I'm talkin' 'bout my life the churches on
my drive are gloomy in the light

Are you innocent of emission stains on my underwear
or indecent, no complaints give a fuck or even care the
situation's getting rough odors once foul are now fair
are you tugging on the tension strings or are my rings
caught in your hair

Something sticky, something itchy be killed my lonely
heart and seize when I'm in the crowd a small piece of
the biggest part is the easiest to live out grab hold of
my stiff limbs and catch me when I fall stick to what you
got for the most part it is all (Bonnel/Maurer)

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