

Swingin' Utters "Sustain"

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I can't believe the things you say to me are so boring I
can't believe anything you do to me is done sober I
can't obtain a sense of patience, and I can't ordain you
as my patient, but you chew away at all my nerves like
I'm your servant I sit alone with the others and I blame
you talk of your mother and the senseless way she
must have raised you I can't let go of this insanity can't
blow you off like a dead leaf on a tree you stick around,
I hope you get yours soon, you deserve it

I can't sustain it

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