

Swingin' Utters

"(Take me to the) Riverbank"

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Times have changed and the change of time's slow
going my ramble tamble's still in tact and I've got
plenty guts still showing all along the levy where we
just sat and sometimes drank one the weeds are
growing over all of our summer days long gone
Just take me to the riverbank with no clouds in the sky
and if you do, I won't give my thanks but I'll stay there,
till I die

I've grown and shedded some I've shed the ones I
used to care for it seems they're all long dead and
gone but they're still up to the same chores along the
endless streets that are now breeds of walking feet
that I just don't have the time for

Now I start to save my time pack my things and say
good-bye unsatisfied and anxious now I want to blow
away from here just take me to the riverbank just take
me to the riverbank where waters run like some
mistake and I can make my history.

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