

## Swingin' Utters "The Black Pint"

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I've been dishelved by this drink, by the pint's sight and  
stink never enough times to stop and make me think  
I've wrapped around some fingers, riddles rich in  
ringworm I'm swollen still, poisoned by the sting  
the black pint is my drink  
you see my link  
I steal and you sink  
you spill and I drink  
she's broken saintly vows, she's viable and loud  
auspiciously, she kicks me when I'm down I'll never  
leave her side, because of my pissiness or pride oh,  
how I'm shady, in the shadow of my bride  
the black pint is my dream  
from orange, white and green

with nightmares of poteen.  
spittin' up in the sink  
shove it up your ass in your ear my dear it's the best  
thing that's happened to me in 28 fucking years  
so I'll thank my lucky stars that there's a bad moon to  
rise it's the best god has to offer, to hang in our  
skies and when your snubbed then loved and it's like  
you're fondling the dove you better suck on something  
scared, because you'll never see above  
the black pint is my drink you see my link I steal and  
you sink you spill and I drink

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