

## **Swingin' Utters**

### **"The Next In Line"**

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born on the southside, you live alone four walls and a  
roof but's always cold look out the window and there is  
nothing to see but, a riot torn city and the death of your  
country and your chilled to the bone with no  
possessions to call your own yet you control your rage  
and you resist the crime because your the next in line  
Out the back door and to corner store all you want is a  
drink and nothing more sit on the stoop and let the  
liquor soothe your pcide before you go inside you in  
cut in front and now your the next in line you never  
thought you'd lead a life of crime

freedom's the only thing you need but the truth is  
something few understand and an unwelcome reality  
now it's dark and black and sad and gone you express  
and repress the thing gone wrong and you want to be  
the man who ran away and you wish you could back to  
yesterday now he's in her room and he's about to lie so  
you pull the gun and squeeze the trigger and let the  
bullets fly...

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