

Swingin' Utters "Time Tells Time"

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look through these empty eyes and past the desolation
in them is realized the drama of frustration taken paths
worn down with life, sanctified with tension oh, the
glory of a working day is glory only to the bossman
time will tell if time
is standing by my side
and life will blink its eyes

as I work myself blind
we hide ourselves in a blur of lust, liquor and nostalgia
tramp down the gravel on our streets like passive
strikers take a pint of sins to wash away what you
should be guilty conscience but guilt is somewhere far
and away to shrug the system is how we like it

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