

Swingin' Utters "Troubador"

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the fog comes in and out with the tides like my pocket
watch it doesn't keep the time spitting smoke
combustion from foreign cars choking my family
history with the bloody wars troubador, whats the
score? standing in line with the tenderloin whores
troubador, take a fucking tour 'cause my eyes are
welling up from the last g-chord

break-time satisfies with tar and nicotine and the
church bells afternoon licks ring of blasphemy true to
filth and form bus and trolley off the track and line
lunch time whistles stop the workers but not the
troubador's crime the pub patrons spend their wages in
mumbled bouts the grub merchants chewed the fat
then chewed you out pedestrian, night journeyment
pass your separate ways when you're eating from the
piss trough they're all pissing in your plate troubador,
less is more is it in your heart to give up the floor
troubador, pissed and poor tell me something I haven't
heard before
(Bonnell/Koski)

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