

## Swingin' Utters "Watching the Wayfarers"

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We saw gold when there was only dust in the worst we  
saw in us what no one else could we traveled far and  
tramped the dirt down deep to where our souls could  
keep the time and never rest. Mind the road flares  
watch the steep stairs pace yourself harbor your fate  
temptation, hate, destiny sells. I've asked all the bitter,  
hapless, and broken down they just return my frowns  
and tell me to forget simplicity is not what i was hoping  
for i thought it'd be much more than what i'd always  
dreamt. Read the roadmaps thumb through atlases  
and charts try to lose yourself in powder, booze and  
bars. I'll return to all my favorite hunts frequent familiar  
spots i never really left distance myself from scattered,  
lofty thoughts make them resolute, destitute, vague  
and deaf.

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