

Swingin' Utters "Well Wisher"

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Slow motion cigarettes hang from your sweaty lips five
bottles of stale, pissy ale stumble to your pale wrists
thin man with unkept hair clean shave, but a glassy
stare you've lost it all boy, and so young
I'll remember times like these with a bit of satisfaction I
remember somber days and with more to come, surely
won't forget them.

Stick figure twig of a boy toothy grin, a slim bit of poise
he says "I'll take you down with one blow" and though
we laugh, he does quite well.
These are times where we all look onward not what's
now, but what's to come a lot of pride and a shade of
hope, am I the only one who gets the fucking joke?

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