

## Swingin' Utters "Windspitting Punk"

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give me just a second to grasp your two-bit theories as  
that's more than enough time i need to see through  
their innate queries you're telling me to shape up or  
ship out but i'd never shape myself for something so  
offending as you and your kind

one day you sweetly sigh and say to yourself "music's  
my religion and i'm born again" next week your muse  
has got some corporate cash and all of a sudden the  
tunes are crap keep your politics to yourself, kid to me  
you're just spitting wind a windspitting punk with high-  
brow views a P.C. fool who's saying nothing new again  
and again

what about the kids, piss-poor people and the broke or  
the sluts with overflowing pockets? or the cursed fucks,  
pointin' pistols at the pope. are they jusy martyrs fallen  
from your graces? (Koski/Goddard/Bonnel/Huber)

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