

Bigot's Barrel

Swingin' Utters

he was spoken to just to be put down and he was 22 when helped
off the ground beaten black and blue when his color was brown a
nd shining shoes in a dirty town
the bigots barely outnumber my regrets
as I float around like shit in the bay
the bigot's barrel just another white melee
it's just another fucking windy day
he's free to choose but his choices are few the rope is loose b
ut it's tied in a noose he prays to god in the back of the chur
ch pews they won't pass the plate to the blacks or the Jews
she's feeling free until "he" gets a free feel a reeling plea i
n machismo battlefield "I'm up to my neck in the rawest of raw
deals while I'm choking on the B.C. pill"
"I know the rules to know that they're confused and wrong. I'd
read my rights it wouldn't take too long. I'll take an inch, n
o more is offered to a pawn. I wasn't asked, I will respond!"