

Eddie's Teddy

Swingin' Utters

From the day he was born, he was trouble.
He was the thorn in his mother's side.
She tried in vain, but he never caused her nothing but
shame.
He left home the day she died...

From the day she was gone, all he wanted
Was rock'n'roll, porn and a motorbike
Shooting up junk
He was a low-down, cheap little punk.
Taking everyone for a ride...

When Eddie said he didn't like his teddy you knew he
was a no-good kid
But when he threatened your life with a switchblade
knife
What a guy
Makes you cry
And I did.

Everybody shoved him, I very nearly loved him
I said hey listen to me, stay sane inside insanity
But he locked the door and threw away the key...

But he must been drawn into something
Making him warn me in a note which reads (what's it
say, what's it say?)
"I'm outta my head, O hurry or I may be dead.
They mustn't carry out their evil deeds..."

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What a guy....oh oh oh
Makes you cry.... hey hey hey
And I did.