

Forward to Fun

Swingin' Utters

everybody's looking forward to fun
blaring rotten, cook and matlock and jones
carry bodies hide fingers under the leaves
you're scaring me please

i'll tell my older brother looking to run
to trail his crummy bookies' line of action
the failed and petty crooked-ass thieves aren't willing
to please

and i want to
surf the ocean with this board made out of soul
never want to
dwarf emotions for my daughters' hearts of gold
to be perfectly stoned
and get outside and work my lazy bones

scary thoughts are cooking, the cook is a punk
harry rags and sooty, i'm elephant's trunk
the buried bodies growing wings under my feet
apparently cheat

daring daughter's chocking, "i married a chump"
young mary's father broke in, "i'll make him a stump"
hurried prodding just might sever arteries
appendage and meat

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