

## Good Things

## Swingin' Utters

Medicate yourself,  
You'll feel much better  
Take those drugs again,  
They'll take you higher  
Smoke your cigarettes for stress  
Drink more just to feel less  
This must feel like paradise  
But better

As if any of those squareheads  
Know better  
They wish they have the guts,  
Glory and power  
If only they could think less  
Lay the pages of their book to rest  
Keep our little minds open,  
Feel better

We'll drink to this today,  
Until it goes away  
We'll pray and feel ashamed  
Until another day  
It's better that we're tamed  
That pain will leave you lame  
I'd rather be good and numb  
Before I'm maimed

You're stubborn like your parents  
And their mothers  
You're selfless, sometimes rude  
But it don't matter  
They all think you can do no wrong  
You've just been unlucky, you've been wronged  
You're waiting for your time  
Things will be brighter

They dose those schoolboys and their mothers  
I'm sure they even dose each other  
What's the worse that can happen, tell me brother  
Why not throw in the towel and have another?