

Lepers, Thieves And Whores

Swingin' Utters

Lovely sons and daughters
This ole life can get you down
As the days shrink one inch shorter
Keep your eyes glued to the ground

Now tuck your wings behind you
Cuz the wind can be so strong
Grab your things and mind you
All the kids can be so wrong
Bring papers and please help me off the floor
And sing for lepers, thieves and whores

Hey there granddad don't be bitter
All your fortunes are scattered on the sand
For sure is one thing she's turned out better
Because she knows she's in good hands

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Grab your things and mind you
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