

Mother of the Mad

Swingin' Utters

now you can't help feelin' your the mother of the mad while market street's reelin in memory of the dead and capp street's greting the tourists with good head you got your fix with the tricks that put you on your death bed life moves along and the trains are backing up and accidents will happen you can bet you're on then-judah put your pills in your coffee and liven up your cup cuz the mother of the mad needs the stimulant to love mother of the mad, sister of the sad brother of the bad and it's the only father you will ever have i was lost for words and the screams were curious i was giddy for the girls who found me hideous wishing for a world that would spin less furious because the money and time spent has become too obvious the lesson and the leash the leader and the led smith and wesson teach the bleeder to be bled reasons out of reach feeders overfed if you catch the mumbled speech the jargon's overhead