

Next in Line

Swingin' Utters

Born on the southside you live alone Four walls a roof and its
always cold look out the window and there is nothing to see. Bu
t, a Riot torn city and the death of your country and your chil
led to the bone with no possessions to call your own yet you co
ntrol your rage and you resist the crime Because your the next
in line

out the back door and to the corner store all you want is a dri
nk and nothing more Sit on the stoop and Let the liquor sooth y
our pride before you go inside you cut in front and now your th
e next in line you never thought you'd lead a life of crime fre
edoms the only thing you need but the truth is something few un
derstand and an unwelcome reality now its dark and Black and sa
d and gone you express and repress the things gone wrong and yo
u want to be the man who ran away and you wish you could go bac
k to yesterday Now he's in her room and he's about to lie so yo
u pull the gun squeeze the trigger and you let the bullets fly.
.. (Huber)