

Strongman

Swingin' Utters

You feel stupid Tired of losing Each game brings you misery Each situation appears Just to fool you You feel ill with awful nausea And a subtle hysteria That keeps you Paranoid and looking over your shoulder So cut all the little people off They're just debris from giant blocks And you're the strongman who keeps pounding with a hammer They cut you down with razer tongues and gave you lashings from their songs You're the strongman and all around you hear their laughter You've the strength of twenty men and spill the guts of most of them until you're empty and ashamed and out of charisma you've a golden heart of stone and secret memories of passion that you hide from all the ugly people that despise you