

The Next in Line

Swingin' Utters

born on the southside, you live alone four walls and a roof but
it's always cold look out the window and there is nothing to see
but, a riot torn city and the death of your country and your c
hilled to the bone with no possessions to call your own yet yo
u control your rage and you resist the crime because your the n
ext in line

Out the back door and to corner store all you want is a drink a
nd nothing more sit on the stoop and let the liquor soothe your
pcide before you go inside you in cut in front and now your th
e next in line you never thought you'd lead a life of crime
freedom's the only thing you need but the truth is something fe
w understand and an unwelcome reality now it's dark and black a
nd sad and gone you express and repress the thing gone wrong an
d you want to be the man who ran away and you wish you could ba
ck to yesterday now he's in her room and he's about to lie so y
ou pull the gun and squeeze the trigger and let the bullets fly
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