

A Promise To Distinction

Swingin' Utters

One I was younger than
The youngest of fragile minds
I ate the day with bad manners
Then spit out the rind

And mother told me
As I looked to the sky
Yes my mother told me "My dear son,
You're not the one"

I flew from home when I was just twenty-one
Young enough to be the feather of someone
I've got a conch pissed with conch republic rum
My father by my side, teary-eyed, he said:
"Son, by god what I could have done,
And you're just like me,
You can really put 'em down
oh if I was in your place I'd stay, have fun
But I'm not the one"

Now I'm sitting here
Haggling over sums
Of money made by someone else
To me it don't belong
I toss a smile to the mighty boss
He's my God
But I'm a bit backwards
And I know he's just a fucking dog.