

## Nothing To Rely On

### Swingin' Utters

Biting on rebar, cinder block mind. Time was on his side until  
it made him unkind. The filth of his work has now settled on his  
heart. His company is doing well, but it's tearing him apart.  
Nothing to rely on. You got to get inside of him.

Standing up, standing tall, now he's falling down. Thanking God  
he's human because his faults lie all around. His beat up, old  
Cadillac looks good in the dark. The sun can destroy good looks,  
even though we're just talking about cars.

Nothing to rely on. You got to get inside of him.

The union has backed him up, he was blessed with two kids. His  
wife routinely loves him, he says he supports invalids. His beat  
up, old Cadillac looks good in the dark. The sun can destroy  
good looks even though we're just talking about cars.