

## Pills & Smoke

### Swingin' Utters

I was a city baby raised on a well-worn street my daddy  
hated it because of the fame  
I never noticed really I was too young at the time to  
care about the history in it's name  
Some years go by and then I moved to the sticks some  
dinky satellite on my home  
And it was there I took off to meet my mind on the  
streets and then I made off on my own

And I've been sick  
And I've been tired  
I've been a madman slashing tires and starting fires  
I'm not afraid  
Cowards be damned  
I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and i'm teenage

A few wasted years a cup of tasteless tears I learned  
my lessons the old fashioned way  
Some think I'm angry and mean, hell, I'm only eighteen  
there's only so much a kid can take.  
Another day, another time my life and loves are in line  
but I never lost the nerve that I had  
I kept my insides clean my soul solid and green my  
independence guiding me through the crap

I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and I'm teenage  
I need it more and I can't get out of this bed  
Gotta get some more booze  
Gotta get some more smoke  
Come on, it's all around me

Gimme some pills and smoke