

Sign It Away

Swingin' Utters

the day grows old and gray with rain skies and the troubles keep
ping you are likewise go to bed after television as outside the
moon is turning crimson

all alone like a Sunday "tomorrow's no different" as you say sl
eep with a drink in your hand stick your head in the sand and s
ign it all away

the tomb where the deadmen sleep reminds you that your time's t
oo short to grow remorseful you prick up your ears and find it
disconcerting to hear the din of the boys in the chapel prayin
g

you've got a burden that's sandbagging you but you can't quite
let it out it's like a poison like a sickness that's got you cr
yin' out