

The Dirty Sea

Swingin' Utters

Nothing comes over me
Nothing like inspiration
Not even on the seaside
No fantasies to ration
The swell looks mighty slim
And the water level's down
The dirty sea adds to the junk I'm in
Until the sun creeps up the sound

And then I'm outright broken
Disgusted and outspoken
My drinks are watered down and sick
Like my old man's tired convictions
Nobody has a hold on me

At dusk it gets mighty dim
And the lights fire up the beach
I don't feel much like a swim
'Cause I'm afraid of the dirty sea
The swell looks mighty slim
And the water level's, they're all down
The dirty sea adds to the junk I'm in
Until the sun creeps up the sound
I wake myself hastily
In time for the break of day
The air smells sweet by the sea
It stinks of my old memories
I try to grab hold of things
Or anything I can reach
But I'm only swatting at air
Staring blankly at the dirty sea