

Troubador

Swingin' Utters

The fog comes in and out with the tides like my pocket watch
It doesn't keep the time spitting smoke combustion from
Foreign cars choking my family history with the bloody wars
Troubador, what's the score? standing in line with the
Tenderloin whores troubador, take a fucking tour 'cause my
Eyes are welling up from the last g-chord

Break-time satisfies with tar and nicotine and the church bells
Afternoon licks ring of blasphemy true to filth and form bus
And trolley off the track and line lunch time whistles stop the

Workers but not the troubador's crime the pub patrons spend
Their wages in mumbled bouts the grub merchants chewed the fat
then chewed
You out pedestrian, night journeyment
Pass your separate ways when you're eating from the piss
Trough they're all pissing in your plate troubador, less is mor
e
Is it in your heart to give up the floor troubafor, pissed and
Poor tell me something I haven't heard before