

# Swingin' Utters, Don't Ask Why

Metal guitars in every town  
White rap and DJ's, hard and loud  
You slice through strange air  
The new icon in eden  
Clueless and arrogant  
A beast of no real burden

All of your answers pose as questions  
As per the rules and regulations  
You're allowed to fuck the world  
And still get to fuck the girl  
So content with being average  
As all the kids finger your curls

And now  
Your place in life  
Is to bow down  
Not to ask why  
Just shut your mouth  
give it to them  
and do or die

Your future never was so bright  
'Cause you never were the sharpest knife  
You've had the time of your life  
With more cash than you can carry  
And those sleeves not six months old  
Tell tall tales of your story

Polluted air filled with your sound  
You're all big package and low brow  
Bridges, Barbed wire, and mirrored walls  
You've built yourself into it all  
You spend your precious time  
Perfecting every line  
Pratice your pretension  
Because they buy it every time