

Swingin' Utters, Good People

Did you ask that man
On the corner for the time of day
Did he shrug and glance at his wrist and say
"Dunno, here you go"
And hand you a fool's gold watch
I should tell you some sacred stories
Secret and confound
But by God you tell me
That's the point
Go on and get your fortune told
Give away your fortune
You're fortunate enough to have one
You're morally disconnected
You seem to be a mistress or some forgotten wallflower
The cliché of an old man's dreams
The storybook disease
In a rush to get out and leave
Mister good for nothing
Miss disease
In need of heartache
Beg now and then
For a sin to appease
Beg now and then for a sin to appease