

Swingin' Utters, No Grooves In Gunsight

My bag of tricks is down to just to a bag. A home for the filthy, the filthy rich's rags. Fortitude for ma
No grooves in gun sights. Run through the dog bites. Jesus and Mary might.
Her bag of tricks is down just to a bag. A home for the filthy, the filthy rich's rags. Fortitude for ma
No grooves in gun sights. Bullets pierce the sunrise. Cover your son's eyes.