

# Swingin' Utters, Pills And Smoke

I was a city baby raised on a well worn street  
My daddy hated it because of its fame  
I never noticed really I was too young at the time  
To care about the history in its name

Some years go by and they move me to the sticks  
Some dinky satellite of my old home  
And it was there I took off to meet my mind on the streets  
And it was there I made off on my own

And I've been sick  
And I've been tired  
I've been a madman slashing tires and starting fires  
I'm not afraid  
Cowards be damned  
I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and I'm teenage

A few wasted years, a cup of tasteless tears  
I learned my lessons the old fashioned way  
Some think I'm angry and mean, but, hell, I'm only eighteen  
There's only so much a kid can take

Another day, another time, My life and loves are in line  
But I never lost the nerve that I had  
It kept my insides clean my soul solid and lean  
My independence guiding me through the crap

And I've been sick  
And I've been tired  
I've been a madman slashing tires and starting fires  
I'm not afraid  
Cowards be damned  
I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and I'm teenage

I'm full of pills and smoke and I'm teenage  
I ain't more, I can't get outta this  
Gotta get some more pills,  
Gotta get some more smoke,  
Go on, go robbin'

And I've been sick  
And I've been tired  
I've been a madman slashing tires and starting fires  
I'm not afraid  
Cowards be damned  
I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and I'm teenage

Gimme' some pills and smoke!