Swingin' Utters, A Promise To Distinction

One I was younger than The youngest of fragile minds I ate the day with bad manners Then spit out the rind

And mother told me As I looked to the sky Yes my mother told me "My dear son, You're not the one"

I flew from home when I was just twenty-one Young enough to be the feather of someone I've got a conch pissed with conch republic rum My father by my side, teary-eyed, he said: "Son, by god what I could have done, And you're just like me, You can really put 'em down oh if I was in your place I'd stay, have fun But I not the one"

Now I'm sitting here
Haggling over sums
Of money made by someone else
To me it don't belong
I toss a smile to the mighty boss
He's my God
But I'm a bit backwards
And I know he's just a f**king dog.