

# Swingin' Utters, Five Lessons Learned

Five lovely lessons learned today  
Coating my throat with the dust of a new day  
As the saints pray their lonely way  
And their deadweight lays the passion to waste

Maybe if I sew my heart on my sleeve  
They'll drop the bomb on me and I'll wake up  
I can only fix so much in my sleep  
I can only drink so much from this empty cup

I know I must not think bad thoughts  
I'm always beaten to the punch  
I'm holding aces high and low  
And in between I'm trying to break my fall

Give me a piece of what you've got  
I'll make it new with much less thought  
it's symbolic and full of trash  
Lofty endearments whispered under your breath

Five lessons remembered from yesterday  
Easing my mind and seizing each new day  
Beyond and back I'm still the same  
Kicked over some old trash but I still waste