

# Swingin' Utters, Heaven At Seventeen

You reached for heaven at seventeen  
And caught the clap from some teenage queen  
Took some tablets, hit it again  
and that's all right  
Sometimes you took the stacked deck too far  
Some say you took it all way too hard  
The mediocrity in moderation  
was way too tight

Did you ever stop to think  
of what was real?  
Did you compromise your time  
just to cop a feel?

Sometimes you think that the time flew by  
Some twenty years ago come July  
You're getting older but not so wise  
And that's all right  
You go for words that you cannot reach  
Spew antiseptic allegories  
a walking diuretic  
of dictionary rhymes

Don't you even know your dreams  
are not for real  
Don't you ever find it hard  
to forge what you feel

Just quit your bitching and confess  
the time of your life just came and went  
you're gonna drown in shallowness  
in the empty sea of frat boys and dunces

You reached for Heaven at seventeen  
and caught the clap from some teenage queen  
woke up from your suburban daydream  
opened your eyes