

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