

# Swingin' Utters, Leaves Of Fate

The grapes are ripped straight off the vine before ripe  
The fifths are drank the eighths smolder in the pipe  
Complaints to celebrate are fathomed and condomed  
Such a fucked up state not just wired drunk and stoned

This must be for someone else  
Debauchery must be for someone else  
Someone else  
For someone else

The drapes are drawn to be ignored to be polite  
They stand to leave and can't stand to leave your side  
The walls were painted white now stained a color bone  
The calls are weak and faint holler into the phone

This call must be for someone else  
This privacy must be for someone else  
Someone else  
For someone else

Then I step into the room  
With plans to stay accept the doom  
I'm not about to lose my cool  
I'm just the lout to play the fool

Leaves fall from the trees tangle in the rakes  
Leaves call out to me, "what angle to you take?"  
Leaves are glistening, glorious in the morning dew  
Leaves are listening flooring us with storied truths

This must be for someone else  
Leaves of fate must be for someone else  
Someone else  
For someone  
For someone else