

Swingin' Utters, No Time To Play

They've laid to rest mortality, blessed themselves with immorality, gazed into the eyes of innocents
they say, "no time to play, you cannot stay, appreciate the mess i've made" then they tu
i've seen the young bystanders get shown the view from their watchtowers and with their stealth an
i don't blame traders ah, how ignorance is bliss it's so fucking easy to be bought and sold when you