

Swingin' Utters, Nothing To Rely On

Biting on rebar, cinder block mind. Time was on his side until it made him unkind. The filth of his words
Nothing to rely on. You got to get inside of him.
Standing up, standing tall, now he's falling down. Thanking God he's human because his faults lie a
Nothing to rely on. You got to get inside of him.
The union has backed him up, he was blessed with two kids. His wife routinely loves him, he says I