

Swingin' Utters, The Black Pint

I've been disheveled by this drink, by the pint's sight and stink, never enough times to stop and ma
She's broken saintly vows, she's viable and loud. Auspiciously, she kicks me when i'm down. I'll ne
The black pint is my dream. From orange white and green. With nightmares of poteen. Spittin up in
So I'll thank my lucky stars that there's a bad moon to rise. It's the best God has to offer to hang in