

# Swingin' Utters, The Stooge

I've kept it in my heart  
for over twenty fucking years  
And all that time washing away  
With the stench of my spilt tears  
I've lingered on the amorous  
Transformed into something hideous  
With the love of life felt to new extents  
And reaching new heights of ugliness

The Stooge  
Stool pigeon of idiots  
King of jesters, pawn of comediennes  
A pillar that supports my own demise  
Believing all that seen  
Throughout my vacant eyes

I'm rewriting paragraphs  
In my life that don't read well  
Once opposed to editing my regrets  
I've grown sick of this denial  
Tempted every hour  
By the benefits of being a liar  
Turning my back at what's at hand  
And writing stupid verse to make it all seem grand

Some say there's something to strife  
That serves those grieving spineless artists  
Transforms shit into a masterpiece  
And makes their vain attempt at pain  
So fucking romantic

And I'm certain that someday my time will come  
I'll crash and burn like everyone