

Swingin' Utters, Tomorrow Is Not New

Bite your tongue, fight your addictions. Fall in line ,fall in love and know your predictions.

Tomorrow is not new.And yesterday was due.

Ridiculed by the fools, usually the culprit. Figurines and little beads, Jesus Christ and pulpit.

Put on the pedastal by work mates and your pedigree.By the balls, the rise and fall of the hatred th

Entrance keys, threshold fees. Exits to your memory. Waited death, bated breath. I sleep with no a