

Swingin' Utters, Unpopular Again

It's been a prosperous four years
Many have come and staked their claim
But now it's over and the halls are cleared
And you're unpopular again

It takes so little time at all
To see who can really play the game
And before the winters fall
We won't be seeing you the same
And when I'm lost in all my thoughts
While I'm driving 'round the Bay
As the foundation slowly rots
Won't we ever find our way

Of all the ones who've come and gone
It never matters all the same
And as the day's so very long
It's all right to miss the train