

## A Promise To Distinction

Swingin' Utters

One I was younger than  
The youngest of fragile minds  
I ate the day with bad manners  
Then spit out the rind

And mother told me  
As I looked to the sky  
Yes my mother told me "My dear son,  
You're not the one"

I flew from home when I was just twenty-one  
Young enough to be the feather of someone  
I've got a conch pissed with conch republic rum  
My father by my side, teary-eyed, he said:  
"Son, by god what I could have done,  
And you're just like me,  
You can really put 'em down  
oh if I was in your place I'd stay, have fun  
But I'm not the one"

Now I'm sitting here  
Haggling over sums  
Of money made by someone else  
To me it don't belong  
I toss a smile to the mighty boss  
He's my God  
But I'm a bit backwards  
And I know he's just a fucking dog.