

A Step to Go

Swingin' Utters

This place is empty except for the stationary bottles of whiskey and barstools still standing concussion headache from blissful evening of confusion muttered speech from too much drinking the cars are idling near out of gas and lifeless like the people standing persuaded by the temptress cut up and cunning the brute keeps going nobody caring for the chaos he's arousing always a step to go a step to go a step to go too far seems like the only steps taken are in the wrong direction but we keep stepping on each other breaking each rung on the ladder always a step to go a step to go a step to go much further persistent rhythms clutter dispersal then come together to discuss the times they hung up on the clothesline in bad weather the television whines and tells us different sides of things that we don't care about, taking up our time the road ends short with malice no road maps to direct us so we come up one step short of satisfaction always a step to go, a step to go...