

## Fruitless Fortunes

Swingin' Utters

The fascists and their many guises  
Anarchists and their fantasizing  
It seems sometimes they're sailing the same boat  
Politicians mesmerizing throngs of automated souls  
As some similar psycho's screwing on the scope

I'm leaving town  
To join sophisticates in my head  
We'll have our fun playing the hypocrite critic  
And when all the creatures in their palaces are crushed  
I can safely say "I'm coming home"

Fairy tales and fruitless fortunes  
Acquired from some sad story teller  
Can sometimes be enough to keep me mum in my keep  
Organ grinders orating overtures of madness  
As the heinous hipster's spending his unearned currency

There may be many ways of reaching the same plateau  
I'll take the road less traveled  
If it looks like it ain't been sold  
The chains around my neck won't break  
But at least they're made of solid