

Glad

Swingin' Utters

Some sang their songs
Like they're flying on uppers
So sweet and smug
That I lose my supper

Some mumble psalms
Of solace and virtue
Hang by their palms
And choke on the cud they chew

I'm glad we met
So sad you left
Sometimes the sweetest things turn sour

Love songs are cheap
And only get cheaper
They prey on the meek
Who only get Meeker

Cliches sung by stars
Looks so good on paper
Each bar fed to you
A faux communion water

Don't even think of being average
'Cause you're so much more to me than edequate
I'm hanging on to every word you speak
I'll burn the torch until you come to me

I'm glad we met
So sad you left
Sometimes the sweetest things turn sour
The time we spent
Was heaven sent
Opened my eyes and stole my hours