

Heavy Head

Swingin' Utters

The fortune teller drops his books
And searches for some better hook
To try on someone not as wise as you
A renegade in cheap cologne
With a mishap's dreams, and love old
And gone, the smell of whiskey on his hands

Destroy your confidence
A last ditch effort at happiness
Relaxed at the thought of this,
Of what may happen next
The best to come,
The worst road to run

You get up with a heavy head
Too much drink, a waste of sleep
Penniless enough to bring you down to this
She caught you on a wary night,
Was rewarded with a burst of smile,
Now you've got the guilt of the last ones
Who end up in last

She's not the girl, she ain't the one
Who you spend all nights dreaming of,
But does it matter,
Is what you want a test?
Of the heat of the sun,
Of the worst road to run

You take what you want
And I give what I've got
Then you turn it around
You play all the games
The hash marks are carved
Where they're sure to be found
I'm not eager, man
I'm not begging for the beast
To come on out