

Mother of the Mad

Swingin' Utters

now you can't help feelin' your the mother of the mad while mar
ket street's reelin in memory of the dead and capp street's gre
eting the tourists with good head you got your fix with the tri
cks that put you on your death bed life moves along and the tra
ins are backing up and accidents will happen you can bet you're
on then-judah put your pills in your coffee and liven up your
cup cuz the mother of the mad needs the stimulant to love mothe
r of the mad, sister of the sad brother of the bad and it's the
only father you will ever have i was lost for words and the sc
reams were curious i was giddy for the girls who found me hideo
us wishing for a world that would spin less furious because the
money and time spent has become too obvious the lesson and the
leash the leader and the led smith and wesson teach the bleede
r to be bled reasons out of reach feeders overfed if you catch
the mumbled speech the jargon's overhead