

Next in Line

Swingin' Utters

Born on the southside you live alone
Four walls a roof and its
always cold look out the window and there is nothing to see. But,
a Riot torn city and the death of your country and your child
led to the bone with no possessions to call your own yet you control
your rage and you resist the crime Because your the next
in line

out the back door and to the corner store all you want is a drink
and nothing more Sit on the stoop and Let the liquor soothe your
pride before you go inside you cut in front and now your the
next in line you never thought you'd lead a life of crime freedoms
the only thing you need but the truth is something few understand
and an unwelcome reality now its dark and Black and sad and gone
you express and repress the things gone wrong and you want to be
the man who ran away and you wish you could go back to yesterday
Now he's in her room and he's about to lie so you pull the gun
squeeze the trigger and you let the bullets fly.
.. (Huber)