

Pills & Smoke

Swingin' Utters

I was a city baby raised on a well-worn street my daddy
hated it because of the fame
I never noticed really I was too young at the time to
care about the history in it's name
Some years go by and then I moved to the sticks some
dinky satellite on my home
And it was there I took off to meet my mind on the
streets and then I made off on my own

And I've been sick
And I've been tired
I've been a madman slashing tires and starting fires
I'm not afraid
Cowards be damned
I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and i'm teenage

A few wasted years a cup of tasteless tears I learned
my lessons the old fashioned way
Some think I'm angry and mean, hell, I'm only eighteen
there's only so much a kid can take.
Another day, another time my life and loves are in line
but I never lost the nerve that I had
I kept my insides clean my soul solid and green my
independence guiding me through the crap

I'm full of pills and smoke and booze and I'm teenage
I need it more and I can't get out of this bed
Gotta get some more booze
Gotta get some more smoke
Come on, it's all around me

Gimme some pills and smoke