

## Scum Grief

### Swingin' Utters

I try to please them with my way most every day i try to please  
you while i'm here wasting away i'll promise you a world so wi  
de, love replace my lies in time with truth, love. Access to ex  
its everywhere far and away blueprints of passageways lest i ne  
ed an escape i need a way out of my life, love some hidden path  
we take in stride, love. I'm always full of "woe is me" and i'  
m ashamed don't want to spend my days as some hippocratic slave  
my field of vision's blurred and blind, love my drinks are alw  
ays running dry, love. Cautious and apathetic, brutal and in bl  
ame my life a straw house in the wake of hurricanes pray you do  
n't upset me or mine, love don't pity vague petty minds, love.  
Call me pathetic call me a bore you don't even take the time to  
call me anymore so tired and tragic squalid and vain sometimes  
i swear i don't even remember my name.