

Stuck in a Circle

Swingin' Utters

All of my own is here for you
I swear it's true
Although these consequences
Seem to break us into two
It's not just a fancy for false words
The moments are true
It's not some fantasy or falsehood
Sent from far out of the blue

Sometimes the only things I stumble on are words
The pain is worse than falling down a flight of stairs

We're all in a circle, it all comes back to you
We're all recycled, put together with old news

All of my thoughts are yours to keep
It's all for free
They come with my memories
Good and bad, simple and true
I'm not trying to get out of this cheaply
Fill up with hope
Or a false sense of security
For that I'm getting too old