

## Time Tells Time

### Swingin' Utters

look through these empty eyes and past the desolation in them i  
s realized the drama of frustration taken paths worn down with  
life, sanctified with tension oh, the glory of a working day is  
glory only to the bossman  
time will tell if time  
is standing by my side  
and life will blink its eyes  
as I work myself blind  
we hide ourselves in a blur of lust, liquor and nostalgia tramp  
down the gravel on our streets like passive strikers take a pi  
nt of sins to wash away what you should be guilty conscience bu  
t guilt is somewhere far and away to shrug the system is how we  
like it