

Petty Wage

Swingin' Utters

I've said, and once too often, some things i'd never say again. in streams of thoughts unbroken i fish for a few good men (chorus) sundays and holidays and twelve hours straight no pay for bloody hands and believe me they pay a petty wage my poor self pity speaks with sobbing mumbled words strewn with the awful taste of bad, cowardly prose. (Chorus) i'd take some time to get my posture set straight if i had the chance i'd break and subdue the scheming hands of fate. wrap up your limp red mass of knuckles and fingertips it's fighting time and time to battle with your wits, time to spit back when you're spit upon, when you're left for dead. time to hit the road when the road you're on has run out of tricks (chorus) i don't want your sundays and holidays of twelve hours straight no pay for bloody hands, no i don't want your fucking petty wage (Koski)

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