Sign It Away

Swingin' Utters

The day grows old and gray with rain skies and the troubles keeping you likewise go to bed after television as outside the moon is turning crimson All alone on a Sunday "tomorrow's no different" as you say sleep with a drink in your hand stick your head in the sand and sign it all away The tomb where the deadmen sleep reminds you that your time's too short to grow remorseful you prick up your ears and find it disconcerting to hear the din of the boys in the chapel praying You've got a burden that's sandbagging you but you can't quite let it out it's like a poison like a sickness that's got you cryin' out (Koski)

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