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 wide, love replace my lies in time with truth, love. Access to exits everywhere far and away blueprints of passageways lest i need 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 always running dry, love. Cautious and apathetic, brutal and in blame my life a straw house in the wake of hurricanes pray you don'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.

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