Fruitless Fortunes

Swingin' Utters

The fascists and their many guises
Anarchists and their fantasizing
It seems sometimes they're sailing the same boat
Politicians mesmerizing throngs of automated souls
As some similar psycho's screwing on the scopeI'm leaving town
To join sophisticates in my head
We'll have our fun playing the hypocrite critic
And when all the creatures in their palaces are crushed
I can safely say "I'm coming home"Fairy tales and fruitless fortunes
Acquired from some sad story teller
Can sometimes be enough to keep me mum in my keep
Organ grinders orating overtures of madness
As the heinous hipster's spending his unearned currencyThere may be many ways of reaching the same plateau
I'll take the road less traveled
If it looks like it ain't been sold
The chains around my neck won't break
But at least they're made of solid

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