Reggae Gets Big in a Small Town

Swingin' Utters

I'm expending my last energy, I feel good, though, 'cause I'm seldom seen. A perfect picture I found in a dream I jab and move punches soft as whipped cream, I'm ripped and torn but never on the seam. I'm spitting, shitting - excretings tough. I'm dressed real sharp but in fisticuffs My drinks go down, they never come up. I take the train, the verticals are much to rough It's a shame that I'm a powder puff. I'm feeling good I was told not to touch. Reggae gets big in a small town. What ever happened to the original sound. Reggae gets big in a small town I'll tell my friends I'm leaving town. When reggae gets big in a small town I just want to split town. When reggae gets big in a small towm I just want to leave town. I'm setting all my limits low so when I reach for the sky I'm up to my elbows, where eagles dare? No, I'm fucking with the crows, I'm flapping my wings but they're lazy and slow. I thought my cement was hardening but I was standing in cookie dough. I baked a dozen so I'd have something to throw! (Bonnel)

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