The Next In Line

Swingin' Utters

Born on the southside you live alone Four walls a roof and its always cold look out the window and there is nothing to see. But, a Riot torn city and the death of your country and your chilled to the bone with no possessions to call your own yet you control your rage and you resist the crime Because your the next in line out the back door and to the corner store all you want is a drink and nothing more Sit on the stoop and Let the liquor sooth your pride before you go inside you cut in front and now your the next in line you never thought you'd lead a life of crime freedoms the only thing you need but the truth is something few understand and an unwelcome reality now its dark and Black and sad and gone you express and repress the things gone wrong and you want to be the man who ran away and you wish you could go back to yesterday Now he's in her room and he's about to lie so you pull the gun squeeze the trigger and you let the bullets fly... (Huber)

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