

# Little Creeps

## Swingin' Utters

To all of those with dead end jobs and dead end lives and loves to all dead weight with no cause at all all the predictable ones to the suit and to the peon to the drunk and the loved ones and to all the lonely and the meek. Let my thoughts and mind go and just let me slip away let me let go of my ego let me give it all away you can buy some if you want to as long as i don't have to stay i'll just give it to you little creeps and greet another day.

You take them for a ride from station to destination like some bullet train of providence with no sense of direction you've been taken for a ride around a world just for your taking been tossed off and deemed pathetic and left to your own devices. Where do you want to go? To where the grass will always grow? Someplace where no one stops to stare anywhere but here anywhere but there. I like to taste the red red wine and celebrate temptation i'm that useless coin in the wishing well full of promise and great notions so full of pride and shit and passions all left to my discretion as the little creeps look on in awe taking notes and learning lessons. They asked me where i want to go i answer "nevermind" i've rambled in the cities and i've roamed the countrysides what's left is what i haven't seen or missed while dreaming in my sleep there's another side where the grass is green and void of little creeps.

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