A Promise to Distinction

Swingin' Utters

One I was younger than
The youngest of fragile minds
I ate the day with bad manners
Then spit out the rindAnd mother told me
As I looked to the sky
Yes my mother told me "My dear son,
You're not the one"I flew from home when I was just twenty-one
Young enough to be the feather of someone
I've got a conch pissed with conch republic rum
My father by my side, teary-eyed, he said:
"Son, by god what I could have done,
And you're just like me,
You can really put 'em down
oh if I was in your place I'd stay, have fun
But I not the one"Now I'm sitting here
Haggling over sums
Of money made by someone else
To me it don't belong
I toss a smile to the mighty boss
He's my God
But I'm a bit backwards
And I know he's just a fucking dog.

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