The Stooge

Swingin' Utters

I've kept it in my heart
for over twenty fucking years
And all that time washing away
With the stench of my spilt tears
I've lingered on the amorous
Transformed into something hideous
With the love of life felt to new extents
And reaching new heights of uglinessThe Stooge
Stool pigeon of idiots
King of jesters, pawn of comediennes
A pillar that supports my own demise
Believing all that seen
Throughout my vacant eyesI'm rewriting paragraphs
In my life that don't read well
Once opposed to editing my regrets
I've grown sick of this denial
Tempted every hour
By the benefits of being a liar
Turning my back at what's at hand
And writing stupid verse to make it all seem grandSome say there's something to strife
That serves those grieving spineless artists
Transforms shit into a masterpiece
And makes their vain attempt at pain
So fucking romanticAnd I'm certain that someday my time will come
I'll crash and burn like everyone

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