Tied Down, Spit On

Swingin' Utters

you better go, or you'll be stepped on with your sharpened bayonette boots you'll be long gone you gotta go, you gotta get on with all the glory of good riches you've been brainwashed (Chorus) and as far as for all the days and what you'll do with them, just spend some quiet time you need some rest to mend, you're getting slow, you're getting old now, you gotta run, just like you used to, you're tied down, boy, you've been tied down and spit on. (Koski)

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