Derailer

Swingin' Utters

I'm flying off the handle again, i tried to keep in touch but my grip had loosened. The saints need a second look. I'm at the boreal banquet keeping warm boozin'. Derailed - i need help. God save the Queen i fucked up the ant trail. Derailed - i've been nailed. Keep falling off the cross the crucifixion failed. I'm stepping all over my friends. I tried to dodge the bullet but i'm a needy person. I need to get back on track. The pub's stoop pill pusher gave me pills to stop pushin'. Derailed - i need ale. To numb the pain and relax in hell. Derailed - i wanna kill. At the embarcadero on the third rail. Derailer is my friend. Then again, i am him. Derailer died for our sins, or was it just another drinking binge. I'm in a different kind of tension. Not to be discussed by professional theory. It's been going on for quite some time. Derailer gets by there's no need to worry. (Bonnel/Wickersham)

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