Five Lessons Learned

Swingin' Utters

Five lovely lessons learned today
Coating my throat with the dust of a new day
As the saints pray their lonely way
And their deadweight lays the passion to wasteMaybe if I sew my heart on my sleeve
They'll drop the bomb on me and I'll wake up
I can only fix so much in my sleep
I can only drink so much from this empty cupI know I must not think bad thoughts
I'm always beaten to the punch
I'm holding aces high and low
And in between I'm trying to break my fallGive me a piece of what you've got
I'll make it new with much less thought
it's symbolic and full of trash
Lofty endearments whispered under your breathFive lessons remembered from yesterday
Easing my mind and seizing each new day
Beyond and back I still the same
Kicked over some old trash but I still waste

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