Well Wisher

Swingin' Utters

Slow motion cigarettes hang from your sweaty lips five bottles of stale, pissy ale stumble to your pale wrists thin man with unkept hair clean shave, but a glassy stare you've lost it all boy, and so young
I'll remember times like these with a bit of satisfaction I remember somber days and with more to come, surely won't forget them.
Stick figure twig of a boy toothy grin, a slim bit of poise he says "I'll take you down with one blow" and though we laugh, he does quite well.
These are times where we all look onward not what's now, but what's to come a lot of pride and a shade of hope, am I the only one who gets the fucking joke?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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