Back to You

Swingin' Utters

Well I've been to town down every road and back
Drank all the pubs bone-dry in seconds flat
Been to holes in walls and bathroom stalls from the states to foreign parts
And I'm always left with sickness in my heartSo I'm comin' back to you
To what's always right and true
Comin' back to my saving grace
And I'm stayin' there with you

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