Playboys, Punks, and Pretty Things

Swingin' Utters

"A penny for your thoughts," he says as he swiftly slips from bed to bed and the thoughtful ones are charmed by him and the sexy ones turned on by him and he's knighted by casanova's kin and his ladies would never turn on him 'cause he's the cary grant of the party kings and the playboy of your wildest dreams wouldn't you like to be a sweetheart? Haven't you dreamed of being an upstart? Owning the heart of every beauty queen the envy of every ladies man-machine making regular stops at meat market spots lifting skirts and molesting tarts buying bottles and blow and whiskey shots for any femme fatale who's got an urge to fuck. Sometimes he's not alone he's got a family and home does he rent or does he own? Is he the villian in your tome? Has he forgotten his way? Has he a mind to leave the fray? Are you so naive and vague? Does it matter anyway? ly afternoon it's dead they've all gone down and off to bed and in his hands a fifth of gin, a fine young thing, some methedrine disgusted, drunk and all washed up and still nursing a stinking cup he shades his eyes from a cloudless sky and punkes it up, it's party time again. Combat boots are all laced up prada shoes with argyle socks seductive stares and massed up hair ripped and torn and now laid bare i'll take you to my little room i'll play you "fly me to the moon" relax, i'm clean and blind and free you won't gain anything from me. Come take comfort from the storm befriend the ones you scorned i'll be your savior and your saint i'll be what all the others ain't it's not as bad as it all seems what if this were all a dream? Do you have to be so plain? Does it matter anyway?

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