Windspitting Punk

Swingin' Utters

give me just a second to grasp your two-bit theories as that's more than enough time i need to see through their innate queries you're telling me to shape up or ship out but i'd never shape myself for something so offending as you and your kind
one day you sweetly sigh and say to yourself "music's my religion and i'm born again" next week your muse has got some corporate cash and all of a sudden the tunes are crap keep your politics to yourself, kid to me you're just spitting wind a windspitting punk with high-brow views a P.C. fool who's saying nothing new again and again
what about the kids, piss-poor people and the broke or the sluts with overflowing pockets? or the cursed fucks, pointin' pistols at the pope. are they jusy martyrs fallen from your graces? (Koski/Goddard/Bonnel/Huber)

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