Stupid Lullabies

Swingin' Utters

Cigarette Ashes
And tickets to free dinners
A buck bottle of wine
Under a minute of my time
I'll give you all that I have, son
It may be less than I have, son
Don't cut the lines that border us, son
Don't waste my time
You're no son of mine
I've got so many errands to run, son
Fraternize with poker buddies and their cash, son
I spent the better part of my life
Singing you stupid lullabies
And handcuffed tight behind my back
Under your mother's watchful eye
God rest her soul
And God bless a wasted life
(Koski)

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