Five Lessons Learned

Swingin' Utters

Five lovely lessons learned today
Coating my throat with the dust of a new day
As the saints pray their lonely way
And their deadweight lays the passion to wasteMaybe if I sew my heart on my sleeve
They'll drop the bomb on me and I'll wake up
I can only fix so much in my sleep
I can only drink so much from this empty cupI know I must not think bad thoughts
I'm always beaten to the punch
I'm holding aces high and low
And in between I'm trying to break my fallGive me a piece of what you've got
I'll make it new with much less thought
it's symbolic and full of trash
Lofty endearments whispered under your breath

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