

Glad

Swingin' Utters

Some sang their songs
They're flying on uppers
So sweet and smug
That I lose my supperSome mumble psalms
Of solace and virtue
Hang by their palms
Choke on the cud then chewI'm glad we met
So sad you left
Sometimes the
Sweetest things turn sourLove songs are cheap
And only get cheaper
They prey on the meek
Who only get meekerCliches sung by stars
Looks so good on paper
Each bar fed to you
A communion waterI'm glad we met
So sad you left
Sometimes the
Sweetest things turn sourDon't even think of being average
You're so much more to me than adequate
I'm hanging on to every word you speak
I'll burn the torch until you come to meI'm glad we met
So sad you left
Sometimes the
Sweetest things turn sourThe time we spent
Was heaven sent
Opened my eyes
And stole my hoursGlad we met
Glad we met
Glad we metGlad we met
Glad we met
Glad we metGlad we met
Glad we met
Glad we met
Glad

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