Another Day

Swingin' Utters

I've been back now for a day or two, at best and i'm punishing myself for taking the rest i've been in slumber and in splendor in my house with beer and whiskey, my new son and spouse well, they've welcomed me with open arms and handshakes at family get-togethers and at bars i've a massive gift collection in my pantry bottles of wine, dead drying roses and cheap cigars. Now i'm back to every day to the songs i have to play to the roads along the way all the people in the fray no more family or home 'cause my home is not my own got to get up and away to another day and place. I'm a speck in the collective minds of millions nothing but a pawn in my own twisted game i've a good mind to fuck off and finally leave it get an office job and settle with the dust and stains but she gives me reason to go and give it to them shovel the shit from drunken ramblings and perversions if i'm not laughed out of the ring then i've succeeded in bringing to some poor sap my new distractions. Now i'm feeling tame taut, detached and lame like a tired old cliche give me all the blame no more smiles or frowns just leave me blackened out amid familiar shouts i'll take the same old route. Misdirection leads me to it blindly maps and border crossings greet me kindly my bones are splinters used for extra kindling for the godsthat hover up and around me, laughing.

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