The Black Pint

Swingin' Utters

I've been disheveled by this drink, by the pint's sight and stink, never enough times to stop and make me think. I've wrapped around some fingers, riddled rich in ringworm. I'm swollen still, poisoned by the sting. The black pint is my drink. You see my link. I steal you sink. You spill and I drink
She's broken saintly vows, she's viable and loud. Auspiciously, she kicks me when i'm down. I'll never leave her side, because of my pissiness or pride. Oh, how I'm shady, in the shadow of my bride
The black pint is my dream. From orange white and green. With nightmares of poteen. Spittin up in the sink. Shove it up your ass. In your ear my dear. It's the best thing that's happened to me in 28 fucking years
So I'll thank my lucky stars that there's a bad moon to rise. It's the best God has to offer to hang in our skies. And when your snubbed then loved and it's like your fondling the dove. You better suck on something sacred, because you'll never see above. The black pint is my drink. You see my link. I steal and you sink. You spill and I drink. (Bonnel)

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