

# 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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