Bigot's Barrel

Swingin' Utters

He was spoken to just to be put down. He was 22 when helped off the ground. Beaten black and blue when his color was brown and shining shoes in a dirty town. (Chorus) The bigots barely outnumber my regrets (in the month of May) as I float around like shit in the Bay. The bigot's barrel just another white male melee (it's just another fucking windy day)
He's free to choose but his choices are few. The rope is loose but it's tied in a noose. He prays to God in the back of the church pews. They won't pass the plate to the blacks or the jews. (Chorus) She's feeling free until "he" gets a free feel. A reeling plea in machismo battlefield. "I'm up to my neck in the rawest of raw deals. While I'm choking on the B.C. pill" (Chorus) "I know the rules to know that they're confused and wrong. I'd read my rights it wouldn't take too long. I'll take an inch, no more is offered to a pawn. I wasn't asked, I will respond!" (Bonnel/Wickersham)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/