

# The Next In Line

## Swingin' Utters

born on the southside, and you're living alone  
Four walls and a roof but it's always cold  
Look out the window and there's nothing to see  
But a riot torn city, the death of your country  
You're chilled to the bone  
With no possessions to call your own  
You control your rage and you resist the crime  
'Cause you're the next in line Born on the southside, and you're living alone  
Four walls and a roof but it's always cold  
Look out the window and there's nothing to see  
But a riot torn city, the death of your country  
Now you're chilled to the bone  
With no possessions to call your own  
You control your rage and you resist the crime  
Because you're the next in line  
Out the back door and to the corner store  
All you want is a drink and nothing more  
Sit on the stoop and let the liquor  
Soothe your pride before you go inside  
Now you're chilled to the bone  
With no possessions to call your own  
You control your rage and you resist the crime  
You're the next in line You cut in front and you're the next in line  
You cut in front and you're the next in line  
You never thought you'd lead a life of crime  
You cut in front and you're the next in line  
Freedom's the only thing you need  
But the truth is something few understand  
And an unwelcome reality  
Now it's dark and it's black and it's sad and gone  
You express and repress the thing gone wrong  
And you want to be the man who ran away  
And you wish you could go back to yesterday  
Now he's in her room and he's about to lie  
So you pull the gun and squeeze the trigger and let the bullets fly...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>