

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/>