## Beck, Soul Suckin' Jerk

I got a job making money for the man throwing chicken in the bucket with the soda pop can puke green uniform on my back I had to set it on fire in a vat of chicken fat I leaped on the counter like a bird with no hair running through the mini mall in my underwear

I got lost downtown couldn't find a ride home sun went down I got frozen to the bone 'til a hooker let me share her fake fur coat as I took a little nap the cops picked up us both I tried to explain I was only trying to get warm I knew I never ever should have burnt my uniform he said 'too bad, better bite the bullet hard son' I didn't have no teeth so I stole his gun and I crawled out the window with my shadow on a spoon dancing on the roof, shooting holes in the moon

get busy, get busy, you know it

I ain't gonna work for no soul suckin jerk I'm gonna take it all back and I ain't sayin jack I ain't gonna work for no soul suckin jerk I'm gonna take it all back and I ain't sayin jack

standing right here with a beer in my hand and my mouth is full of sand and I don't understand fourteen days I been sleeping in a barn better get a paycheck tattooed on my arm whistlin dixie with the dixie cup filled with the barbecue sauce and the dental floss chill big fat fingers pointing into my face telling me to get busy cleaning up this place I got bent like a wet cigarette and she's coming after me with a butterfly net ridin on a bloodhound ringing the bell black cat wrapped in the road map to hell

pencil on my leg and I'm trying not to beg taking turns bakin worms with the bacon and eggs well they got me in a bird cage flappin my jaw like a pretzel in the stars just waitin to fall so give me what I got to get so I can go cause I ain't washin dishes in the ditch no more

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