

# Beck, Soul suckin jerk

I'm standin right here with a beer in my hand  
and my mouth is full of sand and I don't understand  
big fat fingers pointin' into my face  
tellin me to get busy cleanin' up this place  
fourteen days I've been sleepin 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  
I got bent like a wet cigarette  
and she's comin after me with a butterfly net  
ridin on a bloodhound ringin a bell  
black cat wrapped in the road map to hell  
pencil on my leg and I'm tryin not to beg  
takin' turns bakin worms with the bacon and eggs  
now 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  
cuz I ain't washin dishes in the ditch no more  
cuz I ain't gonna work for no soul-suckin jerk  
I'm gonna take it all back and I ain't sayin jack  
cuz I ain't gonna work for no soul-suckin jerk  
I'm gonna take it all back and I ain't sayin jack  
you know it  
that's right  
rockin the town like a moldy crouton  
flyin' through the air with breeze  
I got a job makin money for the man  
throwin' 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  
runnin' 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 tryin' 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  
dancin' on the roof, shootin' holes in the moon