

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