

Your Beef Is Mine

Fog

A three-piece suit on me
A tutu on you
In an empty airplane hangar
At a table for two

A pregnant pause
A thought exhaled
In the jowls of the work-week
Spare me the details

And if you ever did
Spy a giant squid
With your lazy eye
With its drooping lid
We're in this together
Son, your beef is mine

Well, Vern sunburns himself
For to peel the old him off
To find the red him underneath
The redder him, more raw

Scooping out his brains
With a rusted grapefruit spoon
Drinking his own urine
In the executive washroom

And if you've ever been
An unconvincing spokesman in
A seminar in telling jokes
Making (?) notes
We're in this together
Son, your beef is mine

But if you ever died
Or ever genuinely tried
Or if you ever were denied
Your elements or sense of pride

If you sputtered and you stuttered
And you tied yourself in knots
And under your breath
You muttered something someone else forgot

And if you ever have
Missed your flight to Leningrad
Running down some airport stairs
Semen running down your leg
We're in this together
Son, your beef is mine

Well, who tells you to work?
"The Devil"
Who tells you when you get a day off?
"The Devil"
And who gives you your pay?
"The damn devil"

Aw, and who takes it away?
"The devil"

That tape recorder (?) bag
Oh, he don't know how to act
Oh, he don't know how to throw
I want my fucking money back

Oh, I want to think without
Hearing my mind mouth talk
Be neutered and lobotomized
And pushed out of a truck

And if you ever were
Somewhere where you never were
Inside someone else's skin
Stealing someone's self from him
We're in this together
Son, your beef is mine.
Your beef is mine
Your beef is mine
Your beef is mine