

Your Belgian Things

The Mountain Goats

The men were here to get your Belgian things
They'll store them for you in an airplane hangar
There's guys in biohazard suits, mud caking on their rubber boots
They've come to keep your pretty things from danger

The men came here to get your Belgian things
They'll spend the whole day hauling them downstairs
I shot a roll of 32 exposures
My camera groans beneath the weight it bears

I can see you in my sleep
Playing the points for all your worth
Walking gingerly across
The bruised earth

The men came here to get your Belgian things
They waltzed right through the door and went fluorescent
Their boots were black and shiny and your treasures gleamed like stars
Bones from deep down in the fertile crescent

The arteries are clogging in the mainframe
There's too much information in the pipes
I saw the mess you left up in the east bedroom
A tiger's never gonna change its stripes

I guess, I guess
But Jesus, what a mess
One way in
No way out

The men came here to get your Belgian things
While I was only here to see them do it
I wish you had a number where you are
It's hard with no one here to help me through it

I can see you in my sleep
Playing the points for all your worth
Walking gingerly across
The bruised earth