

## 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