

# 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