

Soul Suckin' Jerk

Beck

I got a job making money for the man
Throwing 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
Running 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 trying 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
Dancing on the roof
Shooting holes in the moon

Get busy, get busy, you know it

I ain't gonna work for no soul sucking jerk
I'm gonna take it all back
And I ain't saying jack
I ain't gonna work for no soul sucking jerk
I'm gonna take it all back
And I ain't saying jack

Standing right here with a beer in my hand
And my mouth is full of sand
And I don't understand
Fourteen days I been sleeping in a barn
Better get a paycheck tattooed on my arm
Whistling Dixie with the Dixie cup filled
With the barbecue sauce
And the dental floss chill
Big fat fingers pointing into my face
Telling me to get busy
Cleaning up this place
I got bent like a wet cigarette
And she's coming after me
With a butterfly net
Riding on a bloodhound ringing the bell
Black cat wrapped in the road map to hell

Pencil on my leg and I'm trying not to beg
Taking turns baking worms

With the bacon and eggs
Well they got me in a birdcage
Flapping my jaw like a pretzel
In the stars just waiting to fall
So give me what I got to get so I can go
Cause I ain't washing dishes
In the ditch no more

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