

Troublemeat

Shriekback

It's a wild thing, a brittle thing
Some know it as the instrument of yearning
It knows you will capitulate
You're beeswax and the forest fires are burning
You can have a lot mates
Break a lot of plates
Make it to the end in one piece but it's still a mystery
It's not some mighty vision
It's more a dirty polaroid of history
This thing has claws and poison spores
This is a dirty bomb that blows off all the doors
It's what they call the troublemeat
The troublemeat

It's a no-large-potato-thing
But all your good sense cannot hold a candle
It's another pissing contest
'Tween the Devil and the nice guy in the sandals
You wanna say it's on the blink, put it in the sink
Take it to the landfill then go home and take a shower
It leaves its greasy tidemark
In a place your cleaning products cannot scour
This bitch got wheels
It mass appeals
And you will surely not remember how it feels
That's why they it's called the troublemeat
The troublemeat

It's an unprepossessive thing
A livid boil upon the arse of reason
It fucks with me perpetually
The filthy little monkey in its season
You can file away your teeth
Get up on the heath
Howling in the pouring rain and find out who will listen
I don't like to admit it
I sometimes think I live just for this frission
It licks its lips, swivels its hips
You think it's elegant but it's as cheap as chips
This lousy thing called troublemeat
The troublemeat