Idiot Brother

The Auteurs

They were hanging on For grim life They were clutching at straws They were sure That the ship was at port They were keen philosophers They were keen on hurt They were like A pair of dumb dogs Rolling in the dirt

(Thats) you and Your idiot brother Waiting in the wing Which one holds up the other Which one pulls the string

One bite of the apple One chop at the tree In your word as good as your bond Your stammer, your honesty You could have it for free Because nothing works For no-one And that wont work for me Nothing works For no-one at all No-one works for free

We were getting on famously I was doing my bit They got no claim on me So send me a writ I was walking Around your house In the middle of the night Home medicine erotica Is your prescription right?

I want to kill your sister Witch some business advice Never question your loyalty On the telephone line And what about our fat friend With the golden ear Upped and left Turned down your best shot Now youre in arrears