

Shit in Your Cut

Modest Mouse

I'd hate to be shit in your cut
But the package is gonna be late
I buried it in an abandoned lot
When I was young, this was where I played I'll go and have fits with my claws
Milk and corn dirt on my face
I'll wait until the hands fall off the clock
Spending dollars at the nickel arcade I think I'll ride this winter out
I guess we'll ride this winter out
Alone I ebb from side to side
Pace around the clothes I have laid
Based on the books and clothes on your floor
I don't think that this is even your place
When the doctor finally showed up, oh boy
His front was soaking wet
He said that this should do the trick
We hadn't told him what the problem was yet It was easier said to spend our stuff
In the windows once again
Open your pockets up and I'll set 'em on the table Line 'em up and shoo 'em off
Just Hell like a cobweb
And our windows practice folds if they are able The signs all flicker and buzz all night
Passing by you could hear them say:
"Hey, please won't you just come on in"
Won't you please just go away This time we'll ride this winter out
I guess we'll ride this winter out
I think we'll ride this winter out
This time we'll ride this winter out
And the strain ain't
In confidence and oh
Everyone needs to go Don't everyone go
Don't everyone go at once It's bullshit from the necks of hell
And our mothers sweet around
Soft sticky coal and the ravenous starve the ground And the strain ain't
In confidence and
Everyone needs to go Don't everyone go
Don't everyone go at once Well the strain ain't in confidence
Well the strain ain't in confidence Don't everyone go
Don't everyone go at once

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