

Shit in Your Cut

Modest Mouse

I'd hate to be the 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'd played
Dug under the fence with my claws
Smelled the cool dirt on my face
I'm waiting till the hands fall off the clock
Spending dollars at the nickel arcade
I think I'll ride this winter out
I guess I'll ride this winter out
You echo from side to side
Pacing in your clumsy ballet
Based on the books and clothes on the floor
I don't think this is even your place
When the doctor finally showed up (oh boy!)
His fur was soaking wet
He said that "this should do the trick"
We hadn't told him what the problem was yet
(Kaw kaw kaw kaw!) We'll have to ride this winter out
This time we'll ride this winter out
With the strain and the comforting you know everyone needs to go
But don't everyone go, don't everyone go at once
Expulsion from an exoskeleton of our mothers we arrive
Soft sticky and cold we arrive and then start to cry
All those insects I that sent are trapped in my window once
again
Empty their pockets out and I'll sort it at the table
Line 'em up then shoo 'em off
Sure as hell they'll all get caught in our window
Pockets full as they are able
The signs all flicker and buzz all night
Passing by you can hear them say
"Hey, please won't 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
(With the strain and the comforting you know everyone needs to go)
(But don't everyone go, don't everyone go at once)
(With the strain and the comforting you know everyone
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