

# Brother Rat / What Slayde Says

## NoMeansNo

Let's go out and see what we see  
Let's go out and see what we see  
Just you and me just you and me  
And there will be no other brother

Brother

We'll knock back a few and talk about life  
We'll knock back a few and talk about life

And what is right and what is right  
We'll talk about life and what is right

And there will be no other

Brother, buddy, pal, comrade, friend

Buddy, pal, comrade, friend

Until the end

A shake of the hand, a pat on the back  
A shake of the hand, a pat on the back

A knife in the back, a knife in the back

I'll buy you a beer, a knife in the back

And there will be no other

Brother

We're one in the same, you and me

We're one in the same, you and me

We're brothers, brothers in arms

We're friends until the end

We're brothers, brothers in arms

Until the end

Your end

Brother rat

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Slayde is my buddy, my pal, he is my brother I'am one, he is the other

When the sun shines, he is my shadow

And when the moon is high, it's at his feet I'lie

But i'll never listen to what slayde says

I'll never listen to what slayde says

Slayde's always talking, and it's rarely nice

He's always whispering his poisonous advice

He is secretive, ruthless and cold

He mentions just enough and leaves the rest untold

He said, "don't ever risk an open attack,  
Just smile into their faces and then stab them in the back"  
    But slayde, I'said, what about the weak,  
        The helpless and the small?  
    He just sneered and said, "fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all"  
    He said I'am a murderer, although i've killed no one  
        You talk in puzzles slayde, I'said,  
            What have you really done?  
    "I've cut the twining cord, i've shot the turtle dove,  
    I've shut out that precious light that shines from above"  
        Slayde, you are a poet, I'said  
            But what are you truly speaking of?  
He smiled and whispered, "I murdered love" he smiled and whispered,  
        "I murdered love"  
    I guess I'hate him, no, that's not really true  
        He's not completely bad,  
            Sometimes he'll crack a joke or two  
    I guess i've grown accustomed to his funny ways  
        It's not his fault that he was made that way  
        I hear him in my sleep, I'see him in my dreams  
        I see him crouched before some terrible machine  
        And then I'face a mirror and he steps in between  
            Can you tell me, what does this mean?  
            Can you tell me, what does this mean?  
    Now I'lay me down to sleep and pray to god my soul to keep  
        If I'should die before I'wake  
You'll know i've made my escape but there is one step i'll never take  
        I'll never listen to what a slayde says...

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Lyrics submitted by Janslike.

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