

Austrian Death Machine

"Idiot Brother"

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They were hanging on
For grim life
They were clutching
At straws
They were sure
That the ship was at port
As it sailed far from shore
They were keen philosophers
They were keen on hurt
They were like
A pair of dumb dogs
Rolling in the dirt
(That's) 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
Is 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 won't 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

With 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 you're in arrears

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