

Jandek

"Message To The Clerk, Pt.1"

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First I came to see the doctor, told him I was
unemployed
Asked me what I did for money, told him I was
overjoyed
To reach into the basket, and take a bunch of dimes
Drop them for the paper riddled with my rhymes
Take a message to the clerk, tell him not to work
Then I came to see the priest, said I knew God was
alive
He looked at me quite solemn, said "Son
don't give me that jive"
I reached into my pocket, pulled out .45
Said "Priest I got your number, and this
here ain't no jive"

Take a message to the clerk, tell him not to work

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