

## The Auteurs

# "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  
They were keen philosophers  
They were keen on hurt  
They were like  
A pair of dumb dogs  
Rolling in the dirt

(Thatç£— ) 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  
In 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 wonç£~ 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  
Witch 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 youç£-e in arrears

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