

Mountain Goats, The

"Your Belgian Things"

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The men were here to get your Belgian things
They'll store them for you in an airplane hangar
There's guys in biohazard suits
Mud kicking on their rubber boots
They've come to keep your pretty things from danger

The men were here to get your Belgian things
They'll spend the whole day hauling them downstairs
I shot a roll of thirty-two exposures
My camera groans beneath the weight it bears

I can see you in my sleep
Playing the points for all you're worth
Walking gingerly across the bruised earth

The men were here to get your Belgian things
They waltzed right through the door and went
flourescent
Their boots were black and shiny and your treasures
gleamed like stars
Bones from deep down in the fertile crescent

The arteries are clogging in the mainframe
There's too much information in the pipes
I saw the mess you left up in the east bedroom
A tiger's never gonna change its stripes
I guess
I guess but Jesus what a mess
One way in and no way out

The men were here to get your Belgian things
And only I was here to see them do it
I wish you had a number where you are
It's hard with no one here to help me through it

I can see you in my sleep
Playing the points for all you're worth
Walking gingerly across the bruised earth

