

Belt

Say Anything

I wouldn't sell my belt to industry
So they carded me and they carted me off
Naked but that belt around my waist
It was my father's once, I still see his face I said whoa, they carted me off
Yeah, whoa, they carded me But I managed to escape the good gendarme
I fled through field and farm, stripped of natural charm
Naked but that belt I wear so well
Past the pyramids and the liberty bell I said whoa, they carted me off
Yeah, whoa, they carded me Hey, this is something I have to do for myself
Yeah, this is something I have to do for myself
I have to for myself
I have to for myself, yeah, yeah
I ignored the sheep and shepherds on my way
What can their small words say when they say them that way?
Bathed in sweat, feathered as a crow
I laid a beating on the sleet and snow with my frostbitten toes I remained unrecognized in my
hometown
Beneath my monstrous gown of feather and down
But I gathered up an army made of those
Who aimed to shake them from their repose And we took up weapons, yeah
And we took off our clothes
And we took up weapons, yeah
And we took off our Hey, this is something I have to do for myself
Yeah, this is something I have to do for myself
I have to for myself
I have to for myself, yeah
So what say you and all your friends
Meet all of my friends in the alley tonight?
What say you and all your friends
Step up to my friends in the alley tonight?

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