

Leave Me On the Moon

Beck

When the fat man shaving
In the Pullman washroom
Grunts, "What's this?" Leave me on the moon
I must be coming back too soon
Pieces of pieces laying upon
Somebody's walking on my hands Leave me on the moon
Everybody knows it's true
Everything is good as long it's stays still
Coins jingle in my brain You've been watching me through your jewelry
Sending rings around my hands
Now that I'm near you, I slowly disappear you
Your fingernails are much too long

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