

Ghost Range (E-Pro) (Homelife)

Beck

See me comin' to town with my soul
Straight down out of the world with my fingers
Holdin' onto the devil, I know
All my troubles'll hang on your triggerTake your eyes and your mind from the road
Shoot your mouth off if you know where you're aimin'
Don't forget to pick up what you sow
Talkin' trash to the garbage around youSee me kickin' the door with my boots
Broke down out in a ditch of old rubbish
Snakes and bones in the back of your room
Handin' out a confection of venomHeaven's drunk from the poison you use
Charm the wolves with the eyes of the gambler
Now I see it's a comfort to you
Hammer my bones on the anvil of daylightI won't give up that ghost
It's sick the way these tongues are twisted
The good in us is all we know
There's too much left to taste that's bitterI won't give up that ghost
It's sick the way these tongues are twisted
The good in us is all we know
There's too much left to taste that's bitterNa na, na na, na na na
Na na, na na, na na na
Na na, na na, na na na

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Songwriters

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