

Nausea (OST Repo Man)

[Beck](#)

(One, two, three, four) Well I'm a sea-sick sailor on a ship of noise
I got my maps all backwards and my instincts poisoned
In a truth-blown gutter full of wasted years
Like blown-out speakers ringin' in my ears Oh, it's nausea, oh nausea, and we're gone
It's nausea, oh nausea, and we're gone I'm a straight-line walker with a black-out room
I push a shopping cart over in an Aztec ruin
With my minion fingers working for some god
Who could see his own reflection in a parking lot Oh, it's nausea, oh nausea, and we're gone
It's nausea, oh nausea, and we're gone (Let's go! Yeah! Hey! Woo-hoo! Say huh! Yahoo! Right on! Wooooo!
Come on!) Now I'm a priest teenager on a tower of dust
I'm a dead generator in a cloud of exhaust
In a long-living desert with skulls for my pets
I rate the days, one to ten, with lead cigarettes Oh, it's nausea, oh nausea, and we're gone
Nausea, oh nausea, and we're gone

Songwriters

HANSEN Published by

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