Whiskey Can Can

Beck

Come on now, bread and butter
No one knows a better mother
She's the guy who kills the sky
Burns the night out when she goes away
She's the boat in the sewer
She's the old man with manure
Rockin' all night like a drum
Goin' back where she comes from
Can of whiskey
Big guitars on the wall
Cracker jacks burn and fall
Styrofoam in her hair
She is barely anywhere
Can of whiskey
Can of whiskey
Can of whiskey

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