

Nausea

Beck

Now I'm a seasick 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
Now I'm a straight-line walker in 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
No, it's nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone
Now I'm a priest teenager on a tower of dust
I'm a dead generator in a cloud of exhaust
I eat alone in the desert with skulls for my pets
I rate the days, one to ten with lead cigarettes
It's nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone
Nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone

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