

# E-Pro

## 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 if you know where you're aimin'  
Don't forget to pick up what you sow  
Talking trash to the garbage around youNa na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na naSee 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 a gambler  
Now I see it's a comfort to you  
Hammer my bones on the anvil of daylightNa na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na naI 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  
Na na, na na na na naNa na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na naNa na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na na

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