

Motorcade

Beck

These toys are all lifeless, the armor's worn off
The shadow of a shadow is the ghost of a bomb
Skyscraper standing in a desert alone
A helicopter searchlight is searching for no one
We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top
The smokestack clouds with glory attached
We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top
The smokestack clouds with glory attached
The sky creatures dance in a parking lot wind
That blows from a Tundra where the jungle begins
If there's hope in a roadblock, guns in a church
The Lord will take his motorcade and drive us into the dirt
We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top
The smokestack clouds with glory attached
We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top
The smokestack clouds with glory attached
There's a skyscraper on the moon
And a man standing on a window, forty-second floor
There's a light beaming through the galaxy
Telling me everything's gonna be okay
We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top
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