Cyanide Breath Mint

Beck

Definitely this is the wrong place to be
There's blood on the futon
There's a kid drinking fire
Going down to the sea
They got people to meet
Shaking hands with themselves
Looking out for themselves
When they ask you for credit
Give them a branch
When they want you to get it
Chew on the grass
I know I know
'Cause they told me to tell you
There's nothing to tell you
There's nothing to sell you
In the afternoon
Riding the scapegoat
Burning equipment
Decomposing
Cool off your jets
Take off your sweats
I got a funny feeling
They got plastic in the afterlife
When they want you to cry
Leap into the sky
When they suck your mind
Like a pigeon you'll fly
I know I know
It's the positive people
Running from their time
Looking for some feeling

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