

Diamond Dogs

Beck

As they pulled you out of the oxygen tent
You asked for the latest party
With your silicone hump and your ten inch stump
Dressed like a priest you was, Tod Browning, streak he was
Crawling down the alley on your hands and your
knee
I'm sure you're not protected for it's plain to see
The Diamond Dogs are poachers and they hide behind trees
Hunt you to the ground, they will, mannequins with kill appeal (Will they come?)
I'll keep a friend serene
(Will they come?)
Oh, baby, come unto me
(Will they come?)
Well, she's come and been gone
Come out of the garden, baby
You'll catch your death in the fog
Young girls, call them the Diamond Dogs
In the year of the scavenger, the season of the bitch
Sashay on the boardwalk, scurry to the ditch
Just another future song, lonely little Keats
There's gonna be sorrow, try and wake up for tomorrow
The Halloween Jack is a real cool cat
And he lives on top of Manhattan Chase
The elevator's broke, so he slides down a rope
Onto the street below, oh, Tarzie, go man, go (Will they come?)
I'll keep a friend serene
(Will they come?)
Oh, baby, come unto me
(Will they come?)
Well, she's come, been and gone
Come out of the garden, baby
You'll catch your death in the fog
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