

# Gamma Ray

Beck

Trying to hold, hold out for now  
But with these ice caps melting down  
With the transistor sound  
And my Chevrolet Terra plane  
Going 'round, 'round, 'round Come a little gamma ray  
Standing in a hurricane  
Your brains are bored like a refugee  
From the houses burning  
And the heatwave's calling your name She's got on a cactus crown  
With a dot, dot, dot on her brow  
And she speaks inside crowd  
With the cavalry turning around Hit me like a gamma ray  
Standing in a hurricane  
And I'm pulling out thorns  
Smokestack lightning out my window  
I want to know what I've lost today Come a little gamma ray  
Standing in a hurricane  
When your body's bored like a refugee  
From the houses burning  
And the backbiters calling your name

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