

Rowboat

Beck

Rowboat, row me to the shore
She don't want to be my friend no more
She dug a hole in the bottom of my soul
She don't want to be my friend no more Pick me up, gimme some food to eat
In your truck, goin' no place
I'll be home, talkin' to nobody
You'll be strange, you'll be far away Big fat moon
And my body's out of tune
With the burnin' waves
She's a billion years away
Dog food on the floor
And I been like this before
She is all
And everything else is small Pick me up, gimme some alcohol
In your truck, playin' the radio
I'll be home with the gasoline
You'll be stoned, you'll be far away

Songwriters

Beck Hansen Published by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>