

# Painted Eyelids

[Beck](#)

I wake up and look upon your painted eyelids  
The world is your oyster and the trash bags are your kids  
The ceiling is invisible, there's a bird sinkin' through the sky  
And every hour that passes, is teachin' me how to cry  
'Cause it's lonely here in the ugly part of town  
The buildings are all vacant and the telephones are down  
There's a police siren singing, like a tiger with no skin  
The sewer drain is glowing and I don't know what state I'm in  
And the river is on fire, there's chemicals in the breeze  
And all the roads are blocked off 'cause they're just too hard to see  
So cancel my appointments and set up a whole new show  
'Cause I'm in need of a good hot meal and a life to call my own  
So get me a plate of money and get me a blanket and a chair  
The limitations are limitless, they're floating through the air  
Because it's real and it's true the things I see in you  
And there's nothing I wouldn't talk about  
You're the clearest dream that ever drifted by

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