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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