

# Satan Gave Me a Taco

## Beck

Satan gave me a taco  
And it made me really sick  
The chicken was all raw  
And the grease was mighty thick  
The rice was all rancid  
And the beans were so hard  
I was getting kinda dizzy  
Eatin' all the lard  
There was aphids on the lettuce  
And I ate every one  
And after I was done  
The salsa melted off my tongue  
Pieces of tortilla  
Got stuck in my throat  
And the stains on my clothes  
Burned a hole through my coat  
My stomach was a'tremblin'  
And I broke out in a rash  
I was so dry and thirsty  
And I didn't have no cash  
So I went and found a hose  
Tore off all my clothes  
Turned on the water  
And it shot right up my nose  
Some old lady came along  
And she thought I was a freak  
So she beat me with her handbag  
'til I could hardly speak  
I was lying there naked  
My body badly bruised  
In a pool of my own blood  
Unconscious and confused  
Well the cops came and got me  
And threw me in their van  
And I woke up on the ceiling  
And I couldn't find my hand  
They took me to the judge  
His eyes a'glowin' red  
The courtroom was filled

With witches and the dead  
Well the sheriff was a hell-hound  
With fangs and claws  
The prisoners were tied up  
And chained to the walls  
The air was getting thick  
The smoke was getting thicker  
The judge read the verdict  
Said "cut off his head!"  
Well they placed me on the altar  
And they raised up the axe  
My head was about to explode  
When I noticed the marshall stacks  
I noticed all the smoke machines  
Cameras and the lights  
Some guy with a microphone  
Runnin' around dancin' in tights  
And I noticed the crew  
And the band playin' down below  
And I realized I was in a rock video  
So I went and joined the band  
And I went out on tour  
And I smoked a lot of heroin  
And I passed out in manure  
I made out with the groupies (aw yeah)  
Started fires backstage (aw yeah, start 'em up)  
Made a lot of money (aw yeah, I'm makin' it)  
And I gave it all away (give it all to me)  
Well the band got killed (aw, bunch of losers)  
So I started a solo career (aw haw, yeah)  
And I won all the awards (get 'em all now)  
And I drank all the beer (drink it all up; get funky)  
And I opened up the taco stand (aw haw, etc.)  
Just to smell the smell  
Cookin' with the devil  
Fryin' down in hell

Songwriters

SCHULZ, FABIAN / BECK, DIETRICH / SEEFELDT, FRANK / STURM, GOLO / TRESKA, MICHAEL /  
WEISER, THOMAS

Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>