Tasergun

Beck

I got a room down in Hollywood
Rent was cheap, it was this rooming house
There was an old man who lived in the room next to me
We shared a bathroom in the hall
Stare at me through a crack in the door
Day I moved in I was playin' my guitar
Started bangin' on the wall with a boot
Then he came out, started banging on my door, kicked it open
Watch out son, I got a tasergun
Watch out son, I got a tasergun
He's on the loose, he's got the juice
Like a mad dog with no teeth
Spent his pension in adult bookstores
Bringin' strange young men home
He'd leave me notes in the bathroom
Accusin' me of stealin' his toilet paper
Come out into the hallway
Dressed up in a greasy bathrobe, tryin' to start a fight
He became known as the electric old man
And I still see him with his taser, comin' at me
Watch out son, I got a tasergun
Watch out son, I got a tasergun
He's on the loose, he's got the juice

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