

Electric Music & The Summer People

Beck

Out on the highway, I'm doing it my way
Zig-zag patients, vibrating the ancients
Handin' out money, the flies makin' honey
Beaches aplenty, the pigs on the levee
Let's don't be, like everyone else
With the one trip rooms and the halfway house
Big black drums beating the night
Running away, that's what I like
Seasons are turnin', villages burnin'
Convalescents open their presents
Wanderin' children, ready and willin'
Beggars and lightweights harness the highways
Let's don't be like everyone else
With the one trip rooms and the halfway house
Big black drums beating the night
Running away, that's what I like
Abandoned coal mine
We'll have a good time
Red tape rivals
Recycling bibles
Let's don't be, like everyone else
With the one trip rooms and the halfway house
Big black drums beating the night
Running away, that's what I like

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>