

# Gold Chains

## Beck

People lookin' fresh  
In their lightning bones  
Had the TB Blues  
I couldn't find no phones  
Women driving down  
In their whip flash rides  
Had a wooden nickel finger  
Pointing from all sides  
Tryin' to get together  
Into some kind of scene  
I shook my spice last Sunday  
Like a broken machine  
I got 50-foot woofers  
And I'm lonesome tonight  
I put my hands in the air  
Like a hazard light

I'm going back home  
With my gold chains swinging  
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With my gold chains swinging  
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With my gold chains swinging  
I'm going back home  
With my gold chains

(What's your name? Cheetah and Tammy)

Stealin' my water from an empty well  
I got birds of life and a chain-gang bell  
Smokin' cigarettes like an ass in the road  
I got debutantes with the elephant's gold  
Feast and famines all holding their hands  
Filling in the blanks with swollen glands  
Draggin' my heels down the varicose lanes  
Paradise landlords swingin' their chains

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