

# Beam

## Cymbals Eat Guitars

Beam me up to Jesus  
Beam me up to Jesus  
I'm ready m  
Spider on the water  
He's a spider on the water Save me please  
I got this hollowed book  
Full of my boring secrets I quit this year but then I bought a pack  
Have five or six then wet the rest  
I need this voice to sing  
The song's the only thing that  
Marks the time  
Catch the breeze  
Weary of Fake epiphanies  
Not the man  
That I hoped  
That's alright  
No one knows  
Saying "hey" to Satan  
He's a dog in the yard on Morningstar Half a buttered bagel  
That I slip under the fence as an offering  
Hot but his breath is freezing  
And all I am is guilty I quit this year but then I bought a dime  
I ride the train  
Count every pharmacy  
It's all we've got  
Out on this fucking rock I'm  
Marking the time  
Catch the breeze  
Weary of  
Fake epiphanies Not the man  
That I hoped  
That's alright  
No one knows  
But me  
But me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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