

# Forcefield

## Beck

Stand outside with a suitcase  
(There's a forcefield round my neck)  
Walk around all the while  
(And it stands just where I sat) Look at the people driving backwards  
(And the stance I took on that)  
No particular style  
(Leaves that forcefield round my back) Don't let it get near you  
Don't let it get too close  
Don't let it turn you into  
(And the stance I took on that)  
The things you hate the most  
(Leaves a forcefield round my neck) Roll out your silver-dollar coffins  
Pull out your buckskin gloves  
Tell them anything you want to  
The sound comes from above Don't let it get near you  
Don't let it get too close  
Don't let it turn you into  
(And the stance I took on that)  
The things you hate the most  
(Leaves a forcefield round my neck) Don't let it get near you  
Don't let it get too close  
Don't let it turn you into  
The things you hate the most There's a forcefield round my neck  
And it stands just where I sat  
And the stance I took on that  
Leaves a forcefield round my neck There's a forcefield round my neck  
And it stands just where I sat  
And the stance I took on that  
Leaves a forcefield round my neck

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