

The New Pollution

Beck

She's got cigarette on each arm
She's got the Lilly-white cavity crazes
She's got a carburetor tied to the moon
Pink eyes looking to the food of the ages
She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution
She's got a hand on a wheel of pain
She can talk to the mangling strangers
She can sleep in a fiery bog
Throwing troubles to the dying embers
She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution
She's got a paradise camouflage
Like a whip-crack sending me shivers
She's a boat through a strip-mine ocean
Riding low on the drunken rivers
She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution

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