

Send A Message To Her

Beck

Get up, son, hit you head like a drum
Weeds are all grown in vain
Too much time, I got too much time
Living in a waste of space
Take yourself, don't break yourself
It's all gonna be okay
Get used to it, don't lose your head
It's all gonna be the same
She knows, send a message to her
She knows
She knows, get a message to her
She knows
Send a message to her
Send a message to her
Don't kill it dead but don't let it die
There's a price sitting on your head
Face it down, don't turn it around
Unless you wanna be where you been
Take yourself, don't break yourself
It's all gonna be okay
Get used to it, don't lose your head
It's all gonna be the same
She knows, send a message to her
She knows
She knows, get a message to her
She knows
Send a message to her
Send a message to her
Send a message to her
Send a message to her
I spell out her name in cigarettes
And knives tryin' to see her
Get her a massage
On a dirty window tryin' to see her
I've been stripping the days
Off the sidewalks and pavement
The walls are all white
And we're painting them whiter
For the zig zag mainline, my radio's plastic

And I've tasted the fodder of a saccharine ending
Day job pay phone, one in a trillion
And the typecast heathen with the future all rancid
Something to believe, something to believe
Something to believe, something to believe
It doesn't hurt your feelings

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