

Ghost Range (E-Pro Remix By Homelife)

Beck

See me comin' to town with my soul
Straight down out of the world with my fingers
Holdin' onto the devil, I know
All my troubles'll hang on your trigger
Take your eyes and your mind from the road
Shoot your mouth off if you know where you're aimin'
Don't forget to pick up what you sow
Talkin' trash to the garbage around you
See me kickin' the door with my boots
Broke down out in a ditch of old rubbish
Snakes and bones in the back of your room
Handin' out a confection of venom
Heaven's drunk from the poison you use
Charm the wolves with the eyes of the gambler
Now I see it's a comfort to you
Hammer my bones on the anvil of daylight
I won't give up that ghost
It's sick the way these tongues are twisted
The good in us is all we know
There's too much left to taste that's bitter
I won't give up that ghost
It's sick the way these tongues are twisted
The good in us is all we know
There's too much left to taste that's bitter
Na na, na na, na na na
Na na, na na, na na na
Na na, na na, na na na

...

Songwriters

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