

Gamma Ray

[Beck](#)

Trying to hold, hold out for now
But with these ice caps melting down
With the transistor sound
And my Chevrolet Terra plane
Going 'round, 'round, 'round Come a little gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
Your brains are bored like a refugee
From the houses burning
And the heatwave's calling your name She's got on a cactus crown
With a dot, dot, dot on her brow
And she speaks inside crowd
With the cavalry turning around Hit me like a gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
And I'm pulling out thorns
Smokestack lightning out my window
I want to know what I've lost today Come a little gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
When your body's bored like a refugee
From the houses burning
And the backbiters calling your name

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