

# Nausea

## Beck

Now I'm a seasick sailor on a ship of noise  
I got my maps all backwards and my instincts poisoned  
In a truth blown gutter full of wasted years  
Like blown-out speakers ringin' in my ears Oh, it's nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone  
It's nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone Now I'm a straight-line walker in a black-out room  
I push a shopping cart over in an Aztec ruin  
With my minion fingers working for some God  
Who could see his own reflection in a parking lot Oh, it's nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone  
No, it's nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone Now I'm a priest teenager on a tower of dust  
I'm a dead generator in a cloud of exhaust  
I eat alone in the desert with skulls for my pets  
I rate the days, one to ten with lead cigarettes It's nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone  
Nausea, oh, nausea and we're gone

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