Modesto

Beck

You came, you went, my mind it got a dent
I couldn't make my rent 'cause all my cash was lent
This town is filled with thousand dollar bills
Laminated songs, contaminated lawns
Well, we eat about fifteen times a day
Starin' through a bag of Frito-lay
And I play with the fire in the stove
When my eyes peel out and my fingertips get cold
Well, it's real and it's fake and it's flamin' like a steak
And she's puttin' out my face with the rake
Oh, honey you knew
That you were my one and only blur
Unglued, depressed, the meatloaf in my chest
Personality test, I failed with the best
And I stomped and I stormed and I passed out in your dorm
Then you hustled me outside, I couldn't catch a ride
But the subway trains speak to me now
I'm browsing through the supermarket town
And the girls don't talk when I'm around
And I'm feelin' bad even though nothing's wrong
Chokin' on a breath mint
That's cool, yeah, that's cool

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