

# 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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