Outcome

Beck

Seventeen years in the city, static clinging to the ceiling
Never did I think it would come to this
(Outcome is different than I expected)
Never did I think it would come to this
(Outcome is different than I expected)
Bright cops and cheerleaders
Eyebrows painted on their heads
A mouthful of rotting cavities
Drinking Coca-Cola in the street
Never did I think it would come to this
(Outcome is different than I expected)
Never did I think it would come to this
(Outcome is different than I expected)
Shot in the leg, shot in the leg
My leg is a bone, nobody home
My hand is a wire, the skies are fire
The drums are beating, pistols and jeans
Left for dead, left for dead
Left for dead, dead as a fly

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