

E Pro

Beck

See me comin' to town with my soul
Scrape down at the bump of my fingers
Holdin' over the devil I know
All my troubles just hang on your trigger
Take your eyes and mind from the road
Shoot your mouth if you know where you're aimin'
Don't forget to pick up what you sow
Talkin' trash to the garbage around you

Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na

See me kickin' the dog with my boots
Broke down at out in a ditch of old rubbish
Snakes invoked at the back of your room
Handin' out a confection of venom
Heaven's drawn the poison you use
Thunderbolts in the eyes of a gambler
Now I seem to come to you
Hammer my bones in the anvil of daylight

Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na

I won't give up that ghost
If you take away, these tongues are twisted
The good in us is all we know
There's too much left to taste that's bitter

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