

Corvette Bummer

Beck

All my days I had moldy bread
Robot brains and the flying airplanes
Hollowed out and filled with dust
Rocking like a hurricane under the rug Bored to the core on a sunken boat
A worn out candle and a plastic coat
A ziploc bag, a pelican bone
A perfect, stupid, cardboard reject Overfed, electric comatose
Riding in the air, invisible socks
A broken blanket, flaming sawdust
Waking up in the shadow of a piece of dirt Gonna fly like a dog, gonna leap right out the wall
Gonna walk around this town with a can of whiskey
Gonna run like a bird, gonna roll out in the dirt
Gonna run around this town with a phone machine Yellow cat laying flat on the road
Molten lead shooting out the ground
Tinfoil witch burning under the bridge
Flap your wings and leap out the window Put a glass eye in the eyes of God
Nuke the kids, Polaroid cupcake
Take it to the limit, new wave biscuit
Camouflage gimmick, wimp out like never before Gonna jump like a flag, gonna burn like a pig
Gonna flap around and pass out on the kitchen floor
Gonna crawl like a rock, gonna dance like a worm
Gonna take my shoes right off and smell my socks Fly like a squirrel, gonna swim like a chicken
Gonna weedwack a plate of noodles in the afternoon
Gonna melt like a weasel, gonna fry like a kid Gonna get my walkie talkie, and some mustard
And some mayonnaise, and a mermaid
And some macaroni, bricks and some telephone wires
And phone machines and a fax machine and a

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