

Beck, Blackhole

When we, when we looking for a better home
Got me, got me burning out a light bulb
Cloudy, cloudy holding to a wastecan
Yellow car, yellow car put me inside there

Wake up, wake up nothing's gonna harm you
Glass wall, glass wall standing on the furniture
Little boy, little boy layin' in a sleeping bag
Watchin', watchin' through the cracks in his eyelids

Stranger, stranger feeding on the broken snow
Lost head, lost tread staring through the orange juice
Alphabet, alphabet can't afford a telephone
Blackhole, blackhole nothing's gonna harm you