

Beck, Crystal Clear

Plastic donut, can of spam
There's no kindness in this land
Better not let my good gal catch you here
She's gettin' all juiced up with a bottle of plain-wrap beer
Coffee clothing pasted on
Clean my gravestone when I'm gone
And you better not let my good gal catch you here
She's got a whole pile of things you don't wanna hear

Hitch my horse up to the town
I got my toenails painted brown
And you better not let my good gal catch you here
She'll cut you down and put the blame on me

Just a muscle in a bag
Throw my baby, don't let her sag
Ya better not let my good gal catch you here
She's getting all juiced up with a bottle of plain-wrap beer