

# 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