

Beck, Death Is Comin To Get You

Beck

Miscellaneous

Death Is Comin To Get You

[a voice that sounds like darth vader:

Eternal nothingness. i offer myself so that you might
Cast your inscrutable dear silence upon me. o monstrous
Hall, symbol of the greater glory of absence, darkness and
Mystery beyond the realm of human thought. let me ask
For your grace and forgiveness in the knowledge that i
Shall serve you all the days of my meaningless life.]

Death is comin' to get you, it's mighty plain to see
With a hand full of cocaine and a long white limosine
He's got rings on his fingers and knives up his sleeves
Well he's lookin in the phonebook for your number and your name
And he's comin to your house while you're watchin' a football game
Well he's pullin' up the driveway with the windows rolled up tight
And the eyes goin' blind and your hair is turnin' white

He's crawlin' up the stairs with the can of mace
He's breakin' all the windows with your neighbor's face
He sets your clothes on fire and brings you to your knees
He's filling up the room with the jesters (?) and disease...well
He smashes the tv, decapitates your mom
Raids the refrigerator, throws vermin on the lawn
Plays frisbees with your records, pours blood on the walls
Uses your telephone to make long-distance calls

He's laughin' at your diary, he's pukin' on your suits
He's dancin' on your forehead in your hikin' boots
He's climbin' up the chimney, he's fallin' through the roof
He ties you up with snakes, takes your drugs and booze
He's coverin' you with bacon and fills your mouth with raid

He's sendin' back all the bills that you've paid
He covers you with bacon and fills your mouth with raid
He's got everything you own out on the patio
And he's givin' it away to people you don't know
Well you don't even care, your mind has been destroyed
And this is kind of a stupid song you write when you're unemployed