

Beck, Gamma Ray

If I could to hold hold out for now
With these ice caps melting down
With the transistor sound
And my Chevrolet terraplane
Going around around around

Come on little gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
Your brains are bored
Like a refugee from a house that's burning
And the heat wave's calling your name

She's got on a cactus crown
With a dot dot dot on her brow
And she speaks inside a cloud
With her countenance turning around

Hit me like a gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
And I'm pulling out thorns
Smokestack lightning out my window
I want to know what I've lost today

Come on little gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
And your body's bored
Like a refugee from a house that's burning
And the backwater's calling your name