

Beck, Replica

Make a perfect replica of your life
Cut the paper with exacto knife
Tape it up, tape it up against the howling wind
I'm so tired - don't know where to begin

It's so unreal
It's all I need
This replica

I was the last to see me down on my knees
These antibodies learn to be the disease
And I learn to be what fights against me
We'll make a replica - a place we can sleep
And we could live in a hollow tree
Grow up old and bury the sea
And when this replica begins to look cheap
I'll throw it out but now it's home to me

It's so unreal
It's all I need
This replica

Build it up, build it up
This replica
Now we build it up
Build it up, build it up
Build it up, build it up