

Beck, Sweet Sunshine

Judge me on the inside
With a finger full of gravy
Wanna get you on the sofa,
Lady, wanna Shake and Bake me
Pocket full of blood
And gotcha on a mound
I'm gonna break my face
On the sweet sunshine
Pocket full of blood
Gotcha on a mound
Gonna break my face on the sweet sunshine
I wanna get up off the floor
I wanna run to the devil
And get me some more
I wanna get up off the floor
Hollow full of bread
With your husband dreaming'
We are skunk and soul
And I found it on a screaming
Grab your wine, tell me where you been
With the violin crime
And the moon gettin' thin
Grab your wine; take me where you been
With the violin time
And the moon gettin' thin
I wanna climb up on the rug
I wanna swing through the city
On a wrecking' ball
I wanna climb up on the rug
I wanna swing through the city
On a wrecking' ball
Lay on to the dawn another pitiful sensation
Cause diamond full of salad
And I kill my master nation
Got a bucket full of blood
Dancing' on the mound
Gonna break my face on the sweet sunshine
Bucket full of blood
Dancing' on the mound
Gonna break my face on the sweet sunshine
I wanna get up off the floor
I wanna run to the devil
And get me some more
I wanna get up off the floor
I wanna run to the devil
And get me some more