

# 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