

# Beck, Tasergun

I got a room down in Hollywood  
Rent was cheap  
It was this rooming house  
There was an old man who lived in the room next to me  
We shared a bathroom in the hall  
Stare at me through a crack in the door  
Day I moved in I was playin' my guitar  
Started bangin' on the wall with a boot  
Then he came out, started banging on my door  
Kicked it open

Watch out son, I got a tasergun  
Watch out son, I got a tasergun  
He's on the loose  
He's got the juice  
Like a mad dog with no teeth

Spent his pension in adult bookstores  
Bringin' strange young men home  
He'd leave me notes in the bathroom  
Accusin' me of stealin' his toilet paper  
Come out into the hallway  
Dressed up in a greasy bathrobe  
Tryin' to start a fight  
He became known as the electric old man  
And I still see him with his taser  
Comin' at me

Watch out son, I got a tasergun  
Watch out son, I got a tasergun  
He's on the loose  
He's got the juice  
Like a pigeon with no wings