

Beck, Terremoto Tempo

Space ships can't tame the jungle
And I feel like I'm giving in
We've been drivin thru a desert
Looking for a life to call our own

I push I pull the days go slow
Into a void we filled with death
And noise that laughs falls off their
Maps all cured of pain and doubts
In your little brain

Something's coming sky is purple
Dogs are howling to themselves
Days are changing with the weather
Like a rip tide could rip us away

I push I pull the days go slow
Into a void we filled with death
And noise that laughs falls off their
Maps all cured of pain and doubts
In your little brain