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