

Beck, Broken Drum

I see you there
Your long black hair
Your eyes just stare
Your mind is turning
You know I'll laugh
And I won't take it back
I've seen your eyes I know
What your thinking
And one by one
We'll shoot our guns
We'll have fun
Don't ever doubt it
And when I say
Fare thee well
My only friend
Oh how the days go
Your setting sun
Your broken drum
Your little drugs
I'll never forget you
Never
Forget
You