

# 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