

# Beck, Broken Train

The snipers are passed out  
In the bushes again  
I'm glad I got my suit dry-cleaned  
Before the riots started  
Cuz there's only rehashed faces  
On the bread line tonight  
Soon you'll be a figment  
Of some infamous life  
Billionaires smile like weapons  
Passing out platinum pensions  
They're out of control  
No one knows how low they'll go  
(Hold on)  
Take a ride on a broken train  
Those bra burning deportees  
At the service station  
They know that beige  
Is the color of resignation  
We're out of control  
No one knows how low we'll go  
(Hold on)  
Take a ride on a broken train  
Shining like crystal tiaras  
Ghettos and gray Riviera  
This is the real me ladies  
You won't find no shelter here  
Tell me, what's your zip code baby  
Did you ever let a cowboy sit on your lap