

# Beck, Burnt Orange Peel

I'm on the run with things to be  
I've got a garden hose and a color TV  
I've got time on my hands  
I've got time on my hands  
Nobody cares what I do

I'm on the run with things to do  
I've got a burnt orange peel  
And a potato stew  
I've got work to get done  
I've got work to get done  
Nobody knows where to run

I've got a quart of milk  
And some sound advice  
I've got trees that are fake  
But they smell so nice

Don't give me the flu  
Nobody knows I'm with you

Back and forth I dodge a fly  
Like a feather in the sky  
Write me out a check  
Give me all your cash  
Nobody knows so let's just go home