

Beck, Cancelled Check

I hate to do this
But you're a pain in the neck
I thought you knew this
You're handing me a canceled check
You're so helpless
Your girlfriends think you're a saint
I'll give you a quarter
I'll keep my judgements to myself
And I get caught up
In the moonlight
Reaching out for a rotten egg
I don't want to beg
It's crystal clear
Your time is nearly gone
Count your blessings
And do the things that you should
O the has-beens
That never had it so good
Stormy weather
The kids are making a racket
In the wilderness
The wild lives are so mild
And I get caught up
In the moonlight
Reaching out for a rotten egg
I don't wanna beg
It's crystal clear your time is nearly gone
Awe
And I get caught up
In the moonlight
Reaching out for a rotten egg
I don't wanna beg
It's crystal clear your time is nearly gone...