

Beck, Clock

Is it come and gone
Is it long before the spirit shaves his legs?
Is it wrapped in trash
Sent back to a sanitation tank?
Is it disinfected, disconnected
'Til it grafts some wires?
Is it sped up, spun around
Brown and yellow in the fires?

What is this town?
They said I got no place to be
The money meter's taking everything I see

Is it comes in lovely bones
That put their shirts on ice?
Is it fireflies that cross out eyes with any spice?
Is it normal, born-again?
Let the vultures drink and drown
Is it's force from weathers?
Birds of feathers never frown

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