

Beck, Corvette Bummer

All my days I had moldy bread
Robot brains and the flying airplanes
Hollowed out, and filled with dust
Rocking like a hurricane under the rug
Bored to the core on a sunken boat
A worn out candle and a plastic coat
A ziploc bag, a pelican bone
A perfect, stupid, cardboard reject
Overfed, electric comatose
Riding in the air, invisible socks
A broken blanket, flaming sawdust
Waking up in the shadow of a piece of dirt

Gonna fly like a dog
Gonna leap right out the wall
Gonna walk around this town with a can of whiskey
Gonna run like a bird
Gonna roll out in the dirt
Gonna run around this town with a phone machine

Yellow cat laying flat on the road
Molten lead shooting out the ground
Tinfoil witch burning under the bridge
Flap your wings and leap out the window
Put a glass eye in the eyes of god
Nuke the kids, Polaroid cupcake
Take it to the limit, new wave biscuit
Camouflage gimmick
Wimp out like never before

Gonna jump like a flag
Gonna burn like a pig
Gonna flap around and pass out on the kitchen floor
Gonna crawl like a rock
Gonna dance like a worm
Gonna take my shoes right off and smell my socks

Fly like a squirrel
Gonna swim like a chicken
Gonna weedwack a plate of noodles in the afternoon
Gonna melt like a weasel
Gonna fry like a kid
Gonna get my walkie talkie, and some mustard and some mayonnaise, and a mermaid,
and some macaroni, bricks, and some telephone wires, and phone machines, and a