

# 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