

# Beck, Deadweight

on a highway unpaved  
goin' my way  
you're so alone today  
like a ghost town I've found  
there's no relief  
no salt in the  
sea  
is it true what they say  
you can't behave  
you gamble your soul away  
measuring a jinx of this life seems  
like the gristle of loneliness  
don't let the sun catch you cryin'  
don't let the sun catch you cryin'  
like an ice age  
nice days on your way  
sipping the golden days  
on a riptide  
freak's ride  
sleep inside  
a parasite's appetite  
oh say can't you see  
the chemistry  
the parasites that clean up for me  
death never hails  
recycled cans  
get well cards  
to the hostage vans  
don't let the sun catch you cryin'  
don't let the sun catch you cryin'  
you're a deadweight  
right straight  
on your way  
sunk in the midnight shade  
skys burn  
eyes turn  
learning to counterfeit their disease  
in this town where we roam  
we bluff our souls  
on canteen patio  
drink the latest draft  
the music drags  
the music drags  
the music drags  
don't let the sun catch you cryin'  
don't let the sun catch you cryin'