

Beck, Derelict

I dropped my anchor in the dead of night
I packed my suitcase and threw it away
I fell asleep in the funeral fire
I gave my clothes to the policeman

Blow back derelict when
Lay my soul in the foul of the air
Blow back derelict when
Lay my soul in the foul of the air

Shooting venom at the passers-by
I'm hi-jacking stop the heaven down
I put my eyes in a paper bag
I'm spinning round like a gambling wheel

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