

Beck, Detonate

I'm a strapped-in loner, I was heedin' that shame
You never shake my hand, you never know my name
A crack house cooling, just chewin' the floor
I pass out cold and I go look for some more
I got all kinds of devices I'm gonna detonate
Got a .45 magazine, rags of gasoline
Phone booth, gold tooth, a pigeon wing
Got bazookas, hand grenades
Firebomb weddings, spray down parades
I used to work in an office in the outskirts of town
Routine, the grindstone grinding me down
So I picked up a filing cabinet and threw it at my boss
And then I took him outside and hung him on a cross
Then I kept walking on down the road
Oh yeah Well fourteen uzis later and a bottle of rum
A cigarette lighter and a live chicken
Got in all kinds of mischief
Some kinds I won't tell, I did all kinds of things
Well I went into the peekaboo hut
To watch the lady have sex with a mutt
And then, uh, then I, then I, I had
A demolition derby with some shopping carts
And I killed every pop star in the top-twenty charts
I like to hijack people
I like to jump through movie screens at the best parts
I was reading that hardcore magazine
"101 Erotic Things To Do With Bologna"
Then I went home and I painted the tv screen
On the old black and white TV
And I painted a picture on it
And I watched it all night long
I ate a live dog and I buried his bones
Then I carved out a tombstone
I got shell-casings in the freezer
A money belt in the drawer
I stole some blank checks
And I used them down at the comic book store
I read a lot of comic books