

# 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  
&quot;101 Erotic Things To Do With Bologna&quot;  
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