

# Beck, E-Pro

Beck  
Guero  
E-Pro

See me comin' to town with my soul  
Scrape down at the bump of my fingers  
Holdin' over the devil I know  
All my troubles just hang on your trigger  
Take your eyes and ?? to the road  
Shoot your mouth if you know where you're aimin'  
Don't forget to pick up what you saw  
Talkin' trash to the garbage around you  
Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na

See me kickin' the dog with my boots  
Broke down at ???  
Snakes invoked at the back of your room  
Handin' out a confection of venom  
Heaven's drawn the poison you use  
Thunderbolts in the eyes of a gambler  
Now I seem to come to you  
Hammer my bones in the anvil of daylight  
Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na

I won't give up that ghost  
If you take away, these tongues are twisted  
???  
There's too much left to taste that's bitter

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