

Beck, Electric Music & The Summer People

Out on the highway,
I'm doing it my way
Zig-zag patients,
Vibrating the ancients
Handin' out money,
The flies makin' honey
Beaches aplenty,
The pigs on the levee...

Lets don't be, like everyone else
With the one trip rooms,
And the halfway house
Big black drums,
Beating the night,
Running away... thats what I like!

Seasons are turnin',
Villages burnin',
Convalescents
Open their presents
Wanderin' children

Ready and willin'...
Beggars and lightweights
Harness the highways
Lets don't be, like everyone else
With the one trip rooms,
And the halfway house
Big black drums,
Beating the night,
Running away... thats what I like!

Abandoned coal mine,
We'll have a good time
Red tape rivals,
Recycling bibles

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And the halfway house
Big black drums,
Beating the night,
Running away... thats what I like!