

# Beck, Ghost Range

See me comin to town with my soul  
Straight down out of the world with my fingers  
Holding onto the devil I know  
All my troubles 'll hang on your trigger  
Take your eyes and your mind from the road  
Shoot your mouth off if you know where you're aiming  
Don't forget to pick up what you sow  
Talking trash to the garbage around you

See me kickin the door with my boots  
Broke down out in a ditch of old rubbish  
Snakes and bones in the back of your room  
Handing out a confection of venom  
Heaven's drunk from the poison you use  
Charm the wolves with the eyes of a gambler  
Now I see it's a comfort to you  
Hammer my bones on the anvil of daylight

I won't give up that ghost  
It's sick the way these tongues are twisted  
The good in us is all we know  
There's too much left to taste that's bitter

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Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na  
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Ah ooh, Ah ooh  
Ah ooh, Ah ooh

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