

# Beck, Hidden Song

[not sure of the lyrics 4 that one... anyway]

Looking back at some dead world that looked so new  
Abysses and fountains that they named for you  
Dazzled wits and accidents which are steadin'  
Hairy cameras spreadin' 'round the golden blues

Ooooooh...  
Ooooooh...

(? ? ? ?) trained infections from an usher's heart  
Joyous cat reaches from derelict bullet flies

Hear their lonesome whistle blow  
No direction to the (? ? ? ?)  
In a seam of rivalry

A tearful (? ? ? ?) turned to why  
(? ? ? ?), cold and gray  
Scented (? ? ? ?) plum away towards man

Ooooooh...  
Ooooooh...

Looking back at some dead world that looked so new  
Abysses and fountains that they named for you  
So ungreatful to the who's and what's and (? ? ? ?)  
(? ? ? ?) confections looked so out of place

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