

Beck, I Get Lonesome

Well there ain't nobody left to impress
And everyone's kissing their own hands
This 666 on the kitchen floor
Ain't no fire in the pan?
I get lonesome...

So glad to be a slab
Stiff as a stick on a board
I get thoughts and dirty socks
Piled in the corner
I get lonesome...

Getting fat on your own fear
Bring that beer over here
I stomp on the floor
Just to make a sound
I get lonesome...