

Beck, It's All Gonna Come To Be

(spoken: this is sort of a...a...i got these chords from bob seger...it's kind Of a heartland feeling...sort of approving...)

When all is said and done
Wanna clip my toenails down, down, down, down, down
And put 'em in clear plastic ziplock bags
And take them down
Down to the town
In a monte carlo
With stevie nicks
The interior, white leather
And you're the last thing on my list
But you're the first thing I'm gonna remember
When I wake up
It's all gonna come to be
The same bad video for twenty years
It's all gonna come to be
Optimistic xerox of yourself
It's easier when you're self-made
You can pack it up and put it on the highway
You can fill up the air with bad breath
'cause it's already polluted and reconstituted
And filtered back into the system
And packaged up
And the space age is running out of distance
It can leap out
And disconnect all the connections
Program the appliances to puke on the floor
It's all gonna come to be

Self-indulgent
Yeah, it's all gonna come to be
The same old noise you never wanted to see
Mexican speed-metals, things
Casserole fruit salad hairgel
Self-inflicted life-affirming hell
Is that slack?
Is that crack?
Are those dogs or are those dogmas?
Are those clogs or platform shoes
On your feet
Take your johnny cashmachine
And your talk about fashions that come crashin' in late at night
Like a plane crash
Survivors comin', pickin' out the fiberglass and styrofoam
And the love that is breathin'
Is the love that is spraypainting
Vandalizing everything you own
'cause it's all gonna come to be
The same bad scene for 20 years
Yeah, it's all gonna come to be
Optimistic xerox of yourself
Predictions of debilitating health
Whining all night long
Whining and dining
Climbing into the rafters
Shredding your afro
Taking karate lessons
Sucking in the bandages