

Beck, Lampshade

I don't want no cryin'
All upon my sleeve
I just want somebody
Who got no place to be
You call me up on Tuesday
I'll be stuck on Sunday night
Lookin' for some good things
To make me feel alright

When I snap my fingers
When I walk the line
When I get my money
I'll be killin' time
Time is killin' something
It's just too small to care
Runnin' through the jungle
Lookin' for your hair

Someone's talkin' backwards
Lookin' for a fight
Puttin' on a lampshade
Cos you're shinin' way too bright
I don't want no cryin'
I don't want no pain
I don't want no lonesome life
On a broken train