

Beck, Leave Me On The Moon

(when the fat man shaving in the Pullman washroom
grunts, "what's this?")

leave me on the moon
I must be coming back too soon
pieces of pieces laying upon
somebody's walking on my hands
leave me on the moon
everybody knows it's true
everything is good as long it's stays still
coins jingle in my brain

you've been watching me
through your jewelry
sending rings around my hands
now that I'm near you
I slowly disappear you
your fingernails are much too long

leave me on the moon
you can stay there too
seems like everybody's just
floating away
while I tie myself down
while I tie my.....