

Beck, Milk And Honey

Don't take your red ribbons off
You're about to make a fool of yourself
In the aluminum sunset
Drinking from a drain
I'm a hundred miles behind myself
Milk and honey
Pouring down like money
Make a poor boy wanna run
Milk and Honey
Do you wanna love me
Under the aluminum sun
Did you hear those war torn stories
Where the lifeguards slept in the streets
In the jungle lands
With the cold cola cans
You'll get the keys to the city for free
Milk and honey
Pouring down like money
Bring a poor boy to his knees
Milk and honey
No it isn't funny
Living in a garden of sleaze
Bangkok athletes in the biosphere
Arkansas wet dreams
We all disappear
Kremlin mistress
Rings the Buddha chimes
She slips me ruffies
Receding hairlines
She's all right...touching my body
She's all right...on my computer
She's all right...selling me watches
She's all right...ring on my finger