

Beck, Modesto

You came, you went
My mind it got a dent
I couldn't make my rent
'Cause all my cash was lent

This town is filled
With thousand-dollar-bills
Laminated songs
Contaminated lawns
Well we eat about fifteen times a day
Staring' through a bag of Frito-Lay
And I play with the fire in the stove
When my eyes peel out
And my fingertips get cold

Well it's real and it's fake
And it's flaming' like a steak
And she's putting' out my face with the rake
Oh honey you knew
That you were my one and only blur

Unglued, depressed
The meatloaf in my chest
Personality test
I failed with the best
And I stomped and I stormed
And I passed out in your dorm
Then you hustled me outside
I couldn't catch a ride
But the subway trains speak to me now
I'm browsing through the supermarket town
And the girls don't talk when I'm around
And I'm feeling' bad even though nothing's wrong

Choking' on a breath mint

That's cool
Yeah, that's cool

[Man speaking:]
(Stuck out here in the sand, they shot my mule and burned my wagon
Yeah...ran out of sourdough three days ago, ain't got no more lard,
God bless all you folks)

[Talking in background]
Someone take 'em off me
How can I play footsie?
Just play the footsie
[reversed]
Oh, molasses
Please bend over
And if you grasp this
Just bend over
In the clover
Awe. You and me baby
Beneath the catfish tank
Oh, molasses
Please bend over
And if you grasp this
Just bend over
In the clover
Just bend over
Mmm...
Just bend over

Just bend over
Over...
Fly little sparrow
Oh...
Oh, yeah
Muthaf-ie man
Oh, my goodness
Muthaf-er
Oh, yeah
Come on, bring it on down, honey
Oh, yeah
Oh, yeah
You got it going' on and on
You get it gin'
Someone's gettin' busy
All o' nobody's dirty business
Gimme some bass
Some got down