

Beck, Motorcade

These toys are all lifeless
The armor's worn off
The shadow of a shadow
Is the ghost of a bomb
Skyscraper standing
In a desert alone
A helicopter searchlight
Is searching for no-one

We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top
The smokestack clouds with glory attached
We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top
The smokestack clouds with glory attached

The sky creatures dance
In a parking lot wind
That blows from a tundra
Where the jungle begins
If there's hope in a roadblock
Guns in a church
The lord will take his motorcade
And drive us into the dirt

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The smokestack clouds with glory attached
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There's a skyscraper on the moon
And a man standing on a window
Forty-second floor
There's a light beaming through the galaxy
Telling me everything's gonna be OK

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