Beck, Nausea

1, 2, 3, 4

Now I'm a seasick sailor On a ship of noise I got my maps all backwards And my instincts poisoned In a truth blown gutter Full of wasted years Like blown-out speakers Ringin' in my ears

Oh it's nausea, oh nausea And we're gone It's nausea, oh nausea And we're gone

Now I'm a straight-line walker
In a black-out room
I push a shopping cart over
In an Aztec ruin
With my minion fingers
Working for some God
Who could see his own reflection
In a parking lot

Oh it's nausea, oh nausea And we're gone No it's nausea, oh nausea And we're gone

Now I'm a priest teenager On a tower of dust I'm a dead generator In a cloud of exhaust I eat alone in the desert With skulls for my pets I rate the days, one to ten With lead cigarettes

It's nausea, oh nausea And we're gone It's nausea, oh nausea And we're gone