

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