

Beck, No Complaints

We are aimless
And the target is an empty wall
We're out of patience
With smiles that cut across her face
No complaints
But I wish I had my top of my brain
I'd like to walk
But the sun doesn't know we're awake

We're in spaceships
Take a visit to the Pyranees
Paid vacations
Send a brochure from the agency
No complaints
But my girlfriend dug a ditch in my room
Walking papers and a hole
Straight out from my shoes

No complaints
But it's harder
To believe in the truth
She'll write a message
On a billboard
And I'll send it to you

We feel painless
Check the status on the info line
In some ways tainted
Radiation from the factory
No complaints
But it's overrated, that's for sure
Take a bus back
From Little Rock, Arkansas
Or Modesto
That's where my drawl comes from