

Beck, Outcome

Seventeen years in the city
Static clinging to the ceiling
Never did I think it would come to this
(Outcome is different than I expected)
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Bright cops and cheerleaders
Eyebrows painted on their heads
A mouthful of rotting cavities
Drinking Coca-Cola in the street

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Shot in the leg
Shot in the leg
My leg is a bone
Nobody home
My hand is a wire
The skies are fire
The drums are beating
Pistols and jeans
Left for dead
Left for dead
Left for dead
Dead as a fly