

Beck, Painted Eyelids

I wake up and look upon your painted eyelids
The world is your oyster
And the trash bags are your kids
The ceiling is invisible
There's a bird sinking' through the sky
And every hour that passes
Is teaching me how to cry
Cuz it's lonely here
In the ugly part of town
The buildings are all vacant
And the telephones are down

There's a police siren singing
Like a tiger with no skin
The sewer drain is glowing
And I don't know what state I'm in
And the river is on fire
There's chemicals and debris
And all the roads are blocked off
Cuz they're just too hard to see
So cancel my appointments
And set up a whole new show
Cuz I'm in need of a good hot meal
And a life to call my own

So get me a plate of money
And get me a blanket and a chair
The limitations are limitless
They're floating through the air
Because it's real and it's true
The things I see in you
And there's nothing I wouldn't talk about
You're the clearest dream
That ever drifted by