

# Beck, Protein Summer

Smashed stars  
And old fruit jars  
The candy ass guards with their fingers all charred  
Under the cover  
The protein summer  
Givin' a number  
In a weighed out sun  
Got an infection  
Ready for inspection  
The guts that glow  
Armor and shield  
Blaze through the fields  
Mighty directions  
With the devils peel

Sanitized  
Rippin' the surf  
Right down to the foul earth  
They bathe to the cabins  
Lightin' their way  
Through the curious pathoms  
Suckin' your breath  
Down your legs  
Wishin' for a worlds  
With fresh cigarettes  
But now they bathe  
A tiresome grave  
??? frequency  
Punks gettin' shade