

Beck, Rowboat

Rowboat

Row me to the shore
She don't wanna be my friend no more
She dug a hole in the bottom of my soul
She don't wanna be my friend no more

Pick me up
Give me some food to eat
In your truck
Going' no place
I'll be home
Talking' to nobody
You'll be strange
You'll be far away

Big fat moon
And my body's out of tune
With the burning' waves
She's a billion years away
Dog food on the floor
And I've been like this before
She is all
And everything else is small

Pick me up
Give me some alcohol
In your truck
Playing' the radio
I'll be home
With the gasoline
You'll be stoned
You'll be far away

Rowboat
Row me to the shore
She don't wanna be my friend no more
She dug a hole in the bottom of my soul
She is all
And everything else is small