

Beck, Static

It's so easy to laugh at yourself
When all those jokes have already been written
Seems like another vain attempt
To let yourself fall out of the oven

Holy mountains
They look so tired
And it's a perfect day to lock yourself inside

Who're you fooling if the fools are right
It's the same thing but it's almost as different
Hard to tell when it pacifies your mind
Leaves you stranded with a broken engine

Lazy desert looks so mangled
Let me drown in a convalescent bliss

Get up from your bed of rest
It's been a long time since you've lived
And the static in your mind
Leaves you hollow and unkind
With a shock electric wave
Turns you on

You've been flunked out of the devil's house
Delinquent hygienes are so abrasive
Some distortion that's never been known
On the treadmill, you'll be running forever

Holy mountains
They look so tired
And it's a perfect day to lock yourself inside