

Beck, The New Pollution

She's got cigarette on each arm
She's got the lily-white cavity crazes
She's got a carburetor tied to the moon
Pink eyes looking to the food of the ages

She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution

She's got a hand on a wheel of pain
She can talk to the mangling strangers
She can sleep in a fiery bog
Throwing troubles to the dying embers

She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution

She's got a paradise camouflage
Like a whip-crack sending me shivers
She's the boat in a strip mine ocean
Riding low on the drunken rivers

She's alone in the new pollution
She's alone in the new pollution