

Beck, Thunder Peel

It's a cold ass fashion
When she stole my passion
It's an everlasting
It's a ghetto blasting
On the wonder wheel I let my thunder peel
I made an effort to get just what I deserve

I got all maxed out, I got faxed some doubt
I was jumping around
She was a running' coming down
In the thick of a trick
I couldn't take my pick
Between a slime and a fist
Just to cool off your dog
I'm taking morphine

Now I'm rolling in sweat
With a loaf of cold bread
And a taco in my jeans
On the map if you glide
She's got such ugly thighs
I got taken by surprise
With the plate of flaming noodles

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