

# Beck, Tropicalia

When they beat  
On a broken guitar  
And on the streets  
They reek of tropical charms  
The embassies lie in hideous shards  
Where tourists snore and decay  
When they dance in a reptile blaze  
You wear a mask  
An equatorial haze  
Into the past  
A colonial maze  
Where there's no more confetti to throw  
You didn't know what to say to yourself  
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell  
Misery waiting in vague hotels  
To be evicted  
You're out of luck  
You're singing funeral songs  
To the studs  
They're anabolic and bronze  
They seem to strut  
In their millennial fogs  
'til they fall down and deflate  
You didn't know what to say to yourself  
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell  
Misery waiting in vague hotels  
To be evicted  
Now you've had your fun  
Under an air-conditioned sun  
It's burned into your eyes  
Leaves you plain and left behind  
See them eyes and fall  
Into the jaws of a pestilent love  
You didn't know what to say to yourself  
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell  
Misery waiting in vague hotels  
To be a victim