

Devils Haircut

Beck

Something's wrong 'cause my mind is fading
And everywhere I look
There's a dead end waiting
Temperature's dropping at the rotten oasis
Stealing kisses from the leperous faces

Heads are hanging from the garbage man trees
Mouthwash jukebox gasoline
Crystals are pointing
At a poor man's pockets
Smiling eyes ripping out of his sockets

Got a devil's haircut in my mind
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Love machines on the sympathy crutches
Discount orgies on the dropout buses
Hitching a ride with the bleeding noses
Coming to town with the brief case blues

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Something's wrong 'cause my mind is fading
Ghetto-blasting disintegrating
Rock 'n' roll, know what I'm saying
And everywhere I look
There's a devil waiting

Got a devil's haircut in my mind
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
Got a devil's haircut in my mind
Got a devil's haircut in my mind

Devil's haircut! In my mind!
Devil's haircut! In my mind!
Devil's haircut! In my mind!