

## Electric Music and the Summer People

Beck

Out on the highway,  
I'm doing it my way  
Zigzag patients,  
Vibrating the ancients  
Handing' out money,  
The flies making' honey  
Beaches aplenty,  
The pigs on the levee...  
Lets don't be, like everyone else  
With the one trip rooms,  
And the halfway house  
Big black drums,  
Beating the night,  
Running away... that's what I like!  
Seasons are turning',  
Villages burning',  
Convalescents  
Open their presents  
Wandering' children  
Ready and willing'...  
Beggars and lightweights  
Harness the highways  
Lets don't be, like everyone else  
With the one trip rooms,  
And the halfway house  
Big black drums,  
Beating the night,  
Running away... that's what I like!  
Abandoned coal mine,  
We'll have a good time  
Red tape rivals,  
Recycling bibles  
Lets don't be, like everyone else  
With the one trip rooms,  
And the halfway house  
Big black drums,  
Beating the night,  
Running away... that's what I like!