

Whiskey Can Can

Beck

Come on now, bread and butter
No one knows a better mother
She's the guy who kills the sky
Burns the night out when she goes away

She's the boat in the sewer
She's the old man with manure
Rocking all night like a drum
Going back where she comes from

Can of whiskey

Big guitars on the wall
Cracker-jacks burn and fall
Styrofoam in her hair
She is barely anywhere

Can of whiskey