

Crystal Clear (Beer)

Beck

Plastic donut, can of spam
There's no kindness in this land
Better not let my good girl catch you here
She's getting all juiced up with a bottle of plain wrap beer

Coffee clothing pasted on
Clean my gravestone when I'm gone
And you better not let my good girl catch you here
She's got a whole pile of things you don't want to hear

Hitch my horse up to the town
Got my toenails painted brown
And you better not let my good girl catch you here
She'll cut you down and put the blame on me

Just a muscle in a bag
Throw my baby, don't let her sag
But you better not let my good girl catch you here
She's getting all juiced up with a bottle of plain wrap beer