

# Earthquake Weather

Beck

Space ships can't tame the jungle  
And I feel like I'm giving in  
We've been drivin thru a desert  
Looking for a life to call our own

I push I pull the days go slow  
Into a void we filled with death  
And noise that laughs falls off their  
Maps all cured of pain and doubts  
In your little brain

Something's coming sky is purple  
Dogs are howling to themselves  
Days are changing with the weather  
Like a rip tide could rip us away

I push I pull the days go slow  
Into a void we filled with death  
And noise that laughs falls off their  
Maps all cured of pain and doubts  
In your little brain