

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!