

# Heartland Feeling

Beck

I'm totally fucked up. I can barely speak.  
I'm totally fucked up. They gave me so many drugs.  
But, uh... I'm gonna be here...  
Alright, what we're talkin about here is... is kind of a...  
it's a heartland feeling... like, uh, Mellencamp, you know, kind of a Mellen  
feeling.  
Ok, what you gotta get together is a... some... a heartland folk singer.  
Uh, we're gonna need a real quick... uh, John Cougar Mellencamp, Bruce Sping  
steen, Bob Seeger...  
that type of feeling. A Mellen feeling.  
You know, real, uh, powerful, approving music, uh... of a heartland quality,  
uh, just powerful straight-forward music.  
And if you can't get just the right type of feeling, find someone who will p  
ass and change them.

Old man johnson got his head in his hand  
Makin' his way across state in a fiddlin' band  
With hair all down in his eyes  
And the microphone all covered with flies  
When he gets done playin, goes back to his room  
Climbs in the bed in his cowboy boots  
And he picks up a magazine, turns on the TV  
Lights a cigar as he's fallin asleep

Well he's only a person  
Who doesn't know shit  
Yeah, nothin happenin  
That's about it

Yeah

Well little Rosanna came from Texarkana  
Had fourteen dollars wrapped in a bandana  
Came into town not lookin for much  
Well she found a hound dog and she named him Dutch  
She got a job at the arcade takin' quarters  
But she was never too good at takin' orders  
So one night she stopped givin out change  
She kicked the boss in the shin and unplugged the games

She's only a person  
Who doesn't know shit  
Nothin' happenin  
That's about it

Ooo ooo  
Yeah yeah yeah

Sam got canned at the cannery  
He punched out the clock that night  
His knuckle was bleeding as he walked home  
He was cold and he had a headache  
Well his wife was cookin canned beans  
He took out all the money out of his jeans  
And he set it on fire in the kitchen sink  
As his wife handed him a drink

He was only a person  
Who didn't know shit  
Nothin happenin  
That's about it

Oh yeah  
Ooo ooo ooo

Smiler was lookin' for handouts  
Sleepin' in an abandoned lighthouse  
Down at the mini-mall shakin his hat  
Washin' windows with his bare hand  
He found a sports car  
With the keys in the ignition  
It just seemed so easy  
He took a joyride, drove it into a hedge  
Came out with the steering wheel wrapped around his head

Well he's only a person  
Who doesn't know shit  
Nothin happenin  
That's about it  
Ooo ooo yeah

Well Janie was born in a small town  
Everybody just standin around  
They had bingo games and the raffle  
Everybody chewin tobacco  
Well she grew up kinda restless  
All her boyfriends wanted to be dentists  
Well, she got a job at the truck stop  
And she got old fast and never did what she wanted

She's only a person  
Who doesn't know shit  
Nothin happenin  
That's about it

Yea yeah yeah  
Oh yeah  
[etc.]