

## Magic Stationwagon

Beck

Put my bony fingers on my sliding coffin  
Drag upon the rag  
It's a thing we gotta do  
Kill my inspiration  
Drowning in your Stationwagon

Pushing like a fishing pole  
And just to spread the leg on the cracker  
And the magic chicken claw  
Fridge is full, a carton of milk, butter, rabbit 'n' juice