

# Motorcade

Beck

These toys are all lifeless  
The armor's worn off  
The shadow of a shadow  
Is the ghost of a bomb  
Skyscraper standing  
In a desert alone  
A helicopter searchlight  
Is searching for no-one

We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top  
The smokestack clouds with glory attached  
We're all pushing up the tin can mountain top  
The smokestack clouds with glory attached

The sky creatures dance  
In a parking lot wind  
That blows from a tundra  
Where the jungle begins  
If there's hope in a roadblock  
Guns in a church  
The lord will take his motorcade  
And drive us into the dirt

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The smokestack clouds with glory attached  
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The smokestack clouds with glory attached

There's a skyscraper on the moon  
And a man standing on a window  
Forty-second floor  
There's a light beaming through the galaxy  
Telling me everything's gonna be OK

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