

# Nausea

Beck

1, 2, 3, 4

Now I'm a seasick sailor  
On a ship of noise  
I got my maps all backwards  
And my instincts poisoned  
In a truth blown gutter  
Full of wasted years  
Like blown-out speakers  
Ringin' in my ears

Oh it's nausea, oh nausea  
And we're gone  
It's nausea, oh nausea  
And we're gone

Now I'm a straight-line walker  
In a black-out room  
I push a shopping cart over  
In an Aztec ruin  
With my minion fingers  
Working for some God  
Who could see his own reflection  
In a parking lot

Oh it's nausea, oh nausea  
And we're gone  
No it's nausea, oh nausea  
And we're gone

Now I'm a priest teenager  
On a tower of dust  
I'm a dead generator  
In a cloud of exhaust  
I eat alone in the desert  
With skulls for my pets  
I rate the days, one to ten  
With lead cigarettes

It's nausea, oh nausea  
And we're gone  
It's nausea, oh nausea  
And we're gone