

The New Pollution

Beck

She's got cigarette on each arm
She's got the lily-white cavity crazes
She's got a carburetor tied to the moon
Pink eyes looking to the food of the ages

She's alone in the new pollution
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She's got a hand on a wheel of pain
She can talk to the mangling strangers
She can sleep in a fiery bog
Throwing troubles to the dying embers

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She's got a paradise camouflage
Like a whip-crack sending me shivers
She's the boat in a strip mine ocean
Riding low on the drunken rivers

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