

Untitled

Beck

I just got put down
In the ashes of a backwash town
Black debris, the burned-out trees
Blows out over the sunken seas
Somewhere far along
Singin' the regular song
Dead machines, frozen dreams
It's a state where I belong

I'm loose inside my skin
And all the walls are wearin' thin
Shoot out all the traffic lights
On your way to the dead of night
Somewhere far along
Singin' a regular song
Dead machines, frozen dreams
They don't bother me at all

You're better off alone
Troubles find their home(?).....

(more to come, according to Beck)