

# Walls

Beck

Some days we get a thrill in our brains  
Some days it turns into malaise  
You see your face in the veneer  
Reflected on the surface of fear  
Because you know we're better than that  
But some days we're worse than you can imagine  
And how am I supposed to live with that  
With all these train wrecks coming at random

Hey what are you gonna do  
When those walls are falling down  
Falling down on you

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You got warheads stacked in the kitchen  
You treat distraction like it's a religion  
With a rattlesnake step in your rhythm  
We do the best with the souls we've been given  
Because you know we're nothing special to them  
We're going some place they've already been  
Trying to make sense of what they call wisdom  
And this riff raff ain't laughing with them

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