

# Whiskey Can Can

Beck

Come on now, bread and butter  
No one knows a better mother  
She's the guy who kills the sky  
Burns the night out when she goes away

She's the boat in the sewer  
She's the old man with manure  
Rocking all night like a drum  
Going back where she comes from

Can of whiskey

Big guitars on the wall  
Cracker-jacks burn and fall  
Styrofoam in her hair  
She is barely anywhere

Can of whiskey