

## Beck ". 000. 000"

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....twilight...? ? ? ?

I've seen your place before, I've tread thid field ? ? ?

I bought a plastic light, my separate ceiling blade

My city to the scope, my ? ? ? ? spokes

My ? ? ? ?

But she'll never never know

My ? ? has a ? ? ?

? ? ?

? ? ?

I come from lots of? ? ? ?

My very modest tricks

My pricks and belly rose (? )

My operation blows

? ? ?

My big pollution grows

I never spoke of flood

My ? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ? ? ? .....

(aaarrgghh!!! okay, I give up for now; this may not be right, but at least I tried!

I'm sure it will all come to me in a dream one night with

A man on a flaming pie clearly spouting the words to

this

Song. I'll get back with you.....deborah)

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