

## Beck

### "Blue Randy"

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I was driving home in a Dodge Stratus  
To the contaminated side of town  
Where the shortwave radio playing songs of the  
century  
And a big black cloud of asbestos  
Was shadowing my demise

Where were you this morning, Little Randy?  
Breakdancing in the food court by yourself  
With the honor and your attitude  
And your jeans full of prison food  
There's a police chalk outline where you last been seen

I was lacerated by my indiscretions  
I was sanitized by the pinefresh smell  
Of a damsel in stonewashed denim  
The way that her sideways ponytail fell

Where were you this evening, Candy Apple  
Sweetheart?  
Playing bass solos up on the sun  
With your syntax in the post  
And a clothes pin on your nose  
And a septic tank full of all the stories you told

Well she called me up on a chainstore pay phone  
She invited me up to a condo door  
Way down in a neon park  
To play lazer tag with her cousin, Rick

Where were you this morning, Blue Randy?  
Doing capoeira up on the rooftop again  
With your dry ice machine  
And a fist full of creatine  
There's a police chalk outline where you last been seen  
Now there's a police chalk outline where you last been  
seen

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