

## Beck "Broken Train"

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The snipers are passed out  
In the bushes again  
I'm glad I got my suit dry-cleaned  
Before the riots started

'Cause there's only rehashed faces  
On the bread line tonight  
Soon you'll be a figment  
Of some infamous life

Billionaires smile like weapons  
Passing out platinum pensions  
They're out of control  
No one knows how low they'll go

(Hold on)  
Take a ride on a broken train  
(Hold on)  
Take a ride on a broken train

Those bra burning deportees  
At the service station  
They know that beige  
Is the color of resignation

We're out of control  
No one knows how low we'll go  
(Hold on)  
Take a ride on a broken train  
(Hold on)  
Take a ride on a broken train

Shining like crystal tiaras  
Ghettos and gray Riviera  
This is the real me ladies  
You won't find no shelter here

Tell me, what's your zip code, baby?  
Did you ever let a cowboy sit on your lap?

We're out of control  
No one knows how low we'll go

(Hold on)  
Take a ride on a broken train  
(Hold on)  
Take a ride on a broken train

We're out of control  
We're out of control  
We're out of control  
We're out of control  
(Hold on)  
We're out of control

Take a ride on a broken train

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