

Beck

"Deadweight"

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On a highway unpaved, goin' my way
You're so alone today
Like a ghost town I've found
There's no relief, no soul, no mercy

Is it true what they say
You can't behave
You gamble your soul away

Measuring a jinx of this life seems
Like the gristle of loneliness

Don't let the sun catch you cryin'
Don't let the sun catch you cryin'

Like an ice age, nice days on your way
Sipping the golden days on a riptide
Freak's ride, sleep inside
A parasite's appetite

Oh, say can't you see the chemistry

The parasites that clean up for me?
Death never hails, recycled cans
Get well cards to the hostage vans

Don't let the sun catch you cryin'
Don't let the sun catch you cryin'

You're a deadweight, right straight
On your way, sunk in the midnight shade
Skies burn, eyes turn
Learning to counterfeit their disease

In this town where we roam
We bluff our souls
On canteen patio
Drink the latest draft

The music drags
The music drags
The music drags

Don't let the sun catch you cryin'
Don't let the sun catch you cryin

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