

Beck

"Death Is Comin' To Get Me"

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Death is comin' to get you, it's mighty plain to see
With a hand full of cocaine and a long white limosine
He's got rings on his fingers and knives all up his
sleeves
Suckin' all the air up 'til there's nothin left to breathe

He don't care you're not ready he don't care if you're
not dressed
You beg, he won't listen, you can't bribe him with blank
checks
'cause he's lookin in the phonebook for your number
and your name
And he's comin to your house when you're watchin' a
football game

Well he's pullin' up the driveway with the windows
rolled up tight
And his eyes are goin' blind and his hair is turnin' white
He's crawlin' up the stairs with the can of mace
He's breakin' all the windows with your neighbor's face

He sets your clothes on fire and brings you to your
knees
He fills up the room with fashion and disease...well

He bread(?) smashes the tv, decapitates your mom
Raids the refrigerator, throws vermin on the lawn

Throws frisbees with your records pours blood on the
walls
Uses your telephone to make long-distance calls
He's laughin' at your diary, he's pukin' on your suits
He's dancin' on your forehead in your hikin' boots

He's crawlin' up the chimney, he's fallin' through the
roof
He ties you up with vipers, takes all your drugs and
booze
He's coverin' you with bacon and fills your mouth with
raid
He's sendin' back all the bills that you've thought you
paid

He's got eveything you own out on the patio
And he's givin' it away to people you don't even know
Well you don't even care, your mind has been
destroyed
You're mutilated, molested and unemployed

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