

## Beck "Diamond Bollocks"

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looking back at some dead world  
that looks so new  
offices and fountains that they named for you  
dazzlements of accidents  
rejoice their doom  
hari-karis spinnin' round the golden looms

girl you dream infections  
from a nauseous heart  
choice cut meats from derelict boulevards

hear that lonesome whistle blow  
no direction to be known  
in a senile of revery  
a tearful gaze turns away  
eroding cold and grey  
scented eunuchs clothe our wretchedness

looking back at some dead world  
that looks so new  
offices and fountains that they named for you  
so ungrateful to the who's and what's-his-face  
terrorist confections look so out of place

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