

## Beck "Forcefield"

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Forcefield There's a force field  
Go outside with the suitcase 'round my neck  
And it stands just where  
Walk around all the while I've sat  
And the stance I took on  
Look at the people driving' that backwards  
Leaves a Forcefield 'round with no particular style  
My neck  
Don't let it get near you  
Don't let it get to close  
And the stance I took on  
Don't let it turn you into that  
Leaves a Forcefield 'round  
Things you hate the most  
My neck  
Roll out your silver dollar coffins  
Roll out your buckskin gloves  
Tell them anything they want to  
And sound comes from above  
Don't let it get near you  
Don't let it get to close  
And the stance I took on  
Don't let it turn you into that  
Leaves a Forcefield 'round  
Things you hate the most  
My neck  
Don't let it get near you  
Don't let it get to close  
Don't let it turn you into  
Things you hate the most  
There's a Forcefield 'round my neck  
And it stands just where I've sat  
And the stance I took on that  
Leaves a Forcefield 'round my neck  
There's a Forcefield 'round my neck  
And it stands just where I've sat  
And the stance I took on that

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