

Beck "Gamma Ray"

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Trying to hold
Hold out for now
With these ice caps
Melting down
With the transistor sound
And my Chevrolet terraplane
Going round, round, round

Come a little gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
Your brains are bored
Like a refugee
From the houses burning
And the heat wave's
Calling your name

She's got
On a cactus crown
With a dot, dot, dot
On her brow
And she speaks
Inside crowd
With the cavalry
Turning around

Hit me
Like a gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
And I'm pulling
Out thorns
Smokestack lightning
Out my window
I want to know
What I've lost today

Come a little gamma ray
Standing in a hurricane
When your body's bored
Like a refugee
From the houses burning
And the backbiters
Calling your name

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