

Beck "Ghost Range"

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See me comin' to town with my soul
Straight down out of the world with my fingers
Holding onto the Devil I know
All my troubles, I'll hang on your trigger

Take your eyes and your mind from the road
Shoot your mouth off if you know where you're aiming
Don't forget to pick up what you sow
Talking trash to the garbage around you

See me kickin' the door with my boots
Broke down out in a ditch of old rubbish
Snakes and bones in the back of your room
Handing out a confection of venom

Heaven's drunk from the poison you use
Charm the wolves with the eyes of a gambler
Now I see it's a comfort to you
Hammer my bones on the anvil of daylight

I won't give up that ghost
It's sick the way these tongues are twisted
The good in us is all we know
There's too much left to taste that's bitter

I won't give up that ghost
It's sick the way these tongues are twisted
The good in us is all we know
There's too much left to taste that's bitter

Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na

Ah ooh, ah ooh
Ah ooh, ah ooh
Ah ooh, ah ooh

Na na na na na na na
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Na na na na na na na

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