

Beck "Modesto"

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You came, you went
My mind it got a dent
I couldn't make my rent
'cause all my cash was lent

This town is filled
With thousand-dollar-bills
Laminated songs
Contaminated lawns
Well we eat about fifteen times a day
Starin' through a bag of frito-lay
And I play with the fire in the stove
When my eyes peel out and my fingertips get cold

Well it's real and it's fake
And it's flamin' like a steak
And she's puttin' out my face with the rake
Oh honey you knew
That you were my one and only blur

Unglued, depressed
The meatloaf in my chest

Personality test
I failed with the best
And I stomped and I stormed
And I passed out in your dorm
Then you hustled me outside
I couldn't catch a ride
But the subway trains speak to me now
I'm browsing through the supermarket town
And the girls don't talk when I'm around
And I'm feelin' bad even though nothing's wrong

Chokin' on a breathmint

That's cool
Yeah, that's cool

(.....stuck out here in the sand, they shot my mule and
burned my wagon--
Ran out of sourdough 2 days ago; ain't got no more

lard. God bless you folks...)

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