

## Beck "Sweet Sunshine"

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Judge me on the inside  
With a finger full of gravy  
Wanna get you on the sofa  
Lady, wanna shake and bake me

Pocket full of blood  
And gotcha on a mound  
I'm gonna break my face  
On the sweet sunshine

Pocket full of blood  
Gotcha on a mound  
Gonna break my face  
On the sweet sunshine

I wanna get up off the floor  
I wanna run to the Devil and get me some more  
I wanna get up off the floor  
I wanna run to the Devil and get me some more

Hollow full of bread  
With your husband dreaming  
We are skunk and soul  
And I found it on a screaming

Grab your wine, tell me where you been  
With the violin crime and the moon gettin' thin  
Grab your wine, take me where you been  
With the violin time and the moon gettin' thin

I wanna climb up on the rug  
I wanna swing through the city on a wrecking' ball  
I wanna climb up on the rug  
I wanna swing through the city on a wrecking' ball

Lay on to the dawn another pitiful sensation  
'Cause the diamond full of salad and I kill my master  
nation  
Got a bucket full of blood dancing' on the mound  
Gonna break my face on the sweet sunshine  
Bucket full of blood dancing' on the mound  
Gonna break my face on the sweet sunshine

I wanna get up off the floor  
I wanna run to the Devil, get me some more  
I wanna get up off the floor  
I wanna run to the Devil, get me some more

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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