

Beck "Terremoto Tempo"

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Space ships can't tame the jungle
And I feel like I'm giving in
We've been drivin' through a desert
Looking for a life to call our own

I push, I pull
The days go slow into a void we filled with death
And noise that laughs, falls off their maps
All cured of pain and doubts in your little brain

Something's coming, sky is purple
Dogs are howling to themselves
Days are changing with the weather
Like a rip tide could rip us away

I push, I pull
The days go slow into a void we filled with death
And noise that laughs, falls off their maps
All cured of pain and doubts in your little brain

I push, I pull
The days go slow into a void we filled with death
And noise that laughs, falls off their maps
All cured of pain and doubts in your little brain

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