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## Beck

## "Terremoto tempto"

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Spaceships can't tame the jungle And I feel like I'm giving in We've been driving 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 A noise that laughs Falls off thier maps All cured of pain And doubts in your Little brain

Something's coming, sky is purple Dogs are hounding to themselves Days are changing with the weather Like a riptide come rip us away

I push, I pull The days go slow Into a void We filled with death A noise that laughs Falls off thier 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 A noise that laughs Falls off thier maps All cured of pain And doubts in your Little brain

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