

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

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