

Beck "Tropicalia"

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Oh when they beat
Upon a broken guitar
And on the streets
They reek of tropical charms
The embassies lie in hideous shards
Where tourists snore and decay
When they dance in a reptile blaze
You wear a mask
An equatorial haze
Into the past
A colonial maze
Where there's no more confetti to throw
You wouldn't know what to say to yourself
Love is a property you couldn't sell
Misery waits in vague hotels
To be evicted
You're out of luck
You're singing funeral songs
To the studs
They're anabolic and bronze
They seem to strut
In their millennial fogs
'til they fall down and deflate
You wouldn't know what to say to yourself
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell
Misery waits in vague hotels
To be evicted
Oh and now you've had your fun
Under an air-conditioned sun
It's burned into your eyes
Leaves you plain and left behind
I see them eyes and fall
Into the jaws of a pestilent love
You wouldn't know what to say to yourself
Love is a property you couldn't sell
Misery waits in vague hotels
To be a victim

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