## Beck, Detonate

I read a lot of comic books

I'm a strapped-in loner, I was heedin' that shame You never shake my hand, you never know my name A crack house cooling, just chewin' the floor I pass out cold and I go look for some more I got all kinds of devices I'm gonna detonate Got a .45 magazine, rags of gasoline Phone booth, gold tooth, a pigeon wing Got bazookas, hand grenades Firebomb weddings, spray down parades I used to work in an office in the outskirts of town Routine, the grindstone grinding me down So I picked up a filing cabinet and threw it at my boss And then I took him outside and hung him on a cross Then I kept walking on down the road Oh yeah Well fourteen uzis later and a bottle of rum A cigarette lighter and a live chicken Got in all kinds of mischief Some kinds I won't tell, I did all kinds of things Well I went into the peekaboo hut To watch the lady have sex with a mutt And then, uh, then I, then I, I had A demolition derby with some shopping carts And I killed every pop star in the top-twenty charts I like to hijack people I like to jump through movie screens at the best parts I was reading that hardcore magazine & amp; quot; 101 Erotic Things To Do With Bologna & amp; quot; Then I went home and I painted the tv screen On the old black and white TV And I painted a picture on it And I watched it all night long I ate a live dog and I buried his bones Then I carved out a tombstone I got shell-casings in the freezer A money belt in the drawer I stole some blank checks And I used them down at the comic book store