

Beck, Rowboat

Rowboat

Row me to the shore

She don't wanna be my friend no more

She dug a hole in the bottom of my soul

She don't wanna be my friend no more

Pick me up

Give me some food to eat

In your truck

Going' no place

I'll be home

Talking' to nobody

You'll be strange

You'll be far away

Big fat moon

And my body's out of tune

With the burning' waves

She's a billion years away

Dog food on the floor

And I've been like this before

She is all

And everything else is small

Pick me up

Give me some alcohol

In your truck

Playing' the radio

I'll be home

With the gasoline

You'll be stoned

You'll be far away

Rowboat

Row me to the shore

She don't wanna be my friend no more

She dug a hole in the bottom of my soul

She is all

And everything else is small