

# Beck, Untitled

I just got put down  
In the ashes of a backwash town  
Black debris, the burned-out trees  
Blows out over the sunken seas  
Somewhere far along  
Singin' the regular song  
Dead machines, frozen dreams  
It's a state where I belong

I'm loose inside my skin  
And all the walls are wearin' thin

Shoot out all the traffic lights  
On your way to the dead of night  
Somewhere far along  
Singin' a regular song  
Dead machines, frozen dreams  
They don't bother me at all

You're better off alone  
Troubles find their home(? ).....

(more to come, according to beck)