

## Modesto

Beck

You came, you went  
My mind it got a dent  
I couldn't make my rent  
'cause all my cash was lent

This town is filled  
With thousand-dollar-bills  
Laminated songs  
Contaminated lawns  
Well we eat about fifteen times a day  
Starin' through a bag of frito-lay  
And I play with the fire in the stove  
When my eyes peel out and my fingertips get cold

Well it's real and it's fake  
And it's flamin' like a steak  
And she's puttin' out my face with the rake  
Oh honey you knew  
That you were my one and only blur

Unglued, depressed  
The meatloaf in my chest  
Personality test  
I failed with the best  
And I stomped and I stormed  
And I passed out in your dorm  
Then you hustled me outside  
I couldn't catch a ride  
But the subway trains speak to me now  
I'm browsing through the supermarket town  
And the girls don't talk when I'm around  
And I'm feelin' bad even though nothing's wrong

Chokin' on a breathmint

That's cool  
Yeah, that's cool

(.....stuck out here in the sand, they shot my mule and burn  
ed my wagon--  
Ran out of sourdough 2 days ago; ain't got no more lard. God bl  
ess you folks...)