

Beck, Forcefield

Forcefield There's a force field
Go outside with the suitcase 'round my neck
And it stands just where
Walk around all the while I've sat
And the stance I took on
Look at the people driving' that backwards
Leaves a Forcefield 'round with no particular style
My neck
Don't let it get near you
Don't let it get to close
And the stance I took on
Don't let it turn you into that
Leaves a Forcefield 'round
Things you hate the most
My neck
Roll out your silver dollar coffins
Roll out your buckskin gloves
Tell them anything they want to
And sound comes from above
Don't let it get near you
Don't let it get to close
And the stance I took on
Don't let it turn you into that
Leaves a Forcefield 'round
Things you hate the most
My neck
Don't let it get near you
Don't let it get to close
Don't let it turn you into
Things you hate the most
There's a Forcefield 'round my neck
And it stands just where I've sat
And the stance I took on that
Leaves a Forcefield 'round my neck
There's a Forcefield 'round my neck
And it stands just where I've sat
And the stance I took on that
Leaves a Forcefield 'round my neck