

# Beck, Send A Message To Her

get up son hit you head like a drum  
weeds are all grown in vain  
too much time I got too much time  
living in a waste of space  
take yourself don't break yourself  
its all gonna be ok  
get used to it don't lose your head  
its all gonna be the same  
she knows send a message to her  
she knows get a message to her

kill it dead but don't let it die there's a price sitting on your head  
face it down don't turn it around  
unless you wanna be where you been  
take yourself don't break yourself  
its all gonna be ok  
get used to it don't lose your head  
its all gonna be the same  
she knows send a message to her  
she knows get a message to her

spell out her name in cigarettes and knives tryin to see her  
get her a message on a dirty window tryin to see her

I've been stripping the days off the sidewalk and pavement  
the walls are all white and we're painting them whiter for the zig zag manline my radio's plastic and  
day job pay phone one in a trillion and the typecast heathen with the future all rancid  
something to believe  
something to believe