

Pressure Zone

Beck

G# F# C# C#

The countryside is overgrown, there s a lighthouse in her soul
Wrestling with butcher girls, she don t ever change her clothes
Cherry gardens feel like ice, hazard lights from her past
Underneath the broken bridge, hookers hug illegal dads

G# B F# F

Masterpieces liquidate in fertile tears, I could sleep inside her bones a
hundred years

C# A#

Lizards in the pressure zone, mother knows it s only a phase