

The New Pollution

Beck

guitar w/distortion:

-1411~--14/16--1411~--14/16-14~-14/16-1411~

-129~---12/14--129~---12/14-12~-12/14-129~-

She s got cigarette on each arm
She s got the lily-white cavity crazes
She s got a carborator tied to the moon
Pink eyes looking to the food of the ages

She s alone in the new pollution
She s alone in the new pollution

She s got a hand on a wheel of pain
She can talk to the mangling strangers
She can sleep in a fiery bog
Throwing troubles to the dying embers

She s alone in the new pollution
She s alone in the new pollution

She s alone in the new pollution
She s alone in the new pollution

She s got a paradise camoflaug
Like a whip-crack sending me shivers
She s a boat through a strip-mine ocean
Riding low on the drunken rivers

She s alone in the new pollution
She s alone in the new pollution