

# Beck - Derelict

Tom: Db

I dropped my anchor in the dead of night

I packed my suitcase and threw it away

I fell asleep in the funeral fire

I gave my clothes to the police man

Blow back derelict wind, lay my soul in the foul of the air  
 Blow back derelict wind, lay my soul in the foul of the air

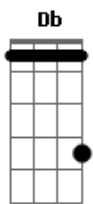
Shooting venom at the passers-by  
 Hijackers tie the heavens down  
 I put my eyes in a paper bag  
 I'm spinning round like a gambling wheel

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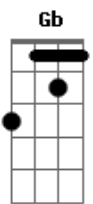
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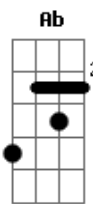
## Acordes



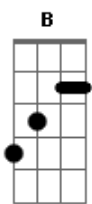
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