

## **Beck - The New Pollution**

Tom: A

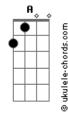
guitar w/distortion:

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

## **Acordes**



Throwing troubles to the dying embers

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

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

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