

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

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

Acordes

