

# Girl

## Beck

I saw her, yeah I saw her with her black tongue tied  
Round the roses  
Fist pounding on a vending machine  
Toy diamond ring stuck on her finger With a noose she can hang from the sun  
And put it out with her dark sunglasses  
Walking crooked down the beach  
She spits on the sand where their bones are bleaching And I know I'm gonna steal her life  
She doesn't even know what's wrong  
And I know I'm gonna make her die  
Take her where her soul belongs And I know I'm gonna steal her life  
Nothing that I wouldn't try  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
My cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl I saw her, yeah I saw her with her hands tied back  
And her rags were burning  
Calling out from a landfilled life  
Scrawlin' her name upon the ceiling Throw a coin in the fountain of dust  
White noise, her ears are ringing  
Got a ticket for my midnight hanging  
Throw a bullet from a freight train leaving And I know I'm gonna steal her life  
She doesn't even know what's wrong  
And I know I'm gonna make her die  
Take her where her soul belongs  
And I know I'm gonna steal her life  
Nothing that I wouldn't try Hey, my cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
My cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
Guitar Solo  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
My cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl  
My cyanide girl  
Hey, my cyanide girl

