

# Beck, Jack-Ass

I been drifting along in the same stale old shoes  
Loose ends tying a noose in the back of my mind  
If you thought that you were making your way  
To where the puzzles and pagans lay  
I'll put it together: It's a strange invitation

When I wake up someone will sweep up my lazy bones  
And we will rise in the cool of the evening  
I remember the way that you smiled  
When the gravity shackles were wild  
And something is vacant when I think it's all beginning

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