

# Beck, Unknown Title 1

Baby I can't make it straight  
My boots got stuck and I can't wait  
You're the one who's got no tongue  
Look and see which way it's run  
Man alive, I can't drive my two-bit cares away

Obituaries I seen right through  
Brochures of the times we knew  
Taxes on the days we spent  
Repossessed and named and chained  
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Accusations, suspects named  
Battered husbands, cousins blamed  
Holdin' up your trophy bones  
Sticks and stones and lesser knowns  
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And all your hopes can be derailed  
Low salt ( ? ) in the seas you sailed  
No dreams in the night you lie  
All the stars stripped from the sky  
Man alive, I can't drive my two-bit cares away  
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