

Beck, When The Water Will Take Back The Land

Like they said in the days of old
One day your faces will grow mold
For the judgment is close at hand
When the water will take back the land

From the tallest of the tall
To the pick-axe on the wall
When every bitter soul is canned
The water will take back the land

There's a blow-dryer stinging your eyes
When the alcohol is starting to rise
There's a fire hose on a marching band
When the water will take back the land

Your table where it blew into the smoke
Where gravity certainly awoke
There won't be no-one left you can stand
When the water will take back the land

The graveyard is starting to fry
And the moonshiners taking to the sky
There's a stone turning to sand
Where there water will take back the land