

Beck, Emergency Exit

14 miles away from a landfill grave
Never pawned my watch and chain
To the landlord living inside my head
Never paid my rent till the lights went dead
Then I saw my sign comin up the road
A dead ditch waiting for to bury my load
On the avenues in the plain of day
I threw a roosevelt dime in a bucket of rain

Now hold your hand onto the plow
Work your body till the sun goes down
What's left of death is more than fear
Let dust be dust and the good lord near
It's a little too much to ask of faith
It's a little late to wait for fate
So tell the angels what you seen
Scarecrow shadow on a Nazarene

Kindness will find you
When darkness has fallen
Round your bed
Kindness will follow
Children will wander
Till
The end