

Beck, Feel The Strain Of Sorrow Never Ceasing

On the old forgotten crossways
Where the fourteen rivers did meet
The bones of our elders
Lying in the street
On a dark and dusty deserts
Like a ghost I've flown
I barely cried when I arrived
I never found a home

Ooh, feel the strain of sorrow
Never ceasing
Ooh, feel the strain of sorrow
Never ceasing

I am a ramshackler
Go from town to town
And when there is no shelter
I lay down on the ground
I killed every reason
They gave for me to stay
Cussed the morning, burned the bone

And dragged that thing away

Mmm, to the peace of sorrow
Never ceasing
Mmm, to the strain of sorrow
Never ceasing

There's saints and there is animals
They've taken what they could
And it's written in the pages
Do just like they should
They stood the test and burned the rest
And tore them limb from limb
And it's marked upon their faces
It's written on their skin

Ooh, feel the strain of sorrow
Never ceasing
Mmm, feel the strain of sorrow
Never ceasing