

# Beck, Little One

Go to sleep  
We're so tired now  
Altogether in a snake pit of souls  
New days  
To throw your chains away  
To try to hang your hopes on the wind

Little one  
Just a little way  
Today all we need is waiting

Night rise  
Like the evening prize  
In a turnstile backwards we fly  
Cold bones  
Tied together by  
Black ropes we pulled from a swing

Little one  
Just a little way  
Today all of the dreams are waking

Can't stand on crooked legs  
I'm cross-eyed to the wall  
In these harbor lights  
Satellites explode

Drown, drown  
Sailors run aground  
In a seachange nothing is safe  
Strange waves  
Push us every way  
In a stolen boat we'll float away

Little one  
Hold on  
All of the dreams are wasting