Beck, Lord Only Knows

You only got one finger left
And it's pointing at the door
And you're taking for granted
What the Lord's laid on the floor
So I'm picking up the pieces
And I'm putting them up for sale
Throw your meal ticket out the window
Put your skeletons in jail

'Cause Lord only knows it's getting late
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate
To give yourself a call,
Let your bottom dollars fall
Throwing your two bit cares down the drain
Invite me to the seven seas
Like some seasick man
You'll do whatever you please
And I'll do whatever I can
Titanic, fare thee well,
My eyes are turning pink
Don't call us when the new age
Gets old enough to drink

'Cause Lord only knows it's getting late
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate
Move on up the hill,
There's nothing dead left to kill
Throwing your two bit cares down the drain
orale, orale, orale, orale
orale, orale
Just passing through
orale, orale, orale, orale

Going back to Houston
Do the hotdog dance
Going back to Houston
To get me some pants.....