

# Beck, Readymade

An open road where I can breathe  
Where the lowest low is calling to me  
I can pull myself back up back down  
Stuck together like a readymade

And nobody knows where we been  
Cancelled rations are running thin  
Watches tick out of tune  
Falling apart like a readymade  
My bags are waiting in the next life

Rubbish piles fresh and plain  
Empty boxes in a pawn shop brain  
License plates stowaway  
Standing in line like a readymade  
And my bags are waiting in the next life

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