

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

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 my bags are waiting in the next life