

# Beck, Runners Dial Zero

By the dried up stream  
We slit our throats and dreamed  
When the building's burned  
Was there some concern  
Mother laid in bed  
What was it she said?

Gather all your worldly jewels  
And scatter them like fools  
Don't you make a fuss  
Days so perilous  
When day is done we'll ride  
Who cares what we find

Another misspent night  
We thought we got it right  
The driver lost a wheel  
The ice turned into steel  
They shivered like refugees  
Way down on our knees

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