

Beck, Sing It Again

A town of disrespect
The trains are wrecked
The night is younger than us
Nowhere is anywhere else
You keep to yourself
Stirring the dregs where I have laid
The exit signs are flashing
Dead ends they won't come to life anymore
I pledge the rest
I should have guessed
Your love was hanging by threads
Tongues tied under the moon,
My love is a room of broken bottles
And tangled webs
The misers wind their minds
Like clocks that grind their gears
On and on
And if its meant
Some accident
Some coincidence
Crumbs fall out of the sky
When you wander by
The dust clouds blow
Nobodys home
Oh won't you lay my bags
Upon on the funeral fire and sing it again
Oh won't you lay my bags
Upon on the funeral fire and sing it again
Static
It's so easy to laugh at yourself
And all those jokes
Have already been written
Seems like another vain attempt
To let yourself fall out of the oven
Holy mountains
They look so tired
And it's a perfect day
To lock yourself inside
Who you fooling' with the fools are right
It's the same thing
But it's almost as different
Hard to tell when it pacifies your mind
Leaves you stranded with a broken engine
Lazy desert looks so mangled
Let me drown in a convalescent bliss
Get up from your bed of rest
Been a long time since you've lived
But the static in your mind
Leaves you hollow and unkind
With a shock electric wave
Turns you on
You've been flunked out
Of the devils house
Delinquent hygienes are so abrasive
Some distortion that's never been known
On the treadmill
You've been running' forever
Holy mountains, they look so tired
And it's a perfect day
To lock yourself inside
Be gone