

# 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