

Beck, Strange Invitation

I've been drifting along in the same stale old shoes
Loose ends tying a noose in the back of my mind
If you thought that you were making your way
To where the puzzles and pagans lay
I'll put it together, it's a strange invitation
When I wake up and someone will sweep up my lazy bones
And we will rise in the cool of the evening
I remember the way that you smiled
When the gravity shackles were wild
Something is vacant when I think it's all beginning
And I've been drifting along in the same stale old shoes
The loose ends tying a noose in the back of my mind
If you thought that you were making your way
To where the puzzles and pagans lay
Put it together, it's a strange invitation
And it's a strange invitation
And it's a strange invitation
It's a strange invitation
It's a strange invitation