

# Beck, Unknown 2

Well if it ain't your time to go  
Then you'd better stay put for now  
'cause everybody's gotta do their time until it's time  
And if it ain't broken, then break it  
And say you knew me way back when  
We're fools, we're fools  
And all rest were swine waiting to be defiled  
Well I could hang up my shingle  
Out by the side of the road  
And try to bang a flame out of the cinders you left behind  
Like a driftwood in the night  
That was washed up by the light  
Of the moon that bleached my bones  
That sent me to the pile  
Mustard in your smile

Land a hand on the radio dial  
And the breezes of the season  
Have blown us back to hell  
It's a stolen telephone  
That I dialed blind and alone  
Just to hear the voice of a bargain center soul  
Now the deserts are inflamed  
And the bandages are the same  
And the factories, casualties are looking for mangled joes(? )  
And if it ain't your time to go  
Then you'd better stay put for now  
'cause anybody gotta put their hand  
Upon the hand of the clock  
Like the minds of misers grinding down their gears to a halt