

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