

Beck, We Live Again

These withered hands
Have dug for a dream
Sifted through sand
And leftover nightmares
Over the hill
A desolate wind
Turns s--t to gold
And blows my soul crazy
The end
O the end
We live again
O I grow weary of the end
O hungry days
The footsteps of fools
Gazing alone
Through sex-painted windows
Dredging the night
Drunk libertines
Stink like a colognes
From the newfangled wasteland
The end
O the end
We live again
O I grow weary of the end
Love is a plague
In a mix-match parade
Where the castaways look so deranged
When will the children learn
To let their wildernesses burn
And love will be new never cold and vacant
These withered hands have dug for a dream
Sifted through sand and leftover nightmares
The end
Of the end
We live again
Oh I grow weary of the end