

Sing It Again

Beck

A town of disrespect
The trains are wrecked
The night is younger then 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 it's meant
Some accident
Some coincidence
Crumbs fall out of the sky
When you wander by
The dust clouds blow
Nobody's 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