

## Emergency Exit

Beck

14 miles away from a landfill grave  
Never pawned my watch and chain  
To the landlord living inside my head  
Never paid my rent till the lights went dead  
Then I saw my sign comin up the road  
A dead ditch waiting for to bury my load  
On the avenues in the plain of day  
I threw a roosevelt dime in a bucket of rain

Now hold your hand onto the plow  
Work your body till the sun goes down  
What's left of death is more than fear  
Let dust be dust and the good lord near  
It's a little too much to ask of faith  
It's a little late to wait for fate  
So tell the angels what you seen  
Scarecrow shadow on a Nazarene

Kindness will find you  
When darkness has fallen  
Round your bed  
Kindness will follow  
Children will wander  
Till  
The end