

## Beck

# "Fourteen Rivers, Fourteen Floods"

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Fourteen Rivers Fourteen Floods  
Bend your body  
To the heavens above  
Don't get drunk  
Don't get dry  
Just bring your money  
Next Saturday night  
Fourteen miles on the trail  
With a half dead mule  
And nothing on my mind  
All my life  
I've been talking' fast  
Taking all the things  
That I should have let pass  
Put my hat  
On my coffin nail  
Put another brick  
In the fire place  
Well, I don't know  
About you or me  
But someone got loose

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