

Beck "Lord Only Knows"

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You've only got one finger left
and it's pointin' at the door
and you've taken for granted
what the Lord's laid on the floor.
So I'm picking up the pieces
and I'm puttin' them up for sale.
Throw your meal ticket out the window
and put your skeletons in jail.

'Cause Lord only knows it's gettin' late
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate
To give yourself a call
Let your bottom dollars fall
Throwing your two-bit cares down the drain.

Invite me to the seven seas
like some seasick man
You'll do whatever you please
and I'll do whatever I can.

Titanic, fare thee well
My eyes are turning pink
don't call us whent the New Age
gets old enough to drink

'Cause Lord only knows it's gettin' late
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate
To move on up the hill
There's nothing there left to kill
Throwing your two-bit cares down the drain

yeah

Odelay, odelay, odelay, odelay
odelay, odelay, just passin' through

[lower tone of voice]
Odelay, odelay, odelay, odelay

Going back to Houston
YEAH
to the hot dog dance.

Going back to Houston
WOAH
to get me some pants

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