

Beck "Orphans"

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Think I'm stranded but I don't know where
I got this diamond I don't know how to shine
In the sun where the dark winds wail
And the children leave their rumors behind
As you cross that [?]
The matchsticks for my bones
If we can learn how to freeze ourselves alive
We can learn to leave these burdens to burn

Cast out these creatures of woe
Shatter themselves
Fighting the fire with your bare hands

Now my journey takes me further south
I want to hear what the blind men sing
With the fossils and the gypsy bones
I stand beside myself so I'm not alone
How can I make [?]
Or rust every time it rains?
And the rain, it comes
Floods are low
[?]

If I wake up and see my maker coming
With all of his crimson and his iron desire
We'll drive the streets with baggage alone
To be lost, I strive from a void
To a grain of sand in your hand

Ahhhh
Ahhhh ooh ooh
Ahhhh ooh ooh
Ahhhh ooh ooh

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