

Beck "Readymade"

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An open road where I can breathe
Where the lowest low is callin' to me
I can pull myself back up, back down
Stuck together like a readymade

And nobody knows where we been
Cancelled rations are runnin' thin
Watches tick out of tune
Falling apart like a readymade

My bags are waiting in the next life
Rubbish piles fresh and plain
Empty boxes in a pawn shop brain
License plates stowaway
Standing in line like a readymade

And my bags are waiting in the next life

An open road where I can breathe
Where the lowest low is calling to me
I can pull myself back up, back down
Stuck together like a readymade

And my bags are waiting in the next life

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