

## Beck "Sing It Again"

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{Should we do another one then?  
Dead right  
Lets go  
One, two, three, four}

A town of disrespect, the trains are wrecked  
The night is younger than us  
Nowhere is anywhere else  
You keep to yourself, stirring the dregs, where I have  
laid

The exit signs are flashing dead ends  
They won't come to life anymore

I pledged the rest, I should have guessed  
Your love was hangin' by threads  
Tongues tied under the moon  
My love is a room of broken bottles and tangled webs

The miser's wind their minds like  
Clocks that grind their gears on and on

And if it's meant some accident, some coincidence  
Crumbs fall out of the sky, when you wander by  
The dust clouds blow when nobody's home

Oh! Won't you lay my bags  
Upon the funeral fire and sing it again?

Oh! Won't you lay my bags  
Upon the funeral fire and sing it again?

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