

Beck

"ss"

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I been drifting along in the same stale shoes
Loose ends tying the noose in the back of my mind
If you thought that you were making your way
To where the puzzles and pagans lay
I'll put it together: It's a strange invitation
When I wake up someone will sweep up my lazy bones
And we will rise in the cool of the evening
I remember the way that you smiled
When the gravity shackles were wild
And something is vacant when I think it's all beginning
I been drifting along in the same stale shoes
Loose ends tying the noose in the back of my mind
If you thought that you were making your way
To where the puzzles and pagans lay
I'll put it together: It's a strange invitation

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