

## Beck

### "Woe On Me"

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On the old forgotten crossways where the fourteen  
rivers did meet  
The bones of our elders were lying in the street  
On the dark and dusty deserts, like a ghost, I've flown  
I barely cried, wherever I'd ride I'd never find a home

Woe on me  
Somehow I will feel more free  
To wallow in the empty-headed peace  
Where the plain-hearted sorrows never cease

Well I am just a ramshackle, I go from town to town  
When there is no shelter, I lay down on the ground  
I killed for no reason, I pissed upon the vine  
Cussed and moaned and burned the bone when I had  
the time

Woe on me  
Somehow I will feel more free  
To wallow in the empty-headed peace  
Where the plain-hearted sorrows never cease

There's saints and there is animals, they've taken what  
they could  
And it's written in the pages to do just what they should  
They stood the test and burned the rest and tore them  
limb from limb  
Like the fashion with no passion, they opened up their  
skin

Woe on me  
Somehow I will feel more free  
To wallow in the empty-headed peace  
Where the plain-hearted sorrows never cease

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