

# Cold Brains

Beck

Cold brains  
Unmoved, untouched, unglued  
Alone at last And no thoughts  
No mind to rot behind  
A trail of disasters A final curse  
Abandoned hearse  
We ride disowned  
Corroded to the bone The fields of green  
Are bent obscene  
I lay upon the gravel And a worm of hope  
A hangman's rope  
Pulls me one way or the other A final curse  
Abandoned hearse  
We ride disowned  
Corroded to the bone A bird of song  
Is heard no longer  
In the evacuated heavens And the drain is drawn  
And drained and gone  
And all and all it doesn't matter A final curse  
Abandoned hearse  
We ride disowned  
Corroded to the bone

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