## Clock

## **Beck**

Has it come and gone?

Is it long before the spirit shaves his legs?

Is it wrapped in trash, sent back to a sanitation tank?

Is it disinfected, disconnected 'til it grafts some wires?

Is it sped up, spun around brown and yellow in the fires? What is this town?

They said I got no place to be

The money meter's taking everything I seeIs it comes in lovely bones that put their shirts on ice?

Is it fireflies that cross out eyes with any spice?

Is it normal, born-again?

Let the vultures drink and drown

Is it's force from weathers, birds of feathers never found? What is this town?

They said I got no place to be

The money meter's taking everything I seeHas it come and gone?

Is it long before the spirit shaves his legs?

What is this town?

They said I got no place to be

The money need is taking everything I see

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