

Runners Dial Zero

[Beck](#)

By the dried up stream
We slit our throats and dreamed
But when the building's burned
Was it some concern?
Mother laid in bed
What was it she said? Gather all your worldly jewels
And scatter them like fools
Don't you make a fuss
Days so perilous
When day is done we'll ride
Who cares what we find Another misspent night
We thought we got it right
The driver lost a wheel
The ice turned into steel
They shivered like refugees
Way down on our knees By the dried up stream
We slit our throats and dreamed
But when the building's burned
Was it some concern?
Mother laid in bed
What was it she said?

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