

# Readymade

## Beck

An open road where I can breathe  
Where the lowest low is callin' to me  
I can pull myself back up, back down  
Stuck together like a readymade And nobody knows where we been  
Cancelled rations are runnin' thin  
Watches tick out of tune  
Falling apart like a readymade My bags are waiting in the next life Rubbish piles fresh and plain  
Empty boxes in a pawn shop brain  
License plates stowaway  
Standing in line like a readymade And my bags are waiting in the next life An open road where I can breathe  
Where the lowest low is calling to me  
I can pull myself back up, back down  
Stuck together like a readymade And my bags are waiting in the next life

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