

We Live Again

Beck

These withered hands have dug for a dream
Sifted through sand and leftover nightmares
Over the hill, a desolate wind
Turns shit to gold and blows my soul crazyThe end, oh, the end
We live again
Oh, I grow weary of the endOh, hungry days in the footsteps of fools
Gazing alone through sex painted windows
Dredging the night, drunk libertines
Stink like colognes from a new fangled wastelandThe end, oh, the end
We live again
Oh, I grow weary of the endLove is a plague in a mix match parade
Where the castaways look so deranged
When will children learn to let their wildernesses burn
And love will be new, never cold and vacantThese withered hands have dug for a dream
Sifted through sand and leftover nightmaresThe end, oh, the end
We live again
Oh, I grow weary of the end

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