

Lord Only Knows

Beck

Ah!

You only got one finger left
And it's pointing at the door
And you're taking for granted
What the Lord's made on the floor So I'm picking up the pieces
And I'm putting them up for sale
Throw your meal ticket out the window
Put your skeletons in jail Cause Lord only knows it's getting late
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate
To give yourself a call let your bottom dollars fall Throwing your two bit cares down the drain
Invite me to the seven seas like some seasick man
You will do whatever you please and I'll do whatever I can Titanic, fare thee well, my eyes are turning pink
Don't call us when the new age gets old enough to drink
Cause Lord only knows it's getting late
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate Move on up the hill there's nothing dead left to kill
Throwing your two bit cares down the drain
Odelay, odelay, odelay, odealy odelay, odelay
Just passing through
Odelay, odelay, odelay, odealy Going back to Houston
Do the hot dog dance
Going back to Houston
To get me some pants

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