

Fourteen Rivers, Fourteen Floods

Beck

Fourteen rivers, fourteen floods
Bend your body to the heavens above
Don't get drunk, don't get dry
Just bring your money next Saturday night
Forty miles on a cattle trail
With a half-dead mule and nothing on my mind
All my life I've been talking fast
Taking all the things that I should have let pass
Throw my hat on a coffin nail
Put another brick in the fire place
Well I don't know about you or me
But someone got loose back in town

Songwriters

Beck
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