

Sing It Again

Beck

{Should we do another one then?
Dead right
Lets go
One, two, three, four} A town of disrespect, the trains are wrecked
The night is younger than us
Nowhere is anywhere else
You keep to yourself, stirring the dregs, where I have laid The exit signs are flashing dead ends
They won't come to life anymore I pledged the rest, I should have guessed
Your love was hangin' by threads
Tongues tied under the moon
My love is a room of broken bottles and tangled webs The miser's wind their minds like
Clocks that grind their gears on and on And if it's meant some accident, some coincidence
Crumbs fall out of the sky, when you wander by
The dust clouds blow when nobody's home Oh! Won't you lay my bags
Upon the funeral fire and sing it again? Oh! Won't you lay my bags
Upon the funeral fire and sing it again?

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