

# 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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