

Beck, Dead Melodies

Where will you go
When this day is over
A gambler's purse
Lays on the road
Straight to your door
Snakes have gone crazy tonight
Winding their way out of sight
A laugh, a joke
A sentiment wasted
Seasons of strangers
They've come and gone
Doldrums are pounding,
Cheapskates are clowning this town
Who could disown themselves now
Engineer, slow down this old train
Cinders and chaff
Laugh at the moon
Night birds will cackle
Rotting like apples on trees
Sending their dead melodies... to me