

# Beck, Ramshackle

You've been so long  
Your blind eyes are gone  
Your old bones are on their own  
So take off your coat  
Put a song in your throat  
Let the dead-beats pound all around

We will go  
Nowhere we know  
We don't have to talk at all  
Hand me downs  
Flypaper towns  
Stuck together  
One and all

The bargains you drive  
Buckets and bags  
And all your belongings  
Your train's in the sand  
Ramshackle land  
Let the rats watch the races

We will go  
Nowhere we know  
'Til we find our one and all  
Hand me downs  
Flypaper towns  
Stuck together  
One and all

Praises get spent  
Your trick face is bent  
Pigsties and prizes  
'Cause there's no kind of wealth  
You're suiting yourself  
You leave yourself behind

We will go  
Nowhere we know  
'Til we find our one and all  
Your hand me downs  
Flypaper towns  
Stuck together  
One and all