

## Lord Only Knows

Beck

You only got one finger left  
And it's pointing at the door  
And you're taking for granted  
What the Lord's laid on the floor  
So I'm picking up the pieces  
And I'm putting them up for sale  
Throw your meal ticket out the window  
Put your skeletons in jail

'Cause Lord only knows it's getting late  
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate  
To give yourself a call,  
Let your bottom dollars fall  
Throwing your two bit cares down the drain  
Invite me to the seven seas  
Like some seasick man  
You'll do whatever you please  
And I'll do whatever I can  
Titanic, fare thee well,  
My eyes are turning pink  
Don't call us when the new age  
Gets old enough to drink

'Cause Lord only knows it's getting late  
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate  
Move on up the hill,  
There's nothing dead left to kill  
Throwing your two bit cares down the drain  
orale, orale, orale, orale  
orale, orale  
Just passing through  
orale, orale, orale, orale

Going back to Houston  
Do the hotdog dance  
Going back to Houston  
To get me some pants.....