

## Sing It Again

Beck

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 pledge the rest  
I should have guessed  
Your love was hanging by threads  
Tongues tied under the moon,  
My love is a room of broken bottles  
And tangled webs  
The misers 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  
Nobody's home  
Oh won't you lay my bags  
Upon on the funeral fire and sing it again  
Oh won't you lay my bags  
Upon on the funeral fire and sing it again