

## 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 crazy  
The end  
O the end  
We live again  
O I grow weary of the end  
O hungry days  
The footsteps of fools  
Gazing alone  
Through sex-painted windows  
Dredging the night  
Drunk libertines  
Stink like a colognes  
From the newfangled wasteland  
The end  
O the end  
We live again  
O I grow weary of the end  
Love is a plague  
In a mix-match parade  
Where the castaways look so deranged  
When will the children learn  
To let their wildernesses burn  
And love will be new never cold and vacant  
These withered hands have dug for a dream  
Sifted through sand and leftover nightmares  
The end  
Of the end  
We live again  
Oh I grow weary of the end