

## Dead Melodies

Beck

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 come and go  
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