

Dear Life

Beck

You sang your swan song to the dogs
'Cause they made mincemeat of the dreams you hung your hopes on
So you cut it out, well your sins cost
While money talks to your conscience, looking like a fool for love

Dear life, I'm holding on
Dear life, I'm holding on
How long must I wait
Before the thrill is gone

You drove your Rolls into the swamp
You stole away like a thief, reeling from the sticker shock
Of the price they put upon your soul
You buy it back from the burning ashes of the devil you know

Dear life, I'm holding on
Dear life, I'm holding on
How long must I wait
Before the thrill is gone

Dear life, come and pick me up
Dear life, I think the button's stuck
Dear life, I think it's gone too far
Dear life, please lower the bar
Lower than the stars

Dear life, I'm holding on
Dear life, I'm holding on
How long must I wait
Before the thrill is gone