

# Derelict

Beck

I dropped my anchor in the dead of night  
I packed my suitcase and threw it away  
I fell asleep in the funeral fire  
I gave my clothes to the police man  
Blow back derelict wind,  
lay my soul in the fallow field  
Blow back derelict wind,  
lay my soul in the fallow field  
Shooting venom at the passers-by  
Hijackers tie the heavens down  
I put my eyes in a paper bag  
I'm spinning round like a gambling wheel  
Blow back derelict wind,  
lay my soul in the fallow field  
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lay my soul in the fallow field  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>