

**Aint Your Time To Go
Beck**

G Well, if it ain t your time to go then you d better stay put for now
A C G D
Everybody s got to do their time until it s time
G D C G
And if it ain t broken then break it and say you knew me way back when
A C G D
When fools were fools and all the rest were swine waiting to be defiled
G D C G
I could hang up my shingles out by the side of the road
A C G D
Try to bang the blame out of the cinders you left behind
G D C G
Like a driftwood in the night that was washed up by the light
A C G D
Of the moon that bleached my bones then sent me to the pile
G D C G
Mustard in your smile, land that hand on the radio dial
A C G D
Then the breezes of the season have blown us back to hell
G D C G
It s a stolen telephone that I dialed, blind and alone
A C G D
Just to hear the voice of a bargain center soul
G D C G
Now the deserts are in flame and the bandages are the same
A C G D
And the factory s casualties are looking for mangled jewels
G D C G
Well if it ain t your time to go, then you better stay put for now
A C G D G
Cause everybody s got to put their hand upon the hand of the clock
D G D G
Like the minds of misers grinding down their gears to a halt