

Aint Your Time To Go  
Beck

G D C 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