

Beck, Clap Hands

I'll clap my hands along, and rattle on like a vagabond
I'll rip my uniform, and bend the floor to the early mornin
I'll shake your dollar bill, and spend it all before the bombs 'll kill me
I'll save my best for last and after that don't even ask me

Clap hands, that's right
Clap hands, clap hands that's right
Clap hands clap-clap hands

I'll take my broken bell, and make it ring like a million churches
I'll scratch that kind of itch, down in the ditch and switch my plates out
I'll drive to San Francisco, death to disco take my shirt off
I'll swim to Mexico, don't tell the mermaids where I'm goin

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