

Beck, Dirty Dirty

Dirty dirty nights
Underneath the flashing lights
Crawling on the basement floor
I can't see you anymore
What you do, you do for me
Don't forget I'm on my knees
Make you feel what isn't real
You don't know my face is steel

Dirty dirty
Make it neverending
When you feel this dirty, dirty
Dirty dirty
Make it neverending
When you feel this dirty, dirty

Baby I'm surprised
Yellow diamonds in your eyes
Tell me what your Daddy knows
Does he buy you fancy clothes?
Whichever way the wind blows
That's the way she goes
Now I think I'll never know
What it could've been like, girl

Dirty dirty
Make it neverending
When you feel this dirty, dirty
Dirty dirty
Make it neverending
When you feel this dirty, dirty

Saw you in the elevator late last night
You looked like you were off duty
Followed me down to the gym
Chromium sweat and a switchblade
Do you think I knew something you didn't?
Because you play keyboards at the West Bay Lounge
Traffic school, trying to pay your bills
With those millionaire dreams
I frequent places that take American Express
Watching liquid crystal displays in taxi cabs

Dirty dirty
Make it neverending
When you feel this dirty, dirty
Dirty dirty
Make it neverending
When you feel this dirty, dirty

What's on your mind?
What's on your mind?