

Beck, Elevator Music

1, 2, you know what to do
Alright

I'm uptight super
Gathered out of the frame
I shake a leg on the ground
Like an epileptic battery man
I'm making my move
Lettin' loose like a belt
Little worse for wear
But I'm wearing it well
Tell me what's wrong
With a little grind n' bump?
When the stereos erupt
With a kick drum punch?
Let's do it once
Probably do it again and again
Like you did it before
But you're more erratic than then
And you had a rough night
And the night's just begun
Let a little bit of this
Pass with this gun
Don't let it hold you back
But you're already set
No dead flowers gonna grow
'Til the dirt gets wet

Put the elevator music on
Pull me back where I belong
The ambulance sings along
The fly on the wall
Doesn't know what's wrong
If I could forget myself
Find another lie to tell
If I had a soul to sell
I'd buy some time
To talk to my brain cell

Gutbucket and a bottle of paint
It's like the schoolhouse lights
Will never turn on again
Til the bottom wears off
Of these high-heeled boots
The bodies all move
Some backbone roots
Everybody workin' hard
'Til the yard is all clean
The dishes wash good
In the washin' machine
Now you brush your teeth
And you comb back your hair
You drive your vehicle
Like you just didn't care
You're walkin' to work
With the boys and the girls
And you're doin' it there
It's the end of the world
Now everybody's sweatin'
Forgettin' what's on their mind
With your hand like a mirror
You can see what's inside
When you're down and out
Conquer it, there's nothing that's real

It's like a platinum card
Too amputated to feel

I got a silicon bible song
Paranoid Jumbotron
?? with the weekend off
The fly on the wall
Doesn't know what's wrong
If I could forget myself
I'd find another lie to tell
The bottom of an oil well
Cell phone's ringing
I could talk to my brain cell

All the dudes with banjos
Chicks with wicks
Animals with bananas
Got my hand like a mirror
You can see what's inside