

Beck, Hotwax

It takes a backwash man to sing a backwash soul
Like a fryin' pan when the fire's gone
Drivin' my pig while the bands takin' pictures in the grass
And my radio's smashed
And I like pianos in the evenin' sun
Draggin' my heels 'til my day is done
Saturday night in the captain's clothes
Tender horns blowin' when my jewelry froze
Yo soy un disco quebrado
Yo tengo chicle en mi cerebro
I can't believe my way back when
My Cadillac pants goin' much to fast
Karaoke weekend at the suicide shack
Community service and I'm still the mack
Shocked my finger, spicin' my hand
I've been spreadin' disease all across the land
Beautiful air conditioned, sittin' in the kitchen
Wishin' I was livin' like a hit man
Face down in the guarantees
Jaundiced honchos gettin' busy with ease
Because I get down, I get down
I get down all the way
Yo soy un disco quebrado
Yo tengo chicle en mi cerebro
I'm a ass, ass, ass
I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm a ass, ass, ass
Sawdust songs of the plaid bartenders
Western Unions of the country westerns
Silver foxes looking for romance
In the chain smoke Kansas flash dance ass pants
And you got the hotwax residues
You never lose in your razor blade shoes
Stealin' pesos out of my brain
Hazard signs down the Alamo lanes
Radar systems piercin' the souls
You never get caught with the wax so rotten
All my days I got the grizzly words
Hijacked flavors that I'm flippin' like birds
Yo soy un disco quebrado
Yo tengo chicle en mi cerebro
Who are you?
I'm the enchanting wizard of rhythm
Why did you come here?
I came here to tell you
About the rhythms of the universe