

# Beck, In A Cold Ass Fashion

Fly like the eagle  
Fly like the eagle  
Fly...

Squeegee

Ah, you got it

When we get down to the shrink-wrap on my grave  
You know the nitty-gritty never looked so safe  
You get whipflash under the bridge  
Like a cold-ass lover with the buckskin  
Get the squeegee and it's easy to be me  
Clean my boots and I'm still feelin' homeless  
Your brother is deader than a phone machine  
With a bucket of green piss  
And I'm tryin' not to look at Satan making love to a dishrag  
So load up the gimmick wagon, get out of town  
Do me a favor -- don't stick around  
'Cause my kneecaps are turnin' slightly brown

Let's be doin' it right

Comin' down in a cold ass fashion  
And the people don't breathe  
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion  
Steppin' in the beefsteak  
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion  
And the mayonnaise comes  
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion  
Black Twinkie

Gettin' all caught up in a taste test  
An' it all basically tastes like crap  
I can shake my own hand, give myself a grin  
I can pick my own nose and put it back in  
I can squeeze the breeze, drink a bottle of lice  
Smoke a pack of whiskey with Jesus Christ

I got options, I got cop shows, I get nauseous  
And the sweat is Day-Glo  
Went to sleep, woke up in a coffin  
Took out my eyeballs an' put 'em in a condom  
Your daddy's got laxatives on his brain  
Gettin' sappy in the back of a train  
Mojo weedwhacker cuttin' yer space  
Hot dogs rottin' in the bottom of a suitcase  
And your mouth, it smells like hair gel  
I love you but you don't know how to spell  
Where can you duck when they shoot you full of pigeon holes  
And there ain't nothin' like the real artificial

O.G. -- original glue-sniffer

Comin' down in a cold ass fashion  
And the people don't breathe  
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion  
As you're biting my sandwich  
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion  
Smear me sauce (?)  
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion  
(???) donut (?)

Uh, wait...

Talkin' about a cold ass fashion (x16)

(The following four lines are spoken at various times over the above:)

Cold ass fashion, cold ass fashion, squeegee, I just took some acid (?)

(Backwards:) (???) up your ass

(Backwards:) (???) hot dog

It's like forty pounds of avocado sauce

Smeared across your boss

You know what I'm sayin'?

You dunno when it's comin'

You know, it's like forty-five horses

Runnin' through the graveyard

In yellow panties

That is cold fashion