

Beck, Bogus Flow

monkey see, monkey die
lamine your face and paste it up into the sky
cuz it's squalid and it's solid and it's
completely rancid and beautiful
like a forcefield of multiplying meat
cut a hole in the floor to see
just how close to hell we're standin'

time shoots forward in your skull
scattered to the four winds chucked in a bucket
riding lamppost, moldy toast
excitement level: zero
rock the casbah, bring the noise
amplified dishwashers
exploring the boring to the core
people with cordless personalities
runnin' around in new wave bionic jogging suits

california white boy sound
rocket-powered and nailed to the ground
new age, old age
totally lame
straight to the middle of the road
rewind the tape
play the whole thing backwards
with the sound completely turned off