Beck, Bogus Flow

monkey see, monkey die laminate 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 lampost, 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