

# Beck, Bogusflow

Monkey see, monkey die  
Laminate your face  
And paste it up into the sky  
"Cause it's squalid and it's solid and it's  
Completely rancid and beautiful  
Like a dishrag laying in the street  
Uptight beyond belief  
Cut a hole in the floor to see  
How close to hell we're standing  
Got the travelling vitamin c blues  
Police lady staring at my shoes  
Holy ghost, moldy toast  
Riding lamppost  
Excitement level zero

Rock the casbah, bring the noise  
Pretentious dimensions exploring the boring to the core  
Adults with cordless personalities  
Running around in new wave bionic jogging suits  
(Spoken gimme some of that noise)  
California white boy sound  
Rocket-powered and nailed into the ground  
New age, old age-- completely totally lame  
Straight to the middle of the road  
Just rewind the tape and play the whole thing backwards  
With the sound completely turned all the way off