

# Beck, Cellphone's Dead

Strange ways coming today  
I put a dollar in my pocket  
And I threw it away  
Been a long time  
Since a federal dime  
Made a jukebox sound  
Like a mirror in my mind  
Control my worries  
Fix my thoughts  
Throw my hopes  
Like a juggernaut walks  
Now let-down souls  
Can't feel no rhythm  
Sorry entertainers  
Like aerobics victims  
Hybrid people  
Light a wooded matchstick  
Toxic fumes and the  
Burning plastic  
Beats are broken  
Bones are spastic  
Boombox talkin'  
With a southern accent  
Voodoo curses  
Bible tongues  
Voices comin'  
From the mangled lungs  
Give me some grits  
Some get-down shit  
Don't need a good reason  
To let anything rip

Radio's cold  
Solar's infected  
One by one  
I'll knock you out  
God is alone  
Hardware defective  
One by one  
I'll knock you out

Mr. Microphone making  
All the damage felt  
Like a laser manifesto  
Make a mannequin melt  
There's people phonin' in  
Like it's unlimited minutes  
Going through the motions  
Just to savor they did it  
Treadmill's running  
Underneath their feet  
So they feel like they're going somewhere  
But they're not  
So let's put boots  
On the warehouse floor  
Comin' to you  
Like a rope on a chainstore  
Throwing equipment  
From a moving van  
Grab a microphone  
Like a utility man  
Now fix the beat  
Now break the rest  
Make a kick drum sound

Like an S.O.S.  
Get a tow-truck  
Cause it's after dark  
And the dance floor's full  
But everybody's double-parked!

Cell phone's dead  
Lost in the desert  
One by one  
I'll knock you out  
Eye of the sun  
Is out of its socket  
One by one  
I'll knock you out  
One by one

This jam is real... that's right

Eye of the sun  
Eye of the sun  
Eye of the sun

Ahhhhhhhhhh