

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

Ahhhhhhhhhhh