

# Beck, Fax Machine Anthem

Looking for my place on assembly lines  
Fake prizes rising out of the bomb holes  
Skeleton boys hyped up in purple  
Smoke rings blow from across the disco  
Bank notes, burn like broken equipment  
Looking for shelter via juxtaposition  
Thought control, those written confessions  
Two dimensions, dumb your head down  
Duck, don't look now, company missiles  
Power is raunchy when the cops are watching  
Make your dreams out of paper mache  
Clinched wasted hate taste-tested

Hell yes, now I'm moving this way, I'm doing this thing  
(Please enjoy)  
Hell yes, now I'm turning it on, I'm working my legs  
Hell yes, now I'm calling you out, I'm switching my plates  
(Please enjoy)  
Hell yes now I'm cleaning the floor, my beat is correct

Stretched to the limit, attention spared  
Snap back the track, collapsin' the laugh tracks  
Noise response, applause and handclaps  
Floodgates open to the sound of the rainbow  
Makin' points on the verge of pointless  
Fools anointed to the follower's fanfare  
Look for the common, not superficial

Code Red Cola? War conformity crisis  
Perfunctory idols rewriting their bibles  
With magic markers running out of their ink  
Lives and White Out, turn the lights out  
Fax machine anthems; get your damned hands up

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(Hi. Yeah, that's it  
Let me see  
Yea, that's it  
Let me see  
Yea, that's it  
Hi)

Let me see, Yeah, that's it  
Let me see, seriously, Yea, that's it

Yes.  
Hi.  
(I like your bass.  
Your beat is nice.  
Yeah, that's it.  
Yes. Yes.)

Hell yes.