

# Beck, Hell Yes

Looking for my place  
On assembly lines  
Fake prizes  
Risin out of the bombholes  
Skeleton boys hyped up on purple  
Smoke rings blow from across the disco  
Bank notes burn like broken equipment  
Lookin for shelter readjust your position  
Thought control ghost written confessions  
Two dimensions dumb your head down  
Duck don't look now company missiles  
Power is raunchy rent-a-cops are watching  
Makin their dreams out of paper mache  
Cliche wasted hate taste tested  
Hell yes I'm movin this way I'm doin this thing  
(please enjoy)  
Hell yes I'm turnin it on  
I'm workin my legs hell yes  
I'm callin you out I'm switchin my plates  
(please enjoy)  
Hell yes  
I'm cleanin the floor my beat is correct  
Stretched to the limit attention spans  
Snap back retract collapse into laugh tracks  
Noise response applause and hand claps  
Floodgates open to the sound of the rainbow  
Breaking points on the verge of pointless  
Fools anointed to the followers 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 in white out  
Turn the lights out  
Fax machine anthems get your damn hands up  
Hell yes I'm movin this way I'm doin this thing  
(please enjoy)  
Hell yes I'm turnin it on I'm workin my legs  
Hell yes I'm callin you out I'm switchin my plates  
(please enjoy)  
Hell yes  
I'm cleanin the floor  
My beat is correct