

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