

Beck, Puttin' It Down

Big pain
Burning' down
Giving' me a cow
What you seem to be saying
Is you're patiently waiting
Like an ashtray for the butt

Well I'm putting' it down
But you're not picking' it up
Well I'm putting' it down
But you treat me like a clown
And I don't wanna be funny

Fat chance
Glued to the wall
Like a centerfold
Of an old cannonball
Will you put me inside?
Your TV tonight
'Cause you're treating' me like a rerun

Well I'm putting' it down
But you're not picking' it up
Well I'm putting' it down
But you treat me like a clown
And I don't wanna be funny

No no no no

So what
I lost my job at the Hut
My ass got cut
But I'll be better at kissing'
When my teeth are all missing'
And the silverware's burnt
And I'm eating' with my fingers

And I'm putting' it down
And you're not picking' it up
Well I'm putting it down
But you treat me like a clown
And I don't want to be funny

Yeah yeah yeah yeah, [etc.]