

Beck, Puttin it down

Big pain
Burnin' now
Givin' me a cow
What you seem to be sayin'
Is you're patiently waitin'
Like an ash tray
For the butt
Well I'm puttin it down
But you're not pickin' it up
Yeah I'm puttin 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 cannon-ball
Would you put me inside
Your tv tonight?
'Cause your treatin' me
Like a rerun
Well I'm puttin it down
But you're not pickin' it up
Yeah I'm puttin 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 kissin'
When my teeth are all missin'
And the silverware's burnt
And I'm eatin' with my fingers
And I'm puttin it down
But you're not pickin' it up
Well I'm puttin it down
But you treat me like a clown
And I don't wanna be funny
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yea-eh