

# Beck, Where It's At

There's a destination a little up the road  
From the habitations and the towns we know  
A place we saw the lights turn low  
The jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow

Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts  
Two turntables and a microphone  
Bottles and cans just clap your hands  
Just clap your hands

Where it's at!  
I got two turntables and a microphone  
Where it's at!  
I got two turntables and a microphone  
Where it's at!  
I got two turntables and a microphone  
Where it's at!  
[robot vocal effect:]  
I got two turntables and a microphone

(take me home with my elevator bones!)  
(that was a good drum break)

Pick yourself up off the side of the road  
With your elevator bones  
And your whip-flash tones  
Members only hyponotizers  
Move through the room like ambulance drivers  
Shine your shoes with your microphone blues  
Hirsute with your parachute fruits  
Passing the dutchie from coast to coast  
Let my man Ken Wilson (rock the most)

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I got two turntables and a microphone  
Where it's at!  
I got two turntables and a microphone

[Man speaking]:  
(&quot;What about those who swing both ways? AC-DC's?)

Two turntables and a microphone  
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Two turntables and a microphone

Where it's at!  
I got two turntables and a microphone  
Where it's at!  
I got two turntables and a microphone

Oh, dear me.  
Make-out City's a two-horse town  
[girl speaking]:  
(&quot;That's beautiful, Dad.&quot;)

(Got my microphone....)  
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Where it's at!  
I got two turntables and a microphone

I got plastic on my mind  
(make it out, baby)  
yeah, yeah, yeah  
let's make it out, baby  
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

telephone plastic baby  
Ah, so good  
oh, yeah  
let's play good  
ow wow wow wow wow