

# Elevator Music

Beck

1, 2, you know what to do  
Alright

I'm uptight super  
Gathered out of the frame  
I shake a leg on the ground  
Like an epileptic battery man  
I'm making my move  
Lettin' loose like a belt  
Little worse for wear  
But I'm wearing it well  
Tell me what's wrong  
With a little grind n' bump?  
When the stereos erupt  
With a kick drum punch?  
Let's do it once  
Probably do it again and again  
Like you did it before  
But you're more erratic than then  
And you had a rough night  
And the night's just begun  
Let a little bit of this  
Pass with this gun  
Don't let it hold you back  
But you're already set  
No dead flowers gonna grow  
'Til the dirt gets wet

Put the elevator music on  
Pull me back where I belong  
The ambulance sings along  
The fly on the wall  
Doesn't know what's wrong  
If I could forget myself  
Find another lie to tell  
If I had a soul to sell  
I'd buy some time  
To talk to my brain cell

Gutbucket and a bottle of paint  
It's like the schoolhouse lights  
Will never turn on again  
Til the bottom wears off  
Of these high-heeled boots  
The bodies all move  
Some backbone roots  
Everybody workin' hard  
'Til the yard is all clean  
The dishes wash good  
In the washin' machine  
Now you brush your teeth  
And you comb back your hair  
You drive your vehicle  
Like you just didn't care  
You're walkin' to work  
With the boys and the girls  
And you're doin' it there

It's the end of the world  
Now everybody's sweatin'  
Forgettin' what's on their mind  
With your hand like a mirror  
You can see what's inside  
When you're down and out  
Conquer it, there's nothing that's real  
It's like a platinum card  
Too amputated to feel

I got a silicon bible song  
Paranoid Jumbotron  
?? with the weekend off  
The fly on the wall  
Doesn't know what's wrong  
If I could forget myself  
I'd find another lie to tell  
The bottom of an oil well  
Cell phone's ringing  
I could talk to my brain cell

All the dudes with banjos  
Chicks with wicks  
Animals with bananas  
Got my hand like a mirror  
You can see what's inside