

Dirty Dirty

Beck

Dirty, dirty nights
Underneath the flashing lights
Crawling on the basement floor
I can't see you anymore

What you do, you do for me
Don't forget I'm on my knees
Make you feel what isn't real
You don't know my face is steel

Dirty, dirty
Make it never ending
When you feel this dirty, dirty
Dirty, dirty
Make it never ending
When you feel this dirty, dirty

Baby, I'm surprised
Yellow diamonds in your eyes
Tell me what your daddy knows
Does he buy you fancy clothes?

Whichever way the wind blows
That's the way she goes
Now I think I'll never know
What it could've been like, girl

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Saw you in the elevator late last night
You looked like you were off duty
Followed me down to the gym
Chromium sweat and a switchblade

Do you think I knew something you didn't?
Because you play keyboards at the West Bay Lounge
Traffic school, trying to pay your bills
With those millionaire dreams

I frequent places that take American Express
Watching liquid crystal displays in taxi cabs

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What's on your mind?
What's on your mind?
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