

Cell Phones Dead

Beck

Strange ways coming today
I put a dollar in my pocket
And I threw it away
Been a long time
Since a federal dime
Made a jukebox sound
Like a mirror in my mind
To comb my worries
Fix my thoughts
Throw my hopes
Like a juggernaut walks
Now let-down souls
Can't feel no rhythm
Sorry entertainers
Like aerobics victims
Hybrid people
Light a wooded matchstick
Toxic fumes from the
Burning plastic
Beats are broken
Bones are spastic
Robots talkin'
With a southern accent
Voodoo curses
Bible tongues
Voices comin'
From the mangled lungs
Give me some grit
Some get-down shit
Don't need a good reason
To let anything rip
Radio's cold
Soul is infected
One by one
I'll knock you out
God is alone
Hardware defective
One by one
I'll knock you out
Mr. Microphone making
All the damage felt

Like a laser manifesto
Make a mannequin melt
There's people phonin' in
Like it's unlimited minutes
Going through the motions
Just to say that they did it
Treadmill's running
Underneath their feet
So they feel like they're going somewhere
But they're not
So let's put boots
On the warehouse floor
Comin' to you
Like a rope on a chain store
Throwing equipment
From a moving van
Grab a microphone
Like a utility man
Now fix the beat
Now break the rest
Make a kick drum sound
Like an S.O.S.
Get a tow-truck
Cause it's after dark
And the dance floor's full
But everybody's double-parked! Cell phone's dead
Lost in the desert
One by one
I'll knock you out
Eye of the sun
Is out of its socket
One by one
I'll knock you out
One by one This jam is real, that's right Eye of the sun
Eye of the sun
Eye of the sun Ah

Songwriters

Beck Hansen Published by

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