

# Cell Phone's 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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