

# Elevator Music

## Beck

1, 2, you know what to do  
Alright, come on 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? Once you do it once  
Probably do it again and again  
You did it before  
But you're more erratic than then And you had a rough night  
The night's just begun  
Let a little bit of this  
A pass with this gun Don't let it hold you back  
But you're already set  
No dead flowers gonna grow  
Until 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  
You could find another lie to tell  
If I had a soul to sell  
I'd buy some time  
To talk to my brain cell Gut-bucket 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  
With 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 when everybody's sweatin'  
Forgettin' what's on their minds  
With your hand like a mirror  
You can see what's inside When you're down and out  
Pounded and there's nothing that's real  
It's like a plastic heart  
Too amputated to feel I got a soda can Bible song  
A paranoid Jumbo-tron  
The Lord took 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  
The cell phone's ringing  
I could talk to my brain cell Come on, what?  
All the dudes with the banjos  
Chicks with the wicks  
Animals with bananas  
I got my hand like a mirror With your hand like a mirror  
You can see what's around  
Oh, yeah

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