

Cellphone's Dead

[Beck](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 control 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
And the burning plastic Beats are broken
Bones are spastic
Boom-box talkin'
With a southern accent Voodoo curses
Bible tongues
Voices comin'
From the mangled lungs Give me some grits
Some get-down shit
Don't need a good reason
To let anything rip Radio's cold
Solar's 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 savor 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
Eye of the sun

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