

Where It's At

Beck

There's a destination a little up the road
From the habitations and the towns we know
A place we saw the lights turn low
Jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts
Two turntables and a microphone
Bottles and cans and just clap your hands and just clap your hands Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
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Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone Take me home in my elevator bones!
That was a good drum break Pick yourself up off the side of the road
With your elevator bones and your whip-flash tones
Members only, hyponotizers
Move through the room like ambulance drivers
Shine your shoes with your microphone blues
Hirsutes with your parachute flutes
Passing the dutchie from coast to coast
Let the man Gary Wilson rock the most Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone What about those who swing both ways: AC-DC's
Two turntables and a microphone
Two turntables and a microphone
Two turntables and a microphone Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone Oh, dear me. Make Out City is a two-horse town
That's beautiful, Dad
Get my microphone There's a destination a little up the road
From the habitations and the towns we know
A place we saw the lights turn low
Jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow
Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts
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Bottles and cans and just clap your hands and just clap your hands Where it's at

I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone I got plastic on my mind
Telephone plastic baby

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