

Fax Machine Anthem (Dizzee Rascal remix)

Beck

Looking for my place on assembly lines
Fake prizes rising out of the bomb holes
Skeleton boys hyped up in purple
Smoke rings blow from across the discoBank notes, burn like broken equipment
Looking for shelter via juxtaposition
Thought control, those written confessions
Two dimensions, dumb your head downDuck, don't look now, company missiles
Power is raunchy when the cops are watching
Make your dreams out of paper mache
Clinched wasted hate taste-testedHell yes, now I'm moving this way, I'm doing this thing
(Please enjoy)
Hell yes, now I'm turning it on, I'm working my legs
Hell yes, now I'm calling you out, I'm switching my plates
(Please enjoy)
Hell yes now I'm cleaning the floor, my beat is correctStretched to the limit, attention spared
Snap back the track, collapsin' the laugh tracks
Noise response, applause and hand claps
Floodgates open to the sound of the rainbowMakin' points on the verge of pointless
Fools anointed to the follower's fanfare
Look for the common, not superficial
Code red cola? War conformity crisisPerfunctory idols rewriting their bibles
With magic markers running out of their ink
Lives and white out, turn the lights out
Fax machine anthems, get your damned hands upHell yes, now I'm moving this way, I'm doing this thing
(Please enjoy)
Hell yes, now I'm turning it on, I'm working my legs
Hell yes, now I'm calling you out, I'm switching my plates
(Please enjoy)
Hell yes, now I'm cleaning the floor, my beat is correct(Hi, yeah, that's it)
Let me see, yeah, that's it
Let me see, yeah, that's it
(Hi)Let me see, yeah, that's it
Let me see, seriously, Yea, that's itYes, hi
(I like your bass)
Your beat is nice, yeah, that's it
(Yes, yes)
Hell yes

Songwriters

KING, JOHN ROBERT / SIMPSON, MICHAEL S. / HANSEN, BECK DAVIDPublished by
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