

# Elevator Music

## Elevator Music Club

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