

# Hell Yes

Beck

Looking for my place on assembly lines  
Fake prizes risin' out of the bomb holes  
Skeleton boys hyped up on purple  
Smoke rings blow from across the discoBank notes burn like broken equipment  
Lookin' for shelter, read just your position  
Thought control ghost written confessions  
Two dimensions dumb your head downDuck don't look now company missiles  
Power is raunchy, rent-a-cops are watching  
Makin' their dreams out of paper mache  
Cliche wasted, hate taste testedHell yes, I'm movin' this way, I'm doin' this thing  
(Please enjoy)  
Hell yes, I'm turnin' it on, I'm workin' my legs  
Hell yes, I'm callin' you out, I'm switchin' my plates  
(Please enjoy)  
Hell yes, I'm cleanin' the floor, my beat is correctStretched to the limit attention spans  
Snap back retract collapse into laugh tracks  
Noise response applause and hand claps  
Floodgates open to the sound of the rainbowBreaking points on the verge of pointless  
Fools anointed to the followers 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 in white out, turn the lights out  
Fax machine anthems, get your damn hands upHell yes, I'm movin' this way, I'm doin' this thing  
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Hell yes, I'm turnin' it on, I'm workin' my legs  
Hell yes, I'm callin' you out, I'm switchin' my plates  
(Please enjoy)  
Hell yes, I'm cleanin' the floor, my beat is correct

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