

Hotwax

Beck

It takes a backwash man to sing a backwash song
Like a frying pan when the fire's gone
Driving my pig while the bear's taking pictures in the grass
In my radio smashed And I like pianos in the evening sun
Dragging my heals 'til my day is done
Saturday night in the Captain's clothes
Tin horns blowing with my jury 'phros Yo soy un disco cabrado
Yo tengo chicle en cerabo I can't believe my way back when
My Cadillac pants going much to fast
Karaoke weekend at the suicide shack
Community service and I'm still the mack Shocked my finger spicing my hand
I been spreading disease all across the land
Beautiful air-conditioned sitting in the kitchen Wishing I was living like a hit man
Face down in the guarantees
Jaundiced marshal's getting busy with ease
Because I get down I get down
I get down all the way Yo soy un disco cabrado
Yo tengo chicle en cerabo Sawdust songs of the plaid bartenders
Western Unions of the country westerns
Silver foxes looking for romance
In the chain smoke Kansas flash dance ass pants And you got the hot wax residues
You never lose in your razor blade shoes
Stealing pesos out of my brain
Hazard signs down the Alamo lanes Radar systems using the souls
You never get caught with the wax so rotten
All my days I got the grizzly worms
Hijacked flavors that I'm flipping like birds Yo soy un disco cabrado
Yo tengo chicle en cerabo Who are you
I'm the enchanting wizard of rhythm
Why did you come here?
I came here to tell you about the rhythms of the universe

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