

Beck "Clap Hands"

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I'll clap my hands along and rattle on like a vagabond
I'll rip my uniform and bend the floor to the early
mornin'
I'll shake your dollar bill and spend it all before the
bombs will kill me
I'll save my best for last and after that don't even ask
me

Clap hands, that's right
Clap hands, clap hands, that's right
Clap hands, clap, clap hands

I'll take my broken bell and make it ring like a million
churches
I'll scratch that kind of itch, down in the ditch and
switch my plates out
I'll drive to San Francisco, death to disco, take my shirt
off

I'll swim to Mexico, don't tell the mermaids where I'm
goin'

Clap hands, that's right
Clap hands, clap hands, that's right
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mornin'
I'll shake your dollar bill then spend it all before the
bombs will kill me
I'll save my best for last and after that don't even ask
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Clap, clap hands, that's right, clap hands, clap hands,
that's right
Clap hands, that's right, clap hands, clap hands, that's
right
Clap hands, that's right, clap hands, that's right, clap
hands

