

Beck "Fax Machine Anthem"

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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 disco
Bank notes, burn like broken equipment
Looking for shelter via juxtaposition
Thought control, those written confessions
Two dimensions, dumb your head down
Duck, 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-tested

Hell 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

Stretched to the limit, attention spared
Snap back the track, collapsin' the laugh tracks
Noise response, applause and handclaps
Floodgates open to the sound of the rainbow
Makin' points on the verge of pointless
Fools anointed to the follower's fanfare
Look for the common, not superficial

Code Red Cola? War conformity crisis
Perfunctory 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 up

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plates
(Please enjoy)
Hell yes, now I'm cleaning the floor, my beat is correct

(Hi. Yeah, that's it
Let me see
Yea, that's it
Let me see
Yea, that's it
Hi)

Let me see, Yeah, that's it
Let me see, seriously, Yea, that's it

Yes.
Hi.
(I like your bass.
Your beat is nice.
Yeah, that's it.
Yes. Yes.)

Hell yes.

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