

Beck "In A Cold Ass Fashion"

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Fly like the eagle
Fly like the eagle
Fly...

Squeegee

Ah, you got it

When we get down to the shrink-wrap on my grave
You know the nitty-gritty never looked so safe
You get whipflash under the bridge
Like a cold-ass lover with the buckskin
Get the squeegee and it's easy to be me
Clean my boots and I'm still feelin' homeless
Your brother is deader than a phone machine
With a bucket of green piss
And I'm tryin' not to look at satan making love to a
dishrag
So load up the gimmick wagon, get out of town
Do me a favor -- don't stick around
'cause my kneecaps are turnin' slightly brown

Let's be doin' it right

Comin' down in a cold ass fashion
And the people don't breathe
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion
Steppin' in the beefsteak
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion
And the mayonnaise comes
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion
Black twinkie

Gettin' all caught up in a taste test
An' it all basically tastes like crap
I can shake my own hand, give myself a grin
I can pick my own nose and put it back in
I can squeeze the breeze, drink a bottle of lice
Smoke a pack of whiskey with jesus christ

I got options, I got cop shows, I get nauseous
And the sweat is day-glo

Went to sleep, woke up in a coffin

Took out my eyeballs an' put 'em in a condom
Your daddy's got laxatives on his brain
Gettin' sappy in the back of a train
Mojo weedwhacker cuttin' yer space
Hot dogs rottin' in the bottom of a suitcase
And your mouth, it smells like hair gel
I love you but you don't know how to spell
Where can you duck when they shoot you full of pigeon
holes
And there ain't nothin' like the real artificial

O.g. -- original glue-sniffer

Comin' down in a cold ass fashion
And the people don't breathe
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion
As you're biting my sandwich
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion
Smear me sauce [?]
Comin' down in a cold ass fashion
[? ? ?] donut [?]

Uh, wait...

Talkin' about a cold ass fashion [x16]

[the following four lines are spoken at various times
over the

Above:]

Cold ass fashion, cold ass fashion, squeegee, I just
took some acid (?)

[backwards:] [? ? ?] up your ass

[backwards:] [? ? ?] hot dog

It's like forty pounds of avocado sauce
Smear'd across your boss
You know what I'm sayin'?
You dunno when it's comin'
You know, it's like forty-five horses
Runnin' through the graveyard
In yellow panties
That is cold fashion

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