

## Beck "Where It's At"

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There's a destination, a little up the road  
From the habitations and the towns we know  
A place we saw the lights turn low  
The jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow

Pullin' out jives and jamboree handouts  
Two turntables and a microphone  
Bottles and cans and just clap your hands  
Just clap your hands

Where it's at  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)  
Where it's at  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)  
Where it's at  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)  
Where it's at  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)

{Take me home with my elevator bones  
That was a good drum break}

Pick yourself up, off the side of the road  
With your elevator bones and your whip-flash tones  
Members only, hypnotizers  
Move through the room like ambulance drivers

Shine your shoes with your microphone blues  
Hirsutes, with your parachute fruits  
Passing the dutchie from coast to coast  
Let my man Ken Wilson  
(Rock the most)

Where it's at  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)  
Where it's at  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)

{What about those who swing both ways? AC, DCs?  
Let's make it out baby}

Two turntables and a microphone

Two turntables and a microphone  
Two turntables and a microphone  
Two turntables and a microphone  
Two turntables and a microphone  
Two turntables and a microphone

Where it's at!  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)  
Where it's at!  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)

{Oh, dear me  
Make out city's a two-horse town  
That's beautiful, Dad!}

{Got my microphone}

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Where it's at  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)  
Where it's at  
(I got two turntables and a microphone)

I got plastic on my mind  
Make it out, baby  
Let's make it  
Let's make it out, baby  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Telephone plastic baby  
Ahh, so good  
Oh, yeah  
Let's play good  
Oh, oh, oh, oh. oh

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