

Jamiroquai

"Beatbox"

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A metallic beat keeps us insane
For every new are a different color blink
Sixty leds flashing, just one makes a gain
You copy and paste yourself into my brain

Patterns to be followed, arrangements to be made
Track to be programmed, new patterns to be laid
You should fit the beat in the same frame
You always find a way into my brain

From a blinking chip to be fit into my heart
We'll build a perfect brute, you played it from the start
From your ? to my ears, through pleasure and pain
You always find a way back into my brain

Oh no (Into my brain)

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