

Liz Phair

"Beat Is Up"

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The trick to happiness
Is to ignore anything negative you might feel about
yourself
That people don't really like you that much
That you've got fat because you're lonely
Or that your parents are going to die

I like to get my coffee
With all the little frothy things on the side
And I like to put in those little sticks

The trick to freedom is to deny your past regrets
Questionable lovers
Lies
Drunken weekends

I just like to have a lotta energy
My life demands it
Everything's up, all the time
Up, up, up

What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
How high to the sky?

What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
How high to the sky?

People like positive people
Positivity makes good things happen

My husband doesn't let me buy those tabloid
magazines
'Cause he says that it makes me fight with him more

Pills that you mix with wine
That your husband and you aren't having sex any more
That you got married for the money
It's been positively proved

That most Top 40 hits have a BPM of 120 or more

I definitely like the gin-sing
And the gingko balboa

What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
How high to the sky?

What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
How high to the sky?

Sometimes you picture yourself getting impaled
On an imaginary spike sticking out from over your bed
When you keep forgetting to call somebody back
But the more time goes by, the less you feel like calling
Because you're embarrassed

'Cause it kind of makes you freaky
And you don't want people to think you're freaky
Even though you are kind of freaky
But only in the bedroom
L-O-L

My mom says I'm really hard on my kids
I don't want them growing up thinking
That everything's just gonna be handed to them
They're gonna have to work their asses off just like I
did

You know, we get them up at six in the morning
We're like, "Come on, get up, get outta the bed
It's gonna be a great day, come on"
(But, mom, I'm tired)
Up, up, up

What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
How high to the sky?

What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
What's the beat, the beat is up, ah
How high to the sky?

