

# Elevator Music

## Beck

One, two  
You know what to do  
Alright mm, c'mon I'm uptight, super-gutted  
Out of the frame  
I shake my leg on the ground  
Like an epileptic battery man  
I'm making my move  
Lettin' loose like a belt  
Little worse for wear  
But I'm wearing it well  
Tell me what's wrong  
With a little grind n' bump?  
When the stereos erupt  
With a kick drum punch?  
Once you do it once  
Probably do it again and again  
You did it before  
But you're more erratic than then  
And you had a rough night  
And the ride's just begun  
Let a little bit of this  
Put the past where it's done  
Don't let it hold you back  
But you've already said  
No dead flowers gonna grow  
'Til the dirt gets wet  
Put the elevator music on  
Pull me back where I belong  
The ambulance sings along  
The fly on the wall  
Doesn't know what's wrong  
If I could forget myself  
Find another lie to tell  
If I had a soul to sell  
I'd buy some time  
To talk to my brain cells  
Gutbucket and a bottle of pain  
It's like the schoolhouse lights  
Will never turn on again  
'Til the bottom wears off  
Of these high-heeled boots  
The bodies all move

To some backbone roots  
Everybody workin' hard  
'Til the yard is all clean  
The dishes wash good  
In the washin' machine  
Now you brush your teeth  
And you comb back your hair  
You drive your vehicle  
Like you just didn't care  
And you walk into work  
With the boys and the girls  
And you're doin' it to death  
It's the end of the world  
Now there's everybody's sweatin'  
Forgettin' what's on their mind  
With your hand like a mirror  
You can see what's inside  
When you're down and out  
Pounded and there's nothing that's real  
It's like a plastic heart  
Too amputated to feel I got a soda can bible song  
A paranoid Jumbotron  
The Lord took the weekend off  
The fly on the wall  
Doesn't know what's wrong  
If I could forget myself  
I'd find another lie to tell  
The bottom of an oil well  
Cell phone's ringing  
I could talk to my brain cell What?  
All the dudes with banjos  
Chicks with wicks  
Animals with bananas  
Got my hand like a mirror  
You can see what's around Na na na

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>