

Cellphone's Dead

Beck

Strange ways coming today; I put a dollar in my pocket and I threw it away
 Been a long time since a federal dime
 Made a jukebox sound like a mirror in my mind
To comb my worries, fix my thoughts, throw my hopes like a juggernaut walks
 Now let-down souls can't feel no rhythm
 Sorry entertainers like aerobics victims
 Hybrid people light a wooded matchstick
 Toxic fumes from the burning plastic
Beats are broken, bones are spastic, Robots talkin' with a southern accent
 Voodoo curses, Bible tongues, voices comin' from the mangled lungs
 Give me some grit, some get-down shit
Don't need a good reason to let anything rip Radio's cold, soul is infected
 [One by one, I'll knock you out]
 God is alone, Hardware defective
 [One by one, I'll knock you out]
 Mr. Microphone making all the damage felt
 Like a laser manifesto make a mannequin melt
 There's people phonin' in like it's unlimited minutes
 Going through the motions just to say that they did it
 Treadmill's running underneath their feet
So they feel like they're going somewhere, but they're not
 So let's put boots on the warehouse floor
 Comin' to you like a rope on a chainstore
 Throwing equipment from a moving van
 Grab a microphone like a utility man
 Now fix the beat, now break the rest
 Make a kick drum sound like an S.O.S.
 Get a tow-truck cause it's after dark
And the dance floor's full, but everybody's double-parked! Cell phone's dead, lost in the desert
 [One by one, I'll knock you out]
 Eye of the sun is out of its socket
 [One by one, I'll knock you out]
 [One by one This jam is real... that's right] Eye of the sun
 Eye of the sun
 Eye of the sun Ahhhhhhhhhhh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>