

Beck, The Horrible Fanfare/Landslide/Exoskeleton

Ashes of ancients, the nations repainted,
The chaingang chatelaine changing the station,
The theme song playing, the anthem of normal,
The horrible fanfare, The horns get distorted on a public announcement,
The towns are impounded where the order resounded, cowards towered around it,
Powerline buzzards surveilling the night,
Talons in flight, the fake horizons ignite.

Banality lives where hysteria kills,
Civilian jungles with malaria pills.
Animals bleed to buy a star from the night,
Avenue kids wear a scar like a stripe.
Send up a signal to the heavenly rescue,
When the poison's coming from the person you're next to,
Let the voltage of thought pull the plug from the wound,
'Cause if the soul is a symptom, the condition is you.

</lyrics>

=Landslide=
</lyrics>

We know it's a letterbomb hand-me-down, this thought is a perjury blindfold.
When she crawls from the Himalayan rain with the birds of prey and weapons on fire.

She's ridin' a landslide down to me, cuttin' the shackles off of me.
Shakin' the dead birds from the trees, she's takin' the only air I breathe.
Iron lungs and a plate-glass sermon, don't call it death on the installment plan.

She's pulling the armour on my back raking the coals over the tracks.
Taking the knife out from the stack, she's bringing the blood that I have back.

She's coming to see it's all a sin, coming to see the sun again.
Coming to wash it off again, coming to see herself again.
Coming to see herself again, coming to wash it off again.

</lyrics>

=Exoskeleton=
</lyrics>
"(weather report)
(Dave Eggers and Spike Jonze talking)"