

Beck, "Where It's At" By Beck

There's a destination a little up the road
From the habitations and the towns we know
A place we saw the lights turn low
The jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow
Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts
Two turntables and a microphone
Bottles and cans and just clap your hands
And just clap your hands
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Take me home in my elevator bones
That was a good drum break
Pick yourself up off the side of the road
With your elevator bones and your whip-flash tones
Members only, hyponotizers
Just move through the room like ambulance drivers
Shine your shoes with your microphone blues
Hirsutes with your parachute flutes
Passing the dutchie from coast to coast
Let the man Gary Wilson rock the most
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
What about those who swing both ways
AC-DC's
Let's make it out, baby
Two turntables and a microphone
Two turntables and a microphone
Two turntables and a microphone
Two turntables and a microphone
Two turntables and a microphone
Two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Oh, dear me
Make out city is a two-horse town
That's beautiful, dad
Get my microphone
There's a destination a little up the road
From the habitations and the towns we know
A place we saw the lights turn low
Jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow
Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts
Two turntables and a microphone
Bottles and cans and just clap your hands
And just clap your hands
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at
I got two turntables and a microphone
Oh baby, it's been good
Let's make it out, baby
Good good good good
[Incomprehensible]