

Beck - Hotwax

Tom: **C**

(Guitar lowered 1/2 step)
open **D** w/slide
Intro: (4X):

Verse (2X)

(as written for clavinet):
(4x)

(distortion for this one)

(chorus)(4X)

alternate to clavinet part

It takes a backwash man to sing a backwash song
Like a frying pan when the fire's gone
Driving my pig while the bear's taking pictures in the grass
In my radio smashed

And I like pianos in the evening sun
Dragging my heels 'til my day is done
Saturday night in the Captain's clothes
Tin horns blowing with my jury 'phros

C **G** **D**
Yo soy un disco cabrado
C **G** **D**
Yo tengo chicle en cerabo

I can't believe my way back when
My Cadillac pants going much to fast
Karaoke weekend at the suicide shack
Community service and I'm still the mack

Shocked my finger spicing my hand
I been spreading disease all across the land

Wishing I was living like a hit man

Face down in the guarantees
Jaundiced marshalls getting busy with ease
Because I get down I get down
I get down all the way

Yo soy un disco cabrado
Yo tengo chicle en cerabo

Sawdust songs of the plaid bartenders
Western Unions of the country westerns
Silver foxes looking for romance
In the chain smoke Kansas flashdance ass pants

And you got the hotwax residues
You never lose in your razor blade shoes
Stealing pesos out of my brain
Hazard signs down the Alamo lanes

Radar systems using the souls
You never get caught with the wax so rotten
All my days I got the grizzly words
Hijacked flavors that I'm flipping like birds

Yo soy un disco cabrado
Yo tengo chicle en cerabo

girl: "who are you?"
man: "I'm the enchanting wizard of rhythm."
girl: "why did you come here?"
man: "I came here to tell you about the rhythms of the universe...."

chorus translation: "I'm a broken record/I have bubblegum in my brain"

Acordes

